0 2007 1205040 6
California State Library

SATURDAY POST

CALIFORNIA
STATE LIBRARY

Accession No. none
Call No. fc051 L7
v.1 no.14-19, 23-25
apr 7-may 12, june 9-23 1900

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *50 Cents per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL 7, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 14.

The Perilous Venture of Lady Ackland.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY CLINTON ROSS.

CHAPTER I.

You have asked me again for my story of the Burgoyne affair. Yes, I ought to know about it, for it was indeed the most important affair of my life. Now, in that camp, I'll confess, fore girl I once had made love to, be her brother was killed in the battle where I, too, was engaged. Kate Essex ever held this against me, as you will see if you follow me. Well, she was with Lady Harriet Ackland, the major's wife, in General Burgoyne's camp. I had been taken prisoner the day before the great battle. I have, as you know, some experience as a surgeon, which enabled me to be of small service in looking after General Burgoyne's wounded. And in all that fight I was busied, prisoner as I was, but enrolled as a British surgeon's assistant. I forgot that we were fighting them, as my friend Colonel Kenneth forgot it when a prisoner at Yorktown. I hardly noticed that General Burgoyne was preparing for a retreat.

But first the general was resolved to give General Fraser, who had died in the night of his wounds, a fitting burial. The regiments were mustered into a melancholy procession at sundown, and the sound of muffled drums mingled with the musketry and artillery along the outposts.

A friendly sergeant put me where I could see it all. The chaplain led, with head uncovered, the prayer book of the church of England in his left hand, and I saw then the girl I've mentioned, Kate Essex, supporting a lady scarcely older than herself, whom I surmised to be Lady Ackland. I was startled at sight of her in that dismal surrounding.

The scene, grim enough against the irregular outline of wooded hills, had sadder coloring from the soldiers, showing in all their appearances the hard, discouraging service of the yesterday, the officers with pale, serious, yet determined faces, many limping or bandaged.

The chaplain paused by the opening. Drums gave their muffled refrain, and all was ready for the service, never more expressively simple.

Suddenly out of the comparative stillness came the deafening roar of artillery. A ball tore the upturned earth at the chaplain's feet, casting dirt over his vestments, yet he kept on impassively, as if he were in a church. Several persons fell.

The sergeant, who was still at my side, cried: "D—n 'em! They'll not let us bury our general. D—n 'em!"

But suddenly the firing stopped, to be followed by the low booming of a gun at minute intervals, adding to the solemnity of the occasion.

"Do you see, Sergeant White, you are mistaken! General Gates has found that, after all, it's not a movement of your troops!" I said exultantly.

"I was wrong," said he. "They're ..."

By the time the box had been lowered it already was dark, and in the retreat to the works I lost sight of Kate Essex and Lady Ackland. I had trembled for them in that rapid firing; for, though the girl was prejudiced against me, I felt I could wish her no hurt.

The meantime, many fires were lighted—rather more, I thought, at once than the camp required, but I was not long in seeing that these were feints to cover retreat to Saratoga. Half the army were supperless—weariness and despair lay on nearly every face, and yet I was amused to see two young officers, apparently oblivious, at cards by the firelight. The enemy's line had ceased firing, as if they still were apologetic for the unseemly shots the requiem of minute guns had followed.

The ensign who had taken me brought an order for me to report to General Burgoyne.

I found him in a spot rather apart from the preparations with Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, who just had said the service, Miss Essex and Lady Ackland, who was speaking earnestly. As I came up with the little officer, Kate Essex faced me with that same utter lack of recognition, but General Burgoyne extended his hand.

"Mr. Sedley, I'll restore you the dispatch you brought from General Washington to General Arnold. Here are all your papers."

I must have looked my amazement, for he explained bitterly: "This is unusual, and the prisoner may become the friend. Lady Ackland is insistent on going down the river to the enemy, where her husband, Major Ackland, is wounded. Mr. Brudenell and Miss Essex are for accompanying her. It's a dangerous attempt to make. I've told her. Into whose hands she may fall is uncertain."

He paused, walking up and down.

"Being an officer of General Washington, you can bring them into the camp more safely than another. I have consented out of common humanity."

But my foe, Kate Essex, interrupted. "General Burgoyne, I'd prefer not to have this man with us."

"It's necessary!" Lady Ackland cried. "Will you let prejudice stand in the way?"

"Leave me, then!" cried the other passionately. "I prefer not to go."

"I can't, dear," Lady Ackland said. "I won't, but—I must get to my husband," she added.

"General Burgoyne," said I, stopping him, "I thank you for your good offer—much. I would wish to do any slight service I may."

The girl seemed silly.

"You did us much kindness at General Fraser's bedside last night," said the general courteously.

"Your excellency, chance has brought about some curious events," I said, bending my head.

"You can do a service," said the chaplain, "I believe, with General Burgoyne."

"If I may, I will go gladly," I said. "And I am sure that Miss Essex will grant me a privilege."

"I despise your favor, as you, sir," she cried, looking me full in the face, "being with the rebels when your family should have left you loyal!" This was woman left hysterical by the roll of the guns, I decided.

"I know. I expect nothing else. But it's no pleasure to be in your camp, nor did I make this chance," I said in a low voice to her.

"Ah, Mr. Sedley," Lady Ackland cried, "we need you. My poor Kate, you must control your nerves."

"I beg you all pardon," said Miss Essex. "I'll not stand in the way—of—of this man doing you this service tonight. I need not see him after—ever. But, in the face of this, how can you tolerate a rebel?" And she pointed to those dejected soldiers of the king.

"You may believe, Miss Essex, I will be to pains you shall not," said I, I think not without spirit.

"It's better that Mr. Sedley should go," General Burgoyne said, smiling as if the episode amused him even in his serious plight. "He has spoken tonight as the straightforward gentleman, and trouble, sir, makes us esteem each other. Of a pleasanter day for myself I might have had to hold you a prisoner for exchange."

Whispering some words to the chaplain and Lady Ackland, he hurried us down the slope to the bank, I keeping well behind, near Lady Ackland's maid, a frighted Irish girl.

Half way down Lady Ackland let the others pass.

"Mr. Sedley," she said, giving me her hand, "you understand Miss Essex's prejudice. It's her brother's memory, whom she lost with us."

"No one better than I. You must know there are loyalist Sedleys, Lady Ackland."

"And, I waited to tell you, you have acted fitly in a position that must be as trying to you. Miss Essex's nerves have given way, I think."

"Thank you, Lady Ackland, much for remembering me when distressed over your husband."

"You are helping me reach him, sir," said she gently. "I never can thank you enough."

At the foot of the cliffs were two skiffs. General Burgoyne had been unable to spare an escort. I told Brudenell I would take the maid in one while he should row the two ladies.

He agreed, helping Lady Ackland in, when Katherine Essex motioned the maid to follow into the same boat.

"I'll go with this person."

"You prefer, I know, to be with us," said Lady Ackland.

"What difference is it, Harriet? This man is no more to me than the oar. You thought I was weak. I may have been, but I want to show I am not now."

And, spurning my offer of assistance, she leaped in lightly, taking her seat.

"We have no time to talk about it," said Lady Ackland, losing her patience, while Brudenell helped the maid to a seat. "But you're absurdity itself."

"We'll not talk about it, Harriet," said the girl.

"Shall I lead or you?" Brudenell asked.

"You would better, as you know the river."

We put out with the slow dip of the oars, keeping well under the high bank, where the defeated army was sounding its retreat.

CHAPTER II.

Now, I did not intend provoking her by so much as a word. I do not like hysterical women, whom I don't know how to address. I even thought this poor girl no longer attractive. But she bewildered me by speaking first herself.

"You are surprised I should choose to go with you."

The Saturday Post Insurance Against Death by Accident.

$500 Cash

Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.

The Cheapest Accident Insurance.

No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

[illegible] expect that [illegible] this situation."

"Neither of us has cause to be glad at the way chance has involved us," said I, bent on showing a Roland for her Oliver.

"And yet, Mr. Sedley"—she had not before in the adventure called me by my name—"I must acknowledge to you, because I would be fair, that you have a right to your opinions—that you take your choice. You must not think I am altogether unfair."

I leaned on the oars. The little Essex was apologetic—for her nerves, and then I pitied her.

"I understand perfectly the circumstances."

"Oh, I'm not glad!" she cried. "I hate the situation, as I have said, but I could not block Harriet Ackland because of my prejudice."

"You were unselfish."

For some moments she was silent, and then, strangely enough, began again.

"Yet I must tell you there are things about you I cannot help admiring, although I have the best reasons for despising your position when you should know better."

"There's small enough ground for admiration," I retorted, lamely enough. She was surprising me with her amends.

"Yes, frankly, there is," said she, "small enough. Yet I'm not such a bigot as not to respect the motive leading you to send me that very considerate note when—when Dick was killed."

"What else could I?"

"Nothing. Yet it modifies one's hate in a degree to know that the person who is wrong is not utterly devoid of feeling."

"I am glad you have found that out," I said, rather feelingly.

But she appeared bound not to leave me conceited, saying resentfully:

"It doesn't matter whether you're glad or sorry."

"I know that only too well."

"How do you know?"

"The nature of the case," said I.

"Of course."

A moment after she added:

"I am glad I have had this talk with you, because we both shall feel easier."

"You do not know how much gratitude you put me under," said I, half mockingly, but she thought I was earnest.

"You know you mustn't forget what I think of you."

"I wish I could," said I.

"You must not wish you could."

"How can I help it?"

"Because you know it's a matter of complete indifference to me."

Now, what can you do when a woman takes your witticism in earnest? Why, I kept pretending.

"But it isn't to me; never can be."

"And why shouldn't it be when you know?"

"When I know?" questioned I, half liking the pretense.

"That I know that you have a right to your opinion."

"A gracious concession," said I.

She added after a moment:

"Yes, I'm glad I have had this chance to prove I'm no bigot even if you be traitor."

She went on after a pause which she seemed to give me for chance to frame an answer.

"You must have advanced to be a major."

"General Washington knew my father."

"Do you remember how I scolded you, whom I had just met, for being a dawdler?"

"It was sweet of you to be interested," said I.

"I was not interested beyond the impatience I always feel at seeing a clever man wasting opportunities."

"I know that," said I; "not that I'm clever."

"I do not know, Mr. Sedley, but that it is strange enough for me to be talking to you in this way. But—but"—

"I appreciate it in you, Miss Essex," said I, now entirely in earnest.

[illegible]stle—so much suffer-[illegible]

[illegible]ady oar mingled with the cry [illegible] a nighthawk. Something splashed out in the river. The firing had stopped.

"At last we understand each other better," said she.

"I hope so," said I.

"Oh, we must!" said she, almost humbly.

I had pulled rather slowly, and found on looking about that Brudenell's boat was around a bend of the river. When I commenced more vigorously, a musket was fired from the forest, the ball grazing her face.

"Into the bottom of the boat! Quick!" I cried. "Down, Miss Essex!"

She obeyed, crouching with admirable self control, while I rested on the oars.

"But you, but you, Major Sedley?"

Another report, with the splash over the bow, told me it was not a chance shot; that it was from Indians or other marauders—of whom the unsettled country had many—or from an outpost of General Gates.

On the latter chance I called:

"I have heaved to. What do you want?"

For answer I had a blow in the side that tumbled me over, when one oar slipped. The other I clutched with hardly strength enough, for it, too, was slipping, while I knew a horrid faintness.

"They have shot you," said Katherine Essex, springing up from the bottom of the boat and seizing the other oar before it was in the water.

"I'm tumbled over, Miss Essex," I managed to say. "But don't stand up in that way. You'll be shot."

"Let them shoot, the cowards!" she cried. "Let me see where you are hurt."

"I am all right."

"You are not," said she, moving forward and lifting my head. "Oh, the horrid blood!"

She leaned forward, tearing a strip from her skirt, and then undid my coat, kneeling beside me, while the boat floated. No further shots followed from our skulking enemy, who [illegible] believe now—was some Indian. Nor did we hear the boat in front.

"The coward!" said she, stanching the blood with her handkerchief, and then binding it on with the strip of cloth she had torn from her skirt.

"I wish I knew what to do. We have not anything. When we started, there was not a drop of wine or spirits left."

"I am such a fool," I cried.

"Be quiet, poor boy," said she softly.

I heard her voice and was conscious that my head was in her lap, and then sound and sight faded, and I was in a dreamless sleep from which I seemed to wake, to dream or know—I could not tell which.

And I was lying on the turf by the river bank. Her hands smoothed my brow, her voice brought me heart, and the dream passed, and I saw while the morning sun lay in the river's depths I was not dreaming.

"You are alive, then?"

"And where?"

"By the river bank. Do not try to talk."

"And how did I get here?"

She laid her cloak on some moss, from which she had made a pillow.

"I brought you."

"And how?"

"By paddling."

"Why did you not leave me in the boat?"

"There was too much motion for your wound."

"Poor girl," said I. "What a night of exposure this has been for you!"

"You would have been dead if I hadn't stanched the wound."

"But you dislike me?"

"Stop," said she. "You must not talk. I dislike—only your opinions."

"I'll talk, act. I can't leave you to do everything like this." And I tried to raise myself.

But I had not calculated on the loss of blood, for I was forced to yield to faintness.

"Don't," said she. "Don't try—yet."

I watched her figure against the sky, the river at her feet.

"We must have help. No one passes. No one will," she said. Was this the hysterical girl of the Burgoyne camp?

"Will you forgive me should I leave you?"

"And why?"

"I cannot do for you alone."

"But what may happen to you?"

"I don't care."

"I do," said I.

"If you care, be quiet then. I'll be back."

"Don't go."

She leaned over me, fixing the bandage. I could feel her breath, and—I could not help it—I caught her hand and pressed it to my lips.

"How dare you?" she cried, springing up and as red as the low sun behind the October river mists.

"Forgive me!"

"You took advantage—an unfair one."

And she began to rub her hand vigorously as if she would be rid of the touch of my lips. Suddenly she stopped, looking at me with a pitiful glance, and yet still blushing.

"Poor boy! You're delirious!"

"I'd wish the delirium to continue forever."

"Stop!" said she. "I must leave you now. Be very quiet, lest you open the wound. Do you hear me, Mr. Philip Sedley?"

"I feel a fool to leave all for you to do."

"You said that once, but you can't help it, sir. Not a bit of your remonstrance avails with me, for I hate your position—as rebel."

"I know."

"Ah, stop!" said she. "We're talking too much. You must be quiet. I wonder if I can get on best by the boat or by following the river bank."

She moved away, while I tried to speak further, but without the strength for it.

Suddenly she returned, standing again by my side.

"I have taken your papers, thinking it safer, lest they fall into the wrong hands."

For a moment she stood there, a strange expression in her dark eyes, and then was gone down the path through the ruddy October bushes.

Trying to [illegible] the dangers she incurred appearing fearfully—the bandage was loosed, and I felt the warm blood when I put my hand on the place, and the sun seemed swimming through the mist, and again I saw neither sun nor river.

CHAPTER III.

And I awoke in a room with an outlook on a hillside, and a man I did not know, who told me later, as I gained strength, how Miss Essex had succeeded in getting to an American post, where she had found help to fetch me, near dead with loss of blood, to General Gates' camp. The chaplain Brudenell had been frightened at the shots for the safety of Lady Harriet, and had hastened down the river. He already had been much in advance, I having delayed, as I have said, during the talk with Miss Essex, and Lady Harriet now had proceeded to Albany, as the major had recovered sufficiently. With the Baroness Riedesel they were enjoying General Schuyler's hospitality.

"The baroness!" said I. "I thought we left her with Burgoyne."

"General Burgoyne, with all his army, surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga."

"And where have I been all this time?"

"You were delirious for ten days."

"And the world has changed," said I. "What did I rave about?"

"I never remember what my patients rave about," said my doctor, lying glibly, but with a peculiar smile that made me wonder if he had not heard much of my recent experiences.

"Doctor," I cried, "my papers?"

"There were none," said the surgeon, entering from the adjoining room, "that I am aware of—excepting a letter Miss Essex left."

I broke this open, reading:

DEAR MR. SEDLEY—I have put your papers, sealed and addressed to you in General Schuyler's hands. He agreed to hold them until such time as you may be better, which I hope may not be long. I was fearful they might fall into improper hands, and hence the precaution. If I should not see you again—and I must not wish to and do not—may I say that our experience together has lessened somewhat our old difference? K. ESSEX.

In those days my constitution was more vigorous than the young men of today have. In ten days I was able to walk: in two weeks could sit a horse. With some officers of Gates, I proceeded to Albany, where I hoped to find Miss Essex.

On the road down, which we took by slow stages, I reflected that she probably would not care to see me and that she would be sorry enough now for her impulsiveness that night. But at least I could pay my respects to the Schuylers and Lady Ackland. That would be only mannerly, and of course I need not ask for her at all. Considering the matter, I thought that perhaps I should better ask for her and leave it to her discretion whether or no she would see me.

CHAPTER IV.

Now, General Schuyler's house was in those days the best in Albany, generous in hospitality. Here 20 covers had been laid for General Burgoyne and his officers, and here, my friend, as I always counted her, Lady Ackland, had a visit that must have been particularly pleasant after the hardships she had known. When I arrived, I was told that the Acklands and Miss Essex intended leaving next day for New York. At the same time Mrs. Schuyler handed me the papers Miss Essex had left with the general, the seal unbroken. I had written the general I would see him in Albany, but, being called away unexpectedly, he had left the package.

I asked, of course, for Lady Harriet, but not for Miss Essex, when Mrs. Schuyler said that Miss Essex was in the saddle with one of the Miss Schuylers.

I hardly recognized Lady Ackland, rest and peace of mind having taken the lines from her face.

"I was a fright, I know," she declared, "in those horrid days. I believe we abandoned Kate and you. You don't know how dreadfully I suffered on that account."

While we were talking Kate Essex rode up in Miss Schuyler's company.

I could not keep my eyes off from her with whom I had become involved so strangely. The habit she wore became [illegible] (for fine it ever seemed) was flushed from her canter.

She, seeing me, started slightly, I thought, and then extended her hand as if nothing had happened between us.

"I am glad to see that you are recovered from your wound, Mr. Sedley."

I mumbled out some clumsy answer at which I was ashamed, yet, as a matter of fact, I really never was more embarrassed. Presently, after some remarks, Lady Ackland, Miss Schulyer and the major left us, when she turned, her eyes flashing.

"How dared you force your presence on me, Mr. Sedley? Our adventure gives you no privilege. We are back in our old position toward each other. You're a rebel."

"You may be in the old place," said I, getting back my voice, "but I never can be, Miss Essex, after that night"—

"Forget it, as I have," said she, reddening.

"Not even when you ask me can I! I am human, and I was bound to see you—just once more—to tell you I thank you."

"It was but common humanity!"

"The sweetest humanity!"

"Oh," said she, "I know better."

But then she began to laugh, which emboldened me, and I told her what you may guess, when she looked at me now soberly.

"I don't believe I have the strength to be else than silly. Be you rebel or king's man I will say yes to you. You are so stubborn," she added.

But, starting to tell what I knew of General Burgoyne's mishap, here I have been on my own story. Well, the fact is that surrender holds many a good story. I will but hint of one more. You know that Major Ackland was killed in a duel in London because he maintained the bravery of American officers. Lady Ackland mourned him bitterly, but at last was consoled by the chaplain, Brudenell, who rowed her that night to the safety of General Gates' camp. My dear Kate nodded her head when she heard this.

"Many serious consequences followed that defeat," said she.

"General Gates conquered General Burgoyne, and I Kate Essex," said I.

"Did you?" said she, tossing her head.

THE FARM —IN— THE HILLS

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

Copyright, 1899, by Florence Warden.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER I.—The Rev. Granville Masson, who is traveling in Wales, writes his brother, Dr. Reginald Masson, that he is about to go on an excursion in the hills with a wild, uncouth, red-headed guide. After this nothing is heard of the clergyman. Dr. Masson goes to Wales, finds the inn from which his brother started and learns that he was going to the house of Mr. Tregaron, owner of Monachlog farm, some six miles distant, under the guidance of a man nicknamed Coch Tal. Reginald starts in the afternoon, and, in his haste, without a guide, to make his way in face of a snowstorm to Monachlog farm. II.—Perceiving a figure ahead of him, Reginald hastens and comes up with a large red-headed man, who, on seeing the doctor, shows signs of great terror and darts ahead. Reginald follows, feeling sure that the man is Coch Tal, and, overtaking him, calls him by that name, but the man again eludes him. III.—He pursues the fugitive down a ravine till he arrives at the edge of a cliff, from the bottom of which comes a groan. IV.—Above him he hears a voice calling and, retracing his steps, comes upon a farmer, who conducts him to his house. The man's daughter is ill, and Reginald agress to attend her. On the farmer's finger Reginald sees a ring that had belonged to his brother. V.—The house and the people in it are mysterious. There are an old woman, the farmer's young son, Tom, and a farmhand called Myrick. Reginald goes to the room of the sick girl, Gwyn, and, upon seeing him, she is struck with horror. Reginald sleeps in the kitchen in a chair before the fire. During the night he awakens to find that some one has entered the room and has evidently tried to rob him. Suspicion points to the farmhand Myrick, who turns out to be Coch Tal, and the farmer turns out to be Tregaron and the place Monachlog farm. Tregaron tells Reginald that he found the ring on a hillside near hy. VIII.—Reginald watches at Gwyn's bedside, and she warns him to leave the place before morning. IX, X and XI.—Everything and everybody about the place is mysterious. The old woman never speaks, but Gwyn is always crying; Coch Tal is moody, while Coch Tal climbing a ladder to a loft, seeing him, corners him in his bedroom and questions him about his missing brother. Coch Tal admits that he was Granville Masson's guide and says that Masson insisted on climbing where it was not safe. He disappeared, and Coch Tal never saw him afterward. XII.—Gwyn recovers and urges Reginald to depart. A heavy fall of snow prevents, and he believes that he will never get out of the place alive. XIII.—While he is with Gwyn, Coch Tal comes to the door. Reginald goes out to him and Coch Tal shows plainly that he is in love with Gwyn and jealous of Reginald and threatens him in case he does not depart at once. Reginald pacifies him and returns to Gwyn, who discloses that she hates Coch Tal, but evidently fears him. Reginald feels that she possesses the secret of his brother's disappearance. XIV.—Reginald discovers a pit on the place and while examining it sees the old woman watching him. She gives a satisfied chuckle. XV. and XVI.—Gwyn relapses and acts strangely. Reginald, while watching with her, falls asleep. He awakes to find himself bound, a cloth over his head, and hears Gwyn pleading for him. She is telling some one, "He loves me and I love him, and he is going to marry me." Then Reginald is left alone with her. XVII. and XVIII.—Gwynn does not explain the mystery, but the next day declares that the attack upon him was a trick to frighten him. She does not explain why she had said that she and Reginald were to be married, but declares that such must be the understanding until she can secure his departure, when he will be free. Tregaron congratulates Reginald. Reginald determines to sleep in the loft with Coch Tal. He awakens to find Coch Tal bending over him and asking him to wake up and help him control his desire to kill him.

CHAPTER XIX.

GWYN TREGARON'S STRANGE LOVER.

"Devil?"

Masson stammered out the word, repeating it from Coch Tal's speech, as the huge mountaineer stepped back and glared at him with glowing eyes.

Aroused thus suddenly, Masson, who had fallen into a sound and dreamless sleep, almost thought for the moment that it was some emissary from the sulphurous regions of evil who thundered these threatening words in his ear. The next moment, coming to himself, and remembering the facts of his position, he stretched his limbs, almost with unconcern, under the very nose of his antagonist.

"Look here," said he at last, in a voice which was still sleepy, still weary, looking as he spoke straight into the angry eyes of the other man, "I'm dead beat. I'm absolutely without means of defense if you choose to attack me. And I've had such a pretty time of it since I've been in this hole of a place that, upon my word, I don't much care whether you knock out my brains or not!"

And with these words he sat down on a wooden packing case which served both as a seat and a table and dropped his head listlessly into his hands.

He heard Coch Tal's labored breathing, heard him throw down the ax with a force which made the flooring rattle, heard him pace up and down the bare floor with slow and heavy steps. And he heard also the snorting of the cattle in the shed below, and the stamping of the hoofs of one restless beast, startled by the noise above.

"Sir," said Coch Tal in a deep, vibrating voice as he stopped short in front of the doctor and put one hand upon him with a strong grip, "your brains are safe enough. I'd have liked to fight you fair and square, man to man. I'd have liked it dearly," and as he spoke his eyes blazed again and he clinched his teeth as a wave of hatred seemed to pass over him. He suddenly released Masson's shoulder and stepped back, as if afraid that his self control would give way. "But if you take it like that and if you don't care what becomes of you, why, I can't do nothing."

And in his turn he sat down, choosing the end of his bedstead for a seat and nursing his crossed leg gloomily.

Masson looked at him attentively.

"Why should you want to fight me?" asked he. "Come, tell me the truth. I'm at your mercy up here, you know. I'm [illegible] have done with it and then throw me over into one of the ravines or crevasses you have up here, which you find so convenient for the accidental disappearance of rash travelers who for some reason or other are better out of the way.'

Masson knew these words were an insult of the grossest kind, but he did not care. The dangers which surrounded him on every side made him reckless. If they chose to serve him as they had undoubtedly served his brother he could not help it, and at least he would have the satisfaction of braving them to their face.

So he did not even look up as he spoke to note the effect of his words. He did raise his head, however, when Coch Tal answered, not in the tones of fierce defiance he had expected to hear, but in an awestruck, reproachful voice.

"Sir, you never hear anything but the truth from me, believe me. Not all the truth sometimes. I dursn't always tell you all. But I never tell you no lies, and that's a true word."

"Well," said Masson in a less antagonistic tone, "will you tell me, then, why you want to fight me?"

"Yes, sir, I may tell you that."

But he paused again.

"Is it on account of my poor brother? And what I have said to you about him?"

"No, sir; it ain't nothing to do with him," answered Coch Tal in a sorrowful tone. "It's because of Gwyn."

"And what have I done that you should want to fight me on her account?"

The veins in the peasant's face began to swell, and he clinched his fists convulsively.

"What have you done? What haven't you done, sir, in the way of bringing misery and ruin and trouble to her? What have you done? Ha, ha, ha!"

He uttered a short, hard laugh and then was suddenly silent. Masson stared at him with astonishment and apprehension.

"Why, man," said he at last, "what mad notion have you got in your head? Because you love this girl yourself why must you imagine that no other man can come near her without loving her? Your love and jealousy make you mad and blind and deaf to reason. She and I have been merely doctor and patient and nothing more."

"You fool! Clever as you may be, and gentleman and doctor, too, you are no better than a fool where a woman comes in!" cried Coch Tal savagely, staring at him, with his head protruding and his eyes on fire. "Merely doctor and patient! Ha, ha, ha! Poor lass, poor lass!"

Masson looked at him in ever increasing amazement. How far had Coch Tal's insane doubts and fears carried him?

"Don't you know," said he at last, ignoring the peasant's abuse and trying to bring him to facts, "what Gwyn told her father? You heard, I am sure!"

"Heard! Yes, I heard!" retorted Merrick sullenly and contemptuously. "I heard her say you and her were engaged to marry. But I knew that it was only a blind. She only said it to get you away with a whole skin. Oh, I knew that."

"Then what are you troubling your head about? If you are satisfied that I have never made love to her and that what she said was said only to help me to get safely away, what in the world have you to grumble about?"

"That is what I've got to grumble about," retorted Coch Tal emphatically. "That it is all a make up, a make believe; that you care no more for her than if she was the grass under your feet and that you'll go away with a light heart and a free conscience and leave my poor girl to eat her heart out here in the hills, with never so much as a thought for her."

Again Masson stared.

"How often am I to tell you," said he, "that there has never been a question of love between us? I honor and respect and admire her as a good, true, splendid woman. But that is not at all like the feeling you have for her"—

Coch Tal interrupted him, throwing back his head and showing a face down which the tears were chasing each other.

"No, mister," said he, in a trembling voice, "it's not the feeling I have for her. And no more it is the feeling she has for you."

Masson was struck dumb. The man spoke with the earnestness of strong conviction, and in a voice eloquent of many and deep emotions. After a short pause he went on:

"Sir, it's you that's been blind, not me. Love like what I have for Gwyn don't make a man blind; it makes him see better and clearer than he did afore. I knew when you came it meant danger for her—and for me! I felt it, sir, down in my very bones. It's superstition, they say, don't they, to know things are going to happen afore they come? Well, superstition it may be, but it helps as much as another thing. And I knew it as plain that night you came as if I'd read it in the great book. I knew you'd come to steal my girl's heart away, and that you'd care no more for what you'd got than I do for the cattle I tend and feed."

Upon these words he broke down, and his voice became husky with suppressed sobs. An awful touching sight it was, this breakdown of the strong, fierce mountaineer, this melting of defiance and dogged animosity under the fire of the passion which consumed him. Masson was touched to the quick.

"Merrick," said he, gravely, "I never guessed this. I hope now it is not true."

"It's no use hoping," retorted Coch Tal, with energy, "because I'm not guessing. I'm telling you what's true, what I know. And I don't even say you're to blame. I don't suppose you are. You're a gentleman, and you're handsome and soft spoken, and your hands are white and soft, almost like a woman's, and whiter than our women's by a long way. And she knew you were in danger here"—

"Why should she know that?" asked Masson eagerly.

But the peasant grew more reserved at once.

"Well, you've said so yourself," said he roughly, "and I suppose you know. Anyhow, she thought you weren't safe, I suppose, and that makes a man interesting in a girl's eyes. And so, I suppose, she looked at you and thought about you and compared you with us, the rough folks she's used to, and saw a difference, and—and that did it. And now there's naught to be done but to speed you on your way and for her to face her trouble—alone."

Coch Tal shook his head despondently.

"If she'd liked me afore she might come back to me," said he hoarsely, "but she never has. I've always known that, and as I know the girl's heart just as I know my own, for all I'm only a rough, ignorant man, I know, too, that she won't get over this any more than I could get over the loss of her if I had to go away from seeing her. And I know that I shall have to stay on after all I've gone through and see her break her heart and never be able to so much as to take her head on my shoulder and tell her I'm sorry."

Masson was listening very attentively, with his hands loosely clasped and his head bent.

"If I thought," said he gravely, "that there was any truth in what you—fancy, Merrick, I—I would save her from any such fate as you fear."

"What! You'd marry her?"

Coch Tal was alert, alive, in a moment.

"Yes," said the doctor after a slight pause. "If that were the only way to save the girl from misery, I would do so."

The peasant came forward and, drawing a packing case along with him as a seat, sat close to the doctor, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Doctor," said he in a deep whisper that seemed to bring the words up from his heart, "it is the only way. You've not got the means to judge what I have, you don't know all I know, you can never know it, but you may take my word for it, if you marry the girl and take her away from here, from the whole lot of us, and if you'll be kind to her and treat her as you ought, you'll be doing the only thing that can make her happy and repaying her goodness to you like the gentleman you are."

But Masson felt less certain of this.

"Are you so sure," said he, "that marriage with a man who has nothing warmer than admiration and gratitude to give her is the highroad to happiness for a woman?"

Coch Tal's features expanded in a strange, dreamy smile.

"I am sure," said he. "You see, sir, I know Gwyn, and I know her feelings, because they are the same as my own. If she could trust herself to me, with or without love, just out of gratitude like, I shouldn't ask no more. And I'd be as happy as a bird on the tree. And I'd make her happy, too, that I well know."

"And you don't think it foolish of you to throw away your only chance of her coming round to you?"

Coch Tal's rugged features glowed with a look which was almost sublime as he answered:

"No, sir. For if I know her to be happy, why, it'll be a kind of happiness for myself too. That's how you feel, sir, when you care for a girl as I care for Gwyn Tregaron."

Masson bowed his head. There was a noble symplicity in the man which made praise of his conduct, of his feelings, an impertinence.

In silence he lay down to rest and listened to the deep sigh which Coch Tal uttered from time to time from his resting place in the corner.

CHAPTER XX.

GWYN HEARS A PROPOSAL.

When Masson awoke next morning, he found himself alone in the loft, Coch Tal having long since descended to his day's work.

The sunlight was already strong, and Masson saw, with a mixed feeling of relief and dread, that there were signs of thaw on the sparkling surface of the snow.

If the thaw continued, the way back to Trecoed and thence to civilization would soon be open. But the thought of the changed course of life which this might inaugurate was not one of unmixed joy to the doctor.

For with his admiration and liking for Gwyn Tregaron there mingled no feeling strong enough to be called love. It was gratitude alone which prompted him to the resolution he had come to of

asking her to be his wife.

So, having made up his mind, he sought and found an opportunity of speaking to the girl. When they met at breakfast, he saw, now that Coch Tal had opened his eyes, certain signs in Gwyn which went far to confirm what the peasant had said. There was a restlessness, a nervousness in the girl's manner, a shy, timid look in her eyes when they met his, which made it impossible to doubt that there was more than mere friendliness toward him in her heart.

He came upon her suddenly, and she started and blushed.

"You mustn't work too hard just at first," said he kindly. "Remember, you have not got your strength back yet, and you don't want to be ill again."

"No," said she. "I—I don't want to be ill again."

She looked as if she wanted to say something more, but finally she turned away in silence. He followed her across the room.

"Gwyn," said he very gently, "will you be sorry when your doctor goes? Will you miss your sweetheart?"

If he had been in any doubt of the state of her feelings toward him, he was at once put in possession of the whole truth. This question, put to her suddenly, brought up to the surface out of the depths of her heart the hidden reserves of passionate affection which she had believed safe in their hiding place. She flashed upon him one look of startled emotion and then, turning abruptly away, hung her head without reply.

"Gwyn," said he, "will you be my wife?"

The girl looked up at once, trembling from head to foot.

"What!" she whispered breathlessly. And there shone for a moment in her black eyes a radiant look of happiness such as no man could have witnessed unmoved. "What! Do you mean it? You!"

"Indeed I do, Gwyn. I mean it most steadfastly, and I will do everything in my power to make you happy."

Still she stood as if under some spell, quite still and breathing quickly. A sort of glory seemed to frame her face and make it at that moment more exquisitely beautiful than that of any woman he had ever seen. After a pause of some seconds Masson put out his right hand and gently raised hers to his lips. Kind, tender as the action was, perhaps the quick intelligence of the love stricken girl detected in the touch something which told her of the difference between his feelings toward her and hers toward him. However that may be, after a lapse of another moment she gave a long sigh and then drew away her hand sharply, with a laugh which grated a little on his ear.

"Doctor," said she sharply, "you are very good, very good, and I thank you. But no. We won't spoil it. You are my sweetheart," and again her voice quivered on the word, "while you stay here, but when you go, and that will be soon now, very soon, you and I will be both as free as air."

"But if I don't want to be free, Gwyn?" persisted Masson with all loverlike ardor.

The girl flashed upon him a proud, searching look.

"But you do!" cried she quickly.

There was a moment's silence, then it was she who spoke again:

"I'm not ungrateful, doctor. I don't deny that if I was in your rank of life that—that I'd give you a different answer."

"But surely that is my business," interrupted Masson quickly. "If I, understanding all the circumstances just as well as you do"—

"But I doubt if you do," said she quickly. "I doubt if a man, even a clever man like you, can understand and see it all as well as even a simple sort of a woman. Anyhow, I've made up my mind, and I beg you not to say any more about it, because I don't deny it's a temptation for me." She tried to laugh a little. "But as it's a temptat n I don't mean to yield to, and as I know what's best for me as well as you, why, talking would only make it worse for me to bear."

"But, Gwyn, I don't understand you quite." She shook her head gently and smiled. He went on, "You are not happy here, I know."

She raised her hand quickly to stop him, evidently fearing what he might be going to say.

"I am not very happy," said she. "I don't deny that. But my going away wouldn't make me any happier. I should always be worrying about those I had left"—

"And you don't think you would be happy enough as my wife to forget your worries?"

After a short pause she answered in a low voice:

"No. Because I feel the differences between you and me and between my friends and my ways and yours more than you can do just now. You don't see me with open eyes just yet, sir, because of all the circumstances of your seeing me first. You can't see that I'm only just a farmer's daughter, with the ways of my own class, which are not the ways of yours. I don't know whether I could ever do right in a new life, and I know you'd have to go through a deal on my account at first. Oh, I know it; I know it! And so, if you please, sir, we'll say no more about it, but stick to our bargain. And you're my sweetheart"—she flushed as she uttered the word—"while you're here, but you're free and I'm free as soon as you reach the bottom of the hill."

And with these words, with a pretty glow in her proud face, she left him abruptly, going out through the washhouse before he could stop her.

Then he was free! And she was free! He stretched his arms and prepared to go out to his work, when he was startled by a slight noise in the outhouse, which betrayed that there had been a listener to their conversation.

He was on the alert in a moment, for he knew that there was a new danger to himself in the possibility of their compact becoming known.

Who was the eavesdropper?

CHAPTER XXI.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.

Masson crossed the kitchen floor very softly and opened the outhouse door. But there was no one there. The place was so large, so dark, there were so many hiding places among the lumber, so many pitfalls besides the old well that he dared not make a very exhaustive survey. He went back again into the kitchen, however, with the definite impression that some one had been in there listening to his conversation with Gwyn and that the eavesdropper, whoever it was, had found a way of egress.

The belief was a disturbing one. Masson knew that in the belief of the household he was engaged to Gwyn, that he was going to marry her and take her away with him lay his safety. And he was therefore not surprised when the girl made a pretext for detaining him after dinner to whisper in his ear that he must try to get away without delay.

He was startled by her earnestness.

"Some one overheard us this morning?" said he abruptly.

"Yes. And you must go at once. There must be no more delay. I don't say the journey will be without danger, but it is worth the risk—any risk. There will be light for nearly three hours, and by that time you will have got out of the hills if you have any luck. The road to the bottom of the hill is clear now, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you must start then and get away as quickly as you can. The others are on the hill yonder, making a way up to the rest of the sheep. Go now, at once, before they miss you."

As she spoke she thrust out her hand, and he took it in his. Before he could utter a word in his turn, however, the door was opened briskly, and the farmer's cheerful voice cried:

"Hi, doctor, we've been looking for you. Come and lend a hand. We must push on up hill before dusk comes."

"I'd been asking the doctor to go down the hill, father, into the valley to see whether there's a way up to Thomas' yet," said she. "We're running rather short of provisions, and I know Mrs. Thomas can help us. Make haste, doctor, and don't be long," she went on, turning to him with a warning frown which her father did not see. "Get down the hill and look along the valley to the left. If you see men at work a little distance off, cutting their way toward you, shout to them and tell them I would be glad to know whether they can let me have a side of bacon."

She hurried the doctor out, helping him on with his overcoat and muffler and giving him when she could a warning glance to urge him quickly on his way. Then she opened the front door, which had now been freed from snow, and let him out, with a smile and a nod. Her father was standing behind her, just inside the doorway.

Farmer Tregaron's eyes were fixed upon him all the time with a look which Masson thought suspicious, curious. Under this fire nothing in the nature of a tender parting from Gwyn was possible. He would have offered his hand for one last clasp, but her own arms were held rigidly behind her back, and although there was a strange look of yearning and sadness in her black eyes her lips uttered no word.

"Goodby, then," muttered Masson in a muffled voice.

"Goodby, doctor, for the present," returned she loudly.

And as if fearful lest he should by some word or action or look betray the understanding there was between them she shut the door.

Masson sped on his way down the hill with a tumult of strange feelings raging in his heart. He could not believe that he had seen Gwyn's face for the last time; that the deliverance from prison, for which he had been longing, had come at last and brought nothing but soreness and regret with it.

As he crossed the stone incumbered plain in front of the farmhouse and began the descent of the hill by the narrow cutting through the deep snowdrifts which he had helped to make he was torn with regrets and longings, with remorse and distress, in which his admiration and reverence for Gwyn struggled with his self reproach on his account.

Had he not wasted his time up there and the opportunity which he should never have again of finding out what had become of poor Granville? Should he not have made still greater efforts than he had done to discover the truth of his brother's disappearance?

And again, ought he not to have insisted more strongly than he had done upon his wish to make Gwyn his wife? What would become of the girl, the noble girl, who had so unselfishly watched over him and sacrificed her own desires of happiness to her belief that she was acting for the best for him in refusing his offer? He knew that she was miserable in her life; that there were terrible secrets of the strange household to which she belonged which must lie with tenfold weight upon her own innocent soul.

These considerations caused his heart to bleed and his steps to lag, until by the time he reached the bottom of the hill and had to face the plunge into the snow of the valley he had almost made up his mind to turn back again and to approach her with a more resolute front and with a more impassioned prayer that she would become his wife.

The only consideration which formed a check upon this inclination was the vague belief he had that her own brother and grandmother had been in some way connected with his brother's death. But then again appearances seemed to be so much stronger against Coch Tal, the guide, than against the old woman and her grandson that this suspicion could scarcely be considered strong enough to influence his action. And this was especially the case in view of the fact that Gwyn herself had made no suggestion, either by word or manner, of there being such an obstacle as this between them.

So when he reached the bottom of the hill Masson turned to retrace his footsteps, after having glanced down the valley and up again and seen no sign of another human being. The way to Trecoed did indeed seem to be open to him, for he could see the path on the opposite hill, which the sliding masses of snow had left free. Even with this prospect of escape in sight the thought of Gwyn made him turn back.

And as he did so his heart gave an odd leap within him, for, standing a few feet from him and evidently on his track, was David Tregaron, the farmer.

The men looked at each other for a moment in silence. Tregaron had been taken by surprise, for there was on his face a scowl which it had not worn on their last meeting and which he instantly tried to exchange for a smile. Masson, on his side, was considerably disturbed to find that he had been followed. The farmer spoke first.

"I thought," he began, "that you mightn't be able to find your way up again so easy as you had thought to, sir. It's still slippery up here and not altogether safe."

Masson heard or fancied he heard in these words something more than a warning—a kind of threat.

"Thank you," said he coldly. "I can find my way about better than you think."

Even if he had wished to go forward on his way to Trecoed he saw that to carry out such a plan in the face of what would be determined opposition was impossible. Tregaron was armed with a huge ax for one thing, and in his position above the other to aim a fatal blow at the doctor below would have been easy enough, and in the second place if Masson had attempted to escape and to trust to his heels he would have had no chance against the man who knew every chink and cranny of the hills and of the valley between.

He at once, therefore, began to reascend the hill, while the farmer waited for him, and then dropped a few steps behind.

"We are getting on nicely, sir," went on Tregaron in as buoyant a tone as usual, "with the snow clearing. If you'll come up with me I can show you just what we've got to do. The last of the sheep will be reached by tomorrow, if things go on as well as this."

He took Masson not in direction from that by which he had come. Instead of going near the farmhouse, they went round by the south side of the old church walls and up the smooth slope where Masson had already been with Coch Tal.

Masson, who for the first time had begun to feel some mistrust of the farmer's motives toward him, took care to keep by his side and not to allow Tregaron to drop behind him. He remembered the cleft in the hillside toward which they were bending their steps, and he resolved to be on his guard against accidents at that perilous point. As, by good fortune, he knew exactly when to look out for it, he managed to drop behind in his turn as the farmer and he reached the opening, and just as he took the backward step he was shocked to see on Tregaron's face a look which betrayed a hostile feeling in every line of the eagle face.

At that moment Masson felt a sick horror at his position. How was he, unused to the mountain life, to the steep paths and unexpected precipices and chasms, to hope to escape from the hardy hill born farmer, whom he now knew to be his enemy?

"A nasty place, this," said Masson at last, with a glance down toward the chasm they had reached.

The farmer, who was a step in advance, laughed shortly.

"You've been here before, then?"

"Yes."

Tregaron wheeled around briskly.

"And have you been up the rock to Pen Uchaf," asked he abruptly, "that looks straight down into Llyn Foel?"

"No. This is as far as I've been."

"Come along, then. I'll show you a sight you won't forget."

If Masson could have declined the invitation, he would have done so, but the tone in which it was given made it rather a command than a request, so he went on, keeping to the farmer's side or a step or two behind and evading all attempts, real or fancied, on the farmer's part to make him go first.

They branched off sharply to the right, walking alongside the chasm until they reached a point where it could be crossed without difficulty in the stride. After this the ascent became

much steeper, although, owing to the nature of the ground and its comparatively sheltered position, they found it less incumbered by snow than the other parts of the mountain.

As they got higher the way became more difficult. Here the patches of bare rocks were frequent, and these dark gray slabs were slippery and steep, so that the short winter afternoon had begun to darken toward evening by the time they reached the top.

There a grand and awful sight broke suddenly upon the view.

The point of hill on which Masson and the farmer stood seemed to hang right over the black waters of the mountain pool, and Masson turned giddy and stepped back hastily when he looked down and saw the still, dark, waveless lake beneath him. A horrible notion seized him at that moment that it was from this point that his brother had been thrown and that the silent tarn was Granville's grave.

He shuddered and, looking up at the farmer, saw that the man's thin, bloodless lips were stretched into a savage grin of malice.

"It is horrible! Let us go back!" said Masson.

"Not yet," said the farmer shortly.

And he was advancing upon the doctor with a menacing look when a cry in a woman's voice reached their ears:

"Father! Father!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"MUST YOU BE SACRIFICED TOO?"

"Gwyn! It's Gwyn's voice!"

As the farmer uttered these words a change came over his face. The savage expression disappeared, and his features became in an instant convulsed with tender anxiety.

The cry was repeated, and Tregaron and Masson both answered by shouts, to which she answered by a sort of wild sob of relief. In a few minutes gun to ascend the hill, who had be- their track, but who had sunk down, exhausted and giddy, at the foot of a great slab of bare gray rock.

"Gwyn! My girl! My little girl! Out here! Oh, doctor, she'll catch her death!"

And the angry and malignant man became in an instant the humble suppliant, and he looked pathetically up into Masson's face, with his eyes streaming with tears.

"Help me to carry her back," said the doctor briefly.

They half led, half carried her back to the farmhouse, which was soon reached. The grandmother, who stood watching their approach from the doorway, was enjoined to change the girl's clothes at once and to put her to bed. But after the lapse of a few minutes Gwyn, regardless of their injunctions, came down stairs again, clinging to the banisters for support, but full of energy, of solicitude for Masson.

"Go back up stairs to bed," said the doctor gently as he ran forward to her assistance.

But Gwyn shook her head obstinately.

"I will go up stairs," whispered she hoarsely, "when you are safely away—not before!"

Masson tried to protest, but she imperiously silenced him.

"Now he thinks he has you safe, because it is too late to try again to reach Trecoed tonight. So it is, but you must get out of this house. You must go down the hill and turn to the left and up the valley, keeping on this side of the stream until you get to Thomas'. Go up there and ask them to give you shelter for the night and start for Trecoed as soon as it is light. Mind, don't be stopped. If some one meets you and tells you I am ill, dying, don't believe it and don't stop. It will be a trick to turn you out of your way. God forgive me for having to warn you against my own flesh and blood. But I must save you; I must, I will!"

She looked up into his eyes with a luminous light in her own which intoxicated him.

"Gwyn," he whispered, "don't send me away from you. Let me stay until I can marry you and take you away. Let me, my darling, let me save you!"

But she drew herself energetically away.

"That has all been decided—settled," said she peremptorily. "Now, there is only one more thing to be said. You must swear that when you leave here you will forget everything that has passed, everything that has happened. And that you will never come here again yourself or set any one else to come here with—with inquiries, with investigations."

Masson drew back a step. She followed him up, a threatening light suddenly blazing in her eyes.

"Swear!" she repeated. "Swear!"

"But"— stammered Masson. "My brother!"

"What good can you do him now?"

A groan broke from Masson's lips.

"You know he is dead, that he must be dead. You knew that when you came here. You know that he lost his way among the mountains."

"I do not know that," interrupted he.

Gwyn stamped her foot.

"You know that he must have died, as many other rash travelers have died, through his own carelessness, his refusal to take a warning. What doubt can you have about that? And what good can you do by supposing anything else?" Suddenly she changed her tone and from stern and eager became tearful and entreating: "Oh!" she cried as she clasped her hands and looked at him with weeping eyes. "How can you hesitate? How can you be stubborn and mad? Must we have another crime laid at our door? Must you be sacrificed too?"

"Who will hurt me?" said he in a low voice.

Her answer, full of fire and dignity, took him by surprise.

"I will!" cried she. "I will give you up to any fate that may overtake a lonely man among the mountains unless you swear that you will never interfere with us, never cause us to be interfered with, on your word of honor!"

Masson could be obstinate also.

"[illegible]", said he. "And I will take my chance."

Without another word she left him, opened the door and then, returning quickly, seized him by the coat sleeve and thrust him out into the gathering darkness.

"Then," said she, "take your chance. I have told you what to do."

"Gwyn, let me speak to you!" cried he eagerly. "Let me speak!"

But the only answer he got was the grating of the bolts of the door.

The dusk was deepening in the valley and creeping up the sides of the mountains as he staggered away, heart sore, weary of limb and alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COCH TAL'S WARNING.

The oppression of the silence and of the gathering darkness was awful. and Reginald Masson felt that he wanted to cry aloud, to do anything to break the mournful spell of dead, solemn stillness which hung over mountains and valley alike.

He knew that it was useless to go back to the farmhouse, from the door of which he had just been ejected so unceremoniously. And, honoring and trusting Gwyn Tregaron as he did, he could not but feel that this action on her part, strange though it was, had been calculated, that she felt it to be the best course to pursue to insure his safety.

On the other hand, it was true that her attitude, when he refused to promise not to investigate further into his brother's fate, had been one of defiance, that she had turned him out into the dangers of night upon the mountains without a word of kindness or of farewell.

But even this action on her part failed to convince him that she was as hard as her words. As he made his way with difficulty down the hillside in the darkness he decided that he would follow the advice she had given him at the beginning of their conversation and find the other farmhouse of which she had spoken.

If he could get shelter for the night he would start on his way back to Trecoed early on the following morning.

He turned to the left, therefore, when he reached the bottom of the hill and saw a light on the high ground above him on the left.

After a long and toilsome struggle, in the course of which he was plunged knee deep into drifts at every other step, he got to the foot of the hill, and from this spot found the ascent easy enough, as a path down the slope had been cut by the inhabitants of the farmhouse.

He knocked, and a little active woman, with sharp black eyes, opened it and looked at him in surprise.

"Can you give me shelter for the night?" asked Masson, conscious of difficulties in his story. "I lost my way on the first day of the snow and have been staying at Monachlog farm ever since. Starting tonight on my way back to Trecoed, I have lost my way again, and so have no choice but to beg a lodging for the night."

Before he had finished his speech the good woman had opened the door wide to him and was nodding a cheerful assent.

"Dear, dear!" cried she in the sharp Welsh accent with which he was now growing so familiar. "It's a bad business to lose one's way among the hills at this time of year! And you may be thankful, sir, as you ever found your way to a shelter alive at all! And to be sure you're welcome to such poor fare as we've got, and to such a bed as we can give you! I don't say it'll be what you're used to, but it'll be better than a snowdrift anyway! And we can give you a hearty welcome!"

The family was assembling for supper, and each member, on entering, greeted the newcomer, the men with a touch of the forelock, the women with a courtesy. There was the farmer himself, the husband of the woman who had made Masson welcome, and there were three short, broad, sturdy sons and two shorter and equally sturdy daughters.

To Masson's delight the conversation turned as soon as they were all seated at the table on the family at Monachlog.

"And how's the lass?" asked Mr. Thomas as he helped his family from a huge dish of ham and eggs. "I did hear as Tregaron was troubled about her. She'd caught cold out in the rain one day looking after the sheep for her father."

"She's been very ill," answered Masson. "I was lucky in being able to be of some little service to them, for I'm a doctor, and Mr. Tregaron had been unable to get one to come and see his daughter."

Everybody looked interested.

"And I hope they treated you well, sir, up there?" said Thomas in an inquiring tone.

"I had nothing to complain of," answered Masson. "But why do you ask? I thought you had all a great name for hospitality up here among the hills?"

"Well, sir, I hope we have. But, you know, sir, different folks has different ways."

"He means, sir," broke in his more talkative and less cautious wife, "that the Tregarons are not like other folks; leastways they haven't been since Mrs. Tregaron died five years back and more. And my good man thought you'd maybe noticed it yourself, sir."

"And how do you account for that?" asked Masson.

"Well, sir, David Tregaron was always an odd sort of a man, but his wife was a good one and helped things along. And since she went he's took life in a loose sort of a way, so we've wondered time and again how they've managed to get along at all. You want to put your best foot foremost to scrape a living up here, you know, sir, and we've often wondered how they make shift to get butter for their bread, letting things go as Tregaron does."

"It's his man Merrick that they call Coch Tal that keeps him from going to pieces altogether," said Thomas. "He's a capable sort, he is, and he wouldn't be wasting his time there if it wasn't for the lass."

"The old woman is a strange creature," said Masson. "I never heard her open her lips the whole time I was there."

There was a look of surprise on the face of every one at the table at these words.

"She used to be talkative enough," said Mrs. Thomas. "The difficulty was to get her to stop."

Thomas shook his head.

"It's just one more sign of something wrong up there if old Mrs. Tregaron's lost the gift of the gab," said he.

Nobody spoke for a few seconds. Then the farmer turned the conversation.

"And might one ask, sir, what brought you to these wild parts just as the bad weather was coming on?" said he.

"I came to try to find some trace of my brother," replied Masson, "who was lost among these hills in the beginning of October."

"Dear, dear! And have you been successful, sir?"

"Yes. And no. I have found that this Merrick, or Coch Tal, accompanied him into this valley, and that he went up to Monachlog to see the ruins. They tell me he went on by himself, but I can find no further trace."

The farmer and his wife exchanged a stealthy look. And with one accord they started fresh subjects of conversation and refused to make any suggestion or any hint which could either throw Masson off or on the scent he was pursuing.

When the younger members of the family had gone to bed, Masson tried again to get from the farmer or his wife some opinion, some suggestion on the matter of his brother's fate. But nothing he could say, no persuasion or entreaty, or even affected doubt, could draw them from their determined reticence.

He slept soundly in a bed in the room with the farmer's sons, and in the early morning, when the lads got up, he started on his way to Trecoed, accompanied down the slope by the eldest lad.

Just at the foot they found Coch Tal, wearing a gloomy expression of face and speaking in a short, hard manner.

"Sir," said he to Masson, "I've come to tell you there's more snow coming down. And you'd better stay up here and not try to get back to Trecoed for a day or two."

"Snow coming!" cried Masson in surprise. "I shouldn't have thought it by the look of the sky!"

Coch Tal remained stolid.

"Miss Tregaron told me to come and tell you so," said he, with a gathering frown.

And without another word he turned and began to plow his way back to Monachlog through the snow.

"What would you have thought?" asked Masson, turning to the young man beside him. "That there was more snow coming down or not?"

Young Thomas, without looking at his questioner, stared at the retreating figure of Coch Tal.

"If I'd been advised to stay, sir, by yon," and he nodded in the direction of the redheaded peasant, "I'd stay."

But Masson was obstinate. He was weary of the mysteries and dangers.

So he shook his head in answer to the lad's warning remark.

"I must go," said he. "It's early. I have the day before me. The snow has melted a good deal. I can reach Trecoed before night, I'm pretty sure."

The lad looked at him askance.

"This is a nasty place, sir, for travelers," said he in a courteous tone of protest. "It don't seem so very far from here to Trecoed, but there's four travelers, strangers to the place, have been lost—altogether lost—hereabouts within the last few years!"

Masson looked at him steadily.

"Were none of them ever found?" he asked abruptly.

"One was, sir, two years and more ago. His body was found between two rocks. And the water had washed away most of his clothes, and it was as much as they could do to swear it was him."

"Was foul play suspected?"

"N-n-o, sir, not as I know of. This is a nasty place to get lost in."

The lad seemed to be infected with the reticence his parents had shown. He was evidently anxious to get away and to avoid further cross examination. Masson smiled grimly to himself.

"Well," said he, "I shall risk it. Many thanks for the advice, though. I know it is good advice, though I'm too impatient to take it. Goodby."

He held out his hand, and the lad took it. Masson had an odd fancy, which pursued him as he plowed his way down the valley through the snow, that the lad as he bade him goodby gave up all hope of ever seeing him again and even of his ever reaching Trecoed alive.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

The morning light was growing stronger every minute as Masson, after bidding young Thomas goodby, started on his walk back to Trecoed.

Presently he became conscious of a feeling that he was being followed.

He turned abruptly, but he had just rounded a bare bowlder, and he could see no more. The fancy was so strong upon him, however, that he retraced his steps and looked round the protruding rock at the path he had traversed. There were footmarks which he had not previously noticed ascending the path to the top of the rock, but still he saw no one.

There descended upon his spirits with irresistible force a belief that he had not escaped from the mysterious dangers of Monachlog after all. Go which way he would, he could not get beyond the malign influence which he felt to emanate from that uncanny household. He was shadowed, even now that he had left the house, by an evil influence, impalable, but unmistakable, which seemed to hang like a veil over him, shutting him in, closing him in. He began to feel a dreadful doubt whether he ever should get out of this valley; whether he should not share the mysterious, unknown fate which had overtaken his unhappy brother.

With eyes and ears on the alert, with his teeth fast set, with a savage desperation at his heart, he pressed forward, bent on reaching once more the open ground in the valley below, where at least no ambush could be laid for him.

The path which he was following, on the other hand, now turned to the right, and if he pursued it he would have to take a winding course, with more fatigue and loss of time, for he could see that it reappeared on the hill opposite to him, the very hill on which the old monastery stood. He felt that he did not want to go so near the place again. In spite of his tenderness for Gwyn the sight of the ruined gray walls filled him with a very definite horror and sense of danger.

He resolved, therefore, to attempt the difficult task of leaving the path at this point and scrambling down the rugged hillside, which was at this point both rough and precipitous, into the valley below.

He had scarcely taken the first step downward, however, when he heard a low, suppressed cry of warning from above, and looking up saw the head of Coch Tal looking at him from behind a jutting point of rock.

"Take care," said the peasant, "take care."

He had hardly uttered these words when Masson, who had already discovered the need of great caution, as he found himself slipping down the snowy surface with a rapidity he had not calculated upon, saw that Coch Tal was not looking down at him, but that he had got his eyes fixed intently upon a figure on the side of the opposite hill.

In his desperate situation, for he was slipping every moment faster down the hill, Masson had no chance of taking a very accurate survey. But he had an unpleasant sense of being surrounded, hemmed in by enemies, which was considerably increased when his descent was suddenly stopped by a jutting piece of rock, by his perceiving that the figure which had attracted Coch Tal's attention was that of old Mrs. Tregaron, who in her cap and shawl was crouching on the side of the opposite hill on the outskirts of a small patch of firs and leafless bushes.

She was watching him furtively, with her lean neck outstretched, and one skinny, dark hand pointing to some spot a little way behind her.

Masson had scarcely had time to recognize her and to wonder what connection her appearance had with that of Coch Tal, when he heard the report of a gun, saw a flash from out of the trees behind the old woman and heard a bullet whistle past him.

The next instant the old woman sprang up with a cry, and another figure rushed out from among the trees.

It was David Tregaron, gun in hand.

What followed happened so rapidly that it was like a confused dream.

It was not until he thought it all over afterward that Masson understood the exact sequence of events.

Then he knew that the gun was leveled once more; that the old woman met her son; that the weapon went off, discharging itself harmlessly in the air, and that the next moment the farmer slipped and, with a cry, fell, gun in hand, down the side of the hill out of Masson's sight into the cleft below between the hills.

And the old woman clasped her hands and, breaking the hideous, awful silence which followed with the accents of her quavering, shrill voice, cried, with a thankfulness which made Masson shudder:

"Thank God! It's over! Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR HERE."

Masson was in a strange position. His feet had touched a jutting piece of rock which held him firm. But the point was so small and the side of the hill was so steep that he did not dare to move, but remained in this perilous plight, unable to go backward or forward or even to lean far enough to the right to see what had happened to David Tregaron when he fell into the cleft between the two hills.

Meanwhile the old woman had relapsed into silence and stood looking down at some object below with the blank, staring gaze which had seemed so uncanny to Masson throughout his acquaintance with her.

The voice of Coch Tal from the path above him now called Masson's attention back to the peasant.

"Don't you move, sir, don't you move. You're a dead man if you do."

"All right," answered the doctor, not very steadily.

He did not quite realize from which quarter he was now threatened, whether by Coch Tal himself or by the farmer's gun, or by his own situation on the side of the hill. The pause which succeeded seemed unending. There he remained, with his feet close together, against the point of rock, his clothing saturated by the thawing snow at his back and the now risen sun pouring upon him across the mountains on the left.

At the end of what seemed a very long period of waiting, during which the old woman had disappeared and the whole valley seemed to be steeped in a solemn, awful stillness, he heard the voice of Coch Tal above his head once more.

"Put the rope around you, sir, and come up carefully. You're wanted."

Masson saw by this time that a strong rope, with a noose at the end, was being lowered to him from above. He made himself fast to it and, with the help of Coch Tal and Tom, regained the path with some difficulty. He found Coch Tal looking very grave and the lad Tom in a panic of strange fear, trembling from head to foot, and unable to speak.

No sooner was the doctor on his feet than Coch Tal drew him rapidly along the path to a point where there was an easy descent into the valley below.

"I told you, sir, that you were wanted," said he in a grave voice, "but I don't know as I was right. Look!"

He pointed to a spot below them, where, jammed between two sharp rocks, there lay something indistinguishable, dark, motionless, at sight of which Masson started and turned toward his companions. His startled, questioning look was answered by their faces.

It was Masson who hurried forward and who attempted the vain task of withdrawing the body from its horrible position. Tregaron had fallen into the cleft between the hills at a point where two jagged rocks, rising up from the bed of a little mountain stream, formed a narrow and fatal cradle, into which nobody could fall without being horribly mangled and crushed by the terrible contact.

Into this ghastly deathbed David Tregaron had fallen, and the first glance which Masson gave when he got, with some difficulty, close to the spot showed him that death must have been instantaneous. The broken gun lay in pieces within a few feet of the body.

With much difficulty, since Tom, at the first suggestion that he should lend his aid, ran away up the path at full speed and disappeared, Masson and Merrick extricated the bruised body from its position and carried it up the path. Although the farmer had been a short, spare man, the position in which his body had been found and the steepness of the ascent made the journey a long and tedious one.

When at last they got on the little tableland on which the farmhouse stood, Masson was seized with a strange sensation of sick horror on finding himself once more brought to the place which he had hoped never to see again.

The thought of seeing Gwyn again in these shocking circumstances made him stop and hesitate and look at Coch Tal with such an expression of distress that the peasant broke the silence in which they had done their work.

"You'd better come in, sir," said he, with an apt appreciation of the doctor's mood. "You'd better by far hear all about it, now you've come so far!"

At that moment the lad Tom, still in the same state of nervous excitement as before, opened the farmhouse door and came out. His eyes were red, as if he had been crying, and the expression of his whole face, instead of being sullen and downcast as usual, was wild and disturbed. He came toward them hurriedly, with a sidelong, shambling walk, as if he was anxious to reach the two live men without coming near the dead man they bore.

"Come round the back way," said he, "through the outhouse."

Masson and Coch Tal, with their burden, followed him to the south side of the farmhouse, making their way with difficulty over the bits of ruined masonry with which this part of the premises was especially incumbered.

Tom opened a little rough wooden door which had been inserted in the massive old wall which had once been that of the north aisle of the church. This admitted them into the outhouse, where a rough trestle had been already put up for the reception of the body. They placed the remains of the farmer upon this resting place, and then Masson and Coch Tal, still in silence, turned toward the kitchen door, which Tom held open for them.

But on the threshold Masson hesitated. Standing still within the gloom of the outhouse, of which he had already such uncanny recollections, he felt a dread seizing him of the story that he should have to hear. He was oppressed by the knowledge that the key to the mystery of Monachlog would within a few minutes be in his keeping.

Before him, sitting by the kitchen fire, sat Gwyn Tregaron, with her head back against her high chair, her eyes closed and an expression of intense agony on her pallid face. On the opposite side of the hearth stood the old woman, leaning upon her stick and pointing with a lean finger to the door of the outhouse.

Tom, who was standing [illegible] the kitchen door, [illegible] invitation to enter, and as he did so he uttered in a hoarse whisper these significant words:

"Come in, sir; come in. There's nothing to fear here; nothing now."

CHAPTER XXVI.

GWYN CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY.

Startled by these words, Masson said hurriedly, "Thank you," and entered the kitchen.

At the sound of his voice Gwyn sprang up and stared at him with wild eyes. She had heard of the tragedy which had happened but an hour before, and it was evident that it had shaken her still delicate frame and struck dismay to her loving nature. She stared at Masson for a few moments. Then for a moment her features broke into a beautiful smile of welcome, but the next moment a look of horror came over her face. The slight flush died away, and, turning from him toward her grandmother with a long, gasping sigh, she fell back into her chair and covered her face with her hands.

And for the first time the old woman, who had roused so much animosity in Masson's breast, showed a sign of tenderness, of humanity.

"Don't-ee cry, dearie. It's bad. It's very bad to bear. But don't-ee cry."

Masson stood transfixed. For here was another mystery presented to his mind. The witchlike old woman, who had been reported to speak no English and who had, indeed, never until that morning uttered a word in his hearing, was speaking as intelligently and as intelligibly as any of them. Her beadlike black eyes, too, whose unblinking stare had been one cause of the dislike she had inspired in him, were now full of kindliness and feeling.

There was nothing for him to do but to cross the floor as quietly and unobtrusively as possible and, retreating into the background of the corner between the fireplace and the front door, to wait until they chose to give him the confidence which he felt sure was impending.

It was Tom who broke the silence. He put his arm, awkwardly but kindly, on his sister's shoulder and said:

"Don't take on, Gwyn. Tell the gen-

AMUSEMENTS.

Velodrome Cycle Skating Rink

Open every day from 9.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. for teaching CYCLE SKATING for Ladies and Gentlemen.
Admission free. .. .. Skates 25 cents.
Grand Opening Carnival, Monday Night, April 9th.

To Catalina and Seaside Resorts

The only line selling tickets to SAN PEDRO, TERMINAL ISLAND and CATALINA ISLAND, giving stop-over privileges at Long Beach, the Chautauqua of Southern California, without extra charge. A ten-mile ride along the sea shore and first choice of steamer accommodations going to Catalina. For a fishing and sailing cruise on the Pacific Ocean, no better place can be found than at Terminal Island and Long Beach. Elegant Hotels, Golf Links, Charming Climate, Sea Bathing Year Around.

Train leaves 8.50 a. m. every day.
Return arrives 5.15 p. m.
Information and tickets TERMINAL OFFICE,
214 South Spring Street.

SperrysFlour
THE BEST MANUFACTURED ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

tleman, tell the doctor all about it. You can now!"

And then he went out of the room, nodding to Coch Tal, who reluctantly followed him. The old woman transferred her gaze from her granddaughter to Masson, and then said, in a low voice:

"Maybe she'll find it easier to speak to you alone, sir. And to tell you what you'd better know. I'll come back presently."

And then she retired in her turn, and Masson and the girl were left alone.

For a few minutes she remained in the same position, with her head bent over her hands. He did not even feel sure that she was conscious of his presence. But at last she raised her head and showed him a face which was drawn into strange puckers and lines by stress of deep feeling.

"Perhaps," said he gently, "you would rather not speak to me. I am quite content to go away without hearing anything more. Indeed, I can guess for myself much that you may have thought it necessary for me to know."

But Gwyn bade him remain, making an imperious gesture of command rather than entreaty that he should be seated. So he took the chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, clasped his hands loosely together and leaned forward with his arms upon his knees, so that he could listen without appearing to watch her face.

"You must know; you must hear," said she in a faltering voice, "for all our sakes and for your own. You must not go away thinking that we are a body of murderers and thieves. We are not. You must not come back or send detectives back to hunt out the mystery of your brother's death."

"Do you think I would?" began Masson hotly, but she silenced him by a gesture and went on:

"Yes, you would, if we let you go away without knowing the truth. You tie of kindness yself bound by some silent. But in th ar run you would say something or do something; you would come back or send some one in your behalf, and we should at any rate all lie under the disgrace—my brother and granny and poor Merrick, and all. So I am going to end it. You won't expect me to be too hard, and you must try not to be hard yourself. Listen! I don't know how your brother died. I can't tell you that. Nobody now living can. The only man who could have told you can never be brought to account by any human judge!"

Masson bowed his head without any appearance of astonishment. This was the confession he had been prepared for.

"Nobody else is to blame. Nobody else knew anything about it till you first came. But the moment Merrick saw you on the road, heard your voice, he knew that your brother had—had died mysteriously and that you, his relation, had come to bring those to blame to account!"

"Ah!"

"When he ran away from you, he thought he had escaped. You may judge what his horror was when, believing that you would never be able to find the farm without a guide, he found you here within two hours. That was why he would not come in to supper. And when you were asleep afterward in that very chair he came in quietly, with Tom, and loosened the muffler round your neck to look into your face and searched your pockets to find out your name."

"So it was he! Merrick! I remember!" ejaculated Masson.

"Then he was frightened, and granny and Tom and all of us, for we knew you would never get away alive to bring the police back here with you."

"What? You were so sure of it?" cried Masson, with a shudder.

The girl bowed her head.

"I did what I could to warn you, to save you."

"Indeed you did. I shall never cease to be grateful."

"But all the time I was torn by two feelings—the wish to save you, to spare him this one more crime, and the wish to save him, too, for, remember, I loved him. We all loved him. In spite of all we knew and all we guessed we loved him and would have shielded him, for he was always good to us, so good that we could not believe it when we first suspected him of—of"—

"And when was that? That you first suspected him?"

"It was nearly five years ago, in the winter. We were very, very badly off, had scarcely anything to eat, and a traveler came by and rested here and talked of his dealings and of the money he had made. He was a cattle dealer and carried a long leather purse with gold."

She paused, overcome by the horror of her recollections.

"And when he went on (the way was pretty open that winter, and he knew the roads) my father went out after him. And when he came back he seemed just the same as ever, only he said that he had got paid some money that one of the farmers near had owed him for some years. And we were as merry as could be over this piece of luck till—till we heard of a traveler having been found dead in a stream some weeks after with part of his clothes washed away. Nobody thought of foul play till Tom found out that it was the cattle dealer and that there was no money found. And then we all feared, secretly, not telling each other what we thought—granny and Tom and Merrick and myself."

She shuddered and paused again. When she went on, it was in a more rapid pace, as if she was anxious to get the dismal tale ended.

"But all the while father seemed just the same, and we didn't dare to speak to him. He seemed so unconcerned that now and then we would laugh at our fears and think we had done him a cruel injustice. It wasn't till the second and the third accident that we felt sure, sure. And meantime I'd had to persuade poor Merrick to stay on. Father made me. And the feeling that he hated to stay and that he was only staying just for me was bitter and hard and dreadful!"

Masson began to understand. This [illegible] of her strange coldness toward the man who worshiped her.

"And then to see you suspect the poor fellow, when I knew who it was that was in fault, that was dreadful too. But yet I couldn't put you right, for it would have been putting my father in danger!"

"But," said Masson, "if you thought such a thing I can't understand how you could go on caring for him!"

"You see," said Gwyn, earnestly, "that all we had to go upon was suspicion, for although we knew that those three travelers"—

"Three?"

"Yes, yes. While we knew that they had died mysteriously, and we connected his absence from home with their deaths, yet there was never any difference in his manner to us, and nobody else ever suspected that they had met with foul play. You know yourself how dangerous these hills are. Look at my own father's death this morning."

"Was it you who sent Coch Tal to warn me not to go to Trecoed this morning?"

"Yes. I knew my father was on the watch," whispered the girl. "And granny knew it, and she went down to watch him. She followed him when he went out with his gun. And it was she who tried to stop him when he fired. And—and you know the rest."

There was a long silence.

"I cannot yet understand it," said Masson at last. "You have all acted almost as if you were in league with your father."

"Don't—don't say that," pleaded the girl. "Poor Tom only obeyed him when he could not help himself."

"Your grandmother, who could have warned me, kept silence."

"How could she have warned you against the son she loved? She would have done anything for him, although she suspected him too. But she held out in her heart against believing him guilty longer than any of the others, and when he told her not to talk to you, for fear of her letting out something, I suppose, she obeyed him, as she always did. It was not until she saw him fire—at you—this morning that she really believed. It will break her heart."

It was a ghastly story. Masson got up.

"And—and my brother!" said he. "Can you give me no clew, no guide as to the direction in which I am to search?"

She shook her head.

"No," whispered she. "It might be in Llyn Foel or at the bottom of the passage in there that the monks used to draw their provisions up by, or it might be in one of the streams or in a cleft of the rocks. Nobody knows. Nobody can tell you. When we are gone—for we shall go—you can come and search, for you cannot hurt my father now."

Beautiful as this dogged filial feeling might, in the abstract, be, Masson was irritated by it. He was anxious to get away. Gwyn, looking up, saw the impatient look on his face. She sprang up and stood before him, trembling and agitated.

"You want to get away! You want to get free and forget us!" said she, in a strange tone, with mingled bitterness and tenderness. "Well, you are right! Forget us—all—if you can!"

Something in her tone touched him, and he spoke in a softened voice as he answered:

"There are things I shall never forget, that I never wish to forget. A woman's unselfish kindness and care; her good, noble face and her heroic devotion. I will forget everything but those things as quickly as I can."

He held out his hand, and she took it with a shy look, which haunted him for months afterward.

"Goodby," said she softly. "Goodby, and heaven take care of you on your way. You can go safely now."

"And Merrick? And your grandmother, who saved my life?"

"Don't wait to see them. They would be ashamed. And she, poor soul! could almost hate you for causing her to sacrifice the life of her son. Ah, you don't understand how we cling to each other of course! But, take my word for it, and let me bid them goodby for you."

[illegible] as she spoke she hurried across the kitchen and opened the front door. He had no choice but to go.

"Goodby," said she once more, with a little catch in her voice, though the hand she held out again was steady.

"What will become of you?"

"I—I don't know. I don't much care."

They were outside the door. Kind, tender words rushed to his lips. He drew close to her; he bent to look into her eyes.

For a moment she wavered, seemed inclined to listen. Then, with a resolute shake of the head, pressing her hands tightly together and biting her lips, she pushed him away and, stamping her foot and pointing to the path down the hill, imperiously signed to him to go.

As he turned, sorrowfully, regretfully, full of bubbling passion and longing tenderness, to obey her she ran off, waving her hand with an affectation of light heartedness in the direction of the ruined church. She was going to hide herself among the old stones, to cry, perhaps to pray and to mourn his going.

For one minute he hesitated whether he should give up everything and go back and strain her to his arms and bind himself here forever when his ardor was checked by a little circumstance.

Just as she reached the north wall she stumbled, and a man darted out of the shade and supported her in his arms. Masson watched the meeting breathlessly. The man was Coch Tal, honest, loving, faithful to the end.

He caught her swaying figure tenderly, not greatly daring.

But Masson saw in the girl's attitude as she let herself be led back to the house a little change. She was passive. She did not repulse her lover, as she had once done. That terrible event of the morning had altered the whole course of life at Monachlog, had broken the spell which had bound them all.

Masson felt the tears rising to his eyes as he turned away, and a lump in his throat which was brought there by some feeling strong as joy, but keen as jealousy.

She would fall into her old lover's arms as she had fallen into his heart—some day.

Three months later Masson came back to the old farm, which he found empty and deserted.

He searched every corner and every nook. He examined every stream and every cleft. He engaged men of experience to drag such parts of Llyn Foel as were sufficiently shallow to allow of such a proceeding. He went down into the passage which had once connected the monastery with the valley below. Some human bones he found, buried in quicklime, dry and brittle, at the bottom of this passage. But they had evidently been there a couple of years and more.

It was the only fruit of his researches. For no trace of the body of his brother Granville was ever found.

THE END.

Out of Darkness

Into Light

If Your Eyes Hurt or Glasses are Not Easy

SEE DR. ELLIOTT

Consultation and Testing Free

Phone James 1631 319 S. SPRING ST.

.Eucalyptus.

By Abbot Kinney

THE ONLY BOOK published in America on this valuable genus, setting forth the importance of the various species of Eucalyptus as producers of kino oils, timber, fuel, bee feed, for ornament, wind breaks, and the reclamation of waste places, sanitary value, and their frost and drought resistance.

How to plant Eucalyptus with drawings of seedlings; also contains Gray's Botanical Glossary.

This Work is Profusely Illustrated.

PRICES: CLOTH : : : : : : $1.50
PAPER : : : : : : 1.00

Can be purchased from the following Book-stores in Los Angeles:

STOLL & THAYER
OLIVER & HAINES
FOWLER BROS.
C. C. PARKER
B. F. GARDNER

Vernondale Rabbitry

4203 Central Ave.

A few bargains in Does bred and with litters; Young Sir Styles, Britains, Dexters, English Sovereigns, etc.

Judge Britain by Lord Britain, and Lord Lorenzo; Service $5 and $2.

Take Central Avenue Car Direct to Rabbittry Corner of 42nd Street.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED.—Ten men to join us in good oil proposition—$100.00 required. This money is for the purpose of driving a well. Call at 322 South Broadway.

PIPE. — Wanted two-inch iron screw pipe. Send bids by the thousand feet to C. A. Sumner & Co., 134 S. Broadway. This pipe will be paid for in cash and is for a large West Adams street tract.

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER.

ISSUED WEEKLY BY
The Post Publishing Company
ABBOT KINNEY.
S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,
401-402 STIMSON BUILDING
Telephone Red 756. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, Fifty Cents per Year. Payable in Advance.
On and after May 1st, 1900, $1.00 per Year.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1900.

SHOW OF RAILROAD POWER.

The Interstate Commerce meeting at Los Angeles has developed a number of interesting facts which can be condensed as follows:

1st. That terminal point privileges in freight rates enable jobbers in a terminal city like Los Angeles to ship back freight to points which it has passed at less cost than a direct shipment to such point costs. These terminal privileges can be and are used for combines on prices. These privileges can also be used to shut buyers out altogether, except at prohibitive rates. An instance of this is the local horse shoers' union. This is a union forced by the jobbers on blacksmiths. If a blacksmith does not belong to the union he is black-listed and cannot buy nails, horse shoes, etc. Thus in a free country real freedom is destroyed.

2nd. The hottest fight was not between the people and the railroads, but between merchants in St. Louis with a 1700 mile radius and merchants in Los Angeles with a 300 mile radius. The St. Louis men are trying to deprive Los Angeles of its terminal privileges while holding their own privileges. The railroad men in this fight assumed the attitude of Neutral Deities. The railroads claim the privilege to make commercial centers by privilege regardless of distance or natural conditions. A city is made or exists as they may please to dictate. This is interesting as indicating by whose good will we have our lives and being. Under such a power a railroad combine can make or destroy a city. By the extension to persons or corporations of this privilege granting power, exercised through secret rebates, the railroad can and does make or unmake manufacturers and merchants. This is the method by which the Standard Oil power was created. This giant amongst the giants of the trusts has at last become bigger and more powerful than its creators. The railroad special privileges to the Standard Oil have been used to destroy its rivals and remove competition.

3d. In the orange freight question it has been proved that the raise in minimum carload weight on which freight must be paid whether the car does or does not carry the load, is in fact a raise in freight rate per car of $27 or about half a million dollars raise in freights on the orange crop. Incidentally the increased number of boxes to a car caused serious losses by decay of fruit. It was also shown that the rebates paid through private car line powers to outside shippers have ranged from $10 to $30 per carload. These rebates are in the nature of bribes. They are secret. What part stuck to the hands of agents and never went to the grower is not known. The range of these rebates demonstrates their inequality and the unfairness of the entire system. The rebates are said to exceed in some cases the figures named. What the inside shippers and car line people receive was not shown. These profits amount to about $130 per carload. Of this $130 it was shown that from $80 to $110 was held by the car lines. In all, the orange grower was forced to pay nearly $2,000,000 in freight on each crop that did not go to the real railroad owners. Out of this vast sum about $300,000 was paid back in rebates or bribes to favored outside shippers. So there was an inner and outer ring—a sort of Saturnine affair. Wheels within wheels. For every dollar of rebate the inner ring paid the outer ring, the orange growers and shippers in general paid six to seven dollars. Surely an expensive luxury. The abrogation of rebates is a direct raise of the freight rates. It is clear that the three hundred thousand dollars a year paid in rebates was a reduction in freights to that extent. No rebate is that much more of cost in freight to the grower. While the railroads have cut off that part going to the outer ring, there appears to be no cut off to the inner ring. In fact it looks as though the inner or private car line ring would hold most of this cut off. In any event the grower and the shipper gain absolutely nothing. What all the outsiders get is a double raise of freight rate: (a) by the increased minimum and (b) by the lost rebate. The total raise of freight on the orange crop is close to a million dollars. Besides these injuries they have been further handicapped all around, especially in the matter of routing. The producers catch it coming and going to the special edification of the Santa Fe men who for a time posed as their friends.

4th. The pool between the S. P. and the Santa Fe has been spelled out so that man who runs may read. Cars delivered to the Santa Fe with the order that they be shipped by that road direct have been turned over to the S. P. The arrangement between the two roads is a flat division of all business—half to each. There was also developed a plan of the railroads to further raise the freight 5 cents on each box of oranges on the claim that a box weighed 78 pounds instead of 72 pounds, at which it is now averaged.

BRYAN.

Colonel Wm. Jennings Bryan is in the Land of Sunshine. Friends receive the eloquent Tribune with enthusiasm and all of our people receive him with interest and courtesy.

GOV. GAGE TOUCHES THE RIGHT CHORD.

The Governor's attack upon the Sugar King of the Leg., on Commissioner General Mike and Major General Otis of Rubicon fame, was merited. Outside of the toadies, trust men and fear-alls, it is generally conceded that the Governor was right. The judgment of those freemen whose opinion is alone worth considering, is that the Governor was right and that he did what others would have done if freed from strings or fear. The only criticism of these was on the place or on the language. Gage has no paper, so he was forced to seek a public meeting and chose to call the Republican press dictators down in a Republican meeting. The Post thinks more of Gage for this courageous act than for anything else he has done.

THE RUBICON.

The Major General of the Times was promoted for crossing the Rubicon in the Philippines. He telegraphed this striking event to the Times himself. The importance of Major General Otis in the politics of the dominant party, his power in the great statesmen's questions about the distribution of postmasterships and other political loaves and fishes may interest the people in what the Rubicon really is. The Rubicon is a small stream of northern Italy, formerly dividing the military province of Gaul under Ceasar from the civil government of Central Rome. When Ceasar crossed the Rubicon he had no battle to fight or foe immediately before him. His only opponent was the constitution of his country. The Roman law absolutely forbade a military commander to bring his army into the civil territory. When Ceasar crossed the little Rubicon he declared war on the Roman Republic. The end of it all was the death of both Ceasar and the Roman republic. The Empire, with its Domitian, Caligula and Nero came from the crossing of the Rubicon. We do not of course know that Major General Otis in telegraphing that he had crossed the Rubicon meant that he [illegible] like the Roman Ceasar, deliberately violated the constitution and taken a step that would end in the overthrow of the American republic. It may have been only a recognition by Major General Otis that as a military commander he was the equal or superior of Julius Ceasar. Ceasar was one of the great commanders of the world. To people afraid of seeing some of their private life dragged into print, Otis would probably be deemed greater than Ceasar. From a purely military point of view we feel that it should be understood that while Major General has the genius of Ceasar, by force of circumstances, this genius has remained dormant except in the matter of crossing the Rubicon. It really has rather an ominous suggestiveness, this connection of a petty Philippine engagement with the crossing of a petty creek on the Adriatic two thousand years ago. The indeference and contempt for our constitution in the Puerto Rican tariff, dictated by the brazen idols of the trust with feet of clay, is indeed a threat of a crossing of the Rubicon. Does Otis mean himself to be a Ceasar and intend to do what Ceasar did by boasting of a crossing of the Rubicon?

THE NEWSPAPER OF CALIFORNIA.

This title belongs to the San Francisco Examiner. It is the only journal in California that unites the means with the will to give the news impartially. To give the news today a newspaper must have a news service independent of the Associated Press. Whenever events occur considered unfavorable to the interests of our gigantic monopolies, this news monopoly consciously or unconsciously garbles the facts. Often the news of important things is entirely suppressed. More frequently facts are so partially presented as to change the picture of the events presented to the people. The view is distorted or turned upside down. A recent case of this is its forced report of the investigation of the Bull Pen and continued control of the Federal military in Idaho. The Associated Press has amongst other things made Congressman Lenz appear as a noisy blatant demagogue. The fact is that Lenz is a brilliant and courageous champion of right and the civil power. The other day, during a discussion in the committee concerning the vile and immoral character of certain of the Standard Oil agents at the Bull Pen, Lenz was interrupted by one of the Standard Oil attorneys named Chaney. Chaney broke in with the loud insulting declaration, "That statement is a deliberate falsehood." Lenz himself was not violent over this insult to both him and to the committee, and in fact to Congress itself, but only called for the transcript of evidence which showed his statement to be true. Three of the other members of the committee, however refused to tolerate the insult. Congressman Jett moved to put Chaney out of the room, and Hay and Cox, rising from their seats, denounced the outrage and advancing on Chaney insisted that he apologize or they would put him out. Chaney apologized partially at first and finally abjectly. Hull, the chairman of the committee, put in that place by the Standard Oil to suppress the investigation, merely shouted order. Hull never called on Chaney to apologize or to behave himself, but actually tried to protect him. The facts are that there is an organized attempt by the Standard Oil Company to prevent this investigation that even goes to the extent of violence and insult in the committee. Steunenberg, the Idaho Governor, who cannot govern without Federal soldiers, was elected by the Democrats and Populists. It has been brought out that his letter asking for the troops, was fixed up in Washington by a series of conferences between himself, Secretary of War Root, a Republican, and the President. We have the curious spectacle of the President writing himself a letter asking himself for Federal troops with Idaho to sign it. The Associated Press does not present the facts in this extraordinary military rule so that the people and readers of papers obtain a realization of what has transpired. The Examiner does give a true picture. The Examiner can do this by a control of its own reporters and its own telegraph wire. No other paper on the coast that will give the real news has the means to do it. The editorial policy of the Examiner has been for the interests of the people. It has consistently supported all well directed measures and movements to better our political system. The paper attacks evil doers in any political party. But a reader who does not like its politics can read its news. The Examiner presents the news fully and impartially. It is the only newspaper in California that does.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

What is the matter with the Express? It started out in its inaugural as though the strings that pulled its leg for water syndicate dancing had been cut. It said they were cut. One editorial against the suggested compromise of the city's rights is, however, all that has appeared. There is enough water in the water deals to float some deep draught reportorial and editorial work. Can it be possible that the Express is to continue with the Towers of Silence of the local press? One of our new subscribers asks us what is a Tower of Silence. For his benefit, and for our other new ones running fast into the thousands, we define this term again.

The Parsee burial places in India are large stone towers without an opening, except at the top. The dead are thrown into these towers of stone and devoured by vultures. These burial places are called "Towers of Silence." The term has been applied to the local press of Los Angeles because no one of them either his [illegible] side. except the Post. Not one of the local press [illegible]ses the facts in the water fight that it must know or easily can know. The papers of Los Angeles are burial places of the people's rights. The papers are "Towers of Silence."

COMPROMISING.

Water is quiet. Still waters run deep. Rumor has it that the water company has picked out a lot of politicians to be "friendly" to it. The organizers are disposed to secure iron-clad understandings this time for the water company syndicate. The experience before of nominating almost every city officer now in power and of having an understanding with most of the officers important to the water company that might have got in but did not, and then having the successful candidates refuse to take orders from the officers of the syndicate, has made these investors in men "Shy." Shut in by the walls of their own personal interests the holders of the option or the water company stock and owners or "friends" of the press can not see the excessive and impossible position they are in. Take a man like Chas Toll of the Council. Every man on the inside knows that Toll would like to see the city's rights compromised. The trouble is that being an intelligent man he can not see his way out. If Toll can not see how to have the city take water, who can see it?

What has become of the compromising conspiracy anyway? Who is going to be compromised? That is a question for the Professional Patriots to ask themselves. The question of who is going to be compromised has a pertinent fellow: What will you get for being compromised? Will the Professional Patriot take another watery contingency of $1500 "if the goods are delivered" as reported in the proposed fifty year water lease. Fifteen Hundred for a franchise worth millions was close figuring. The water syndicate option is certainly a thrifty concern. Still in the Bilderrain political talent it threw lots of money to the Birds. Some of the option syndicate do not know the facts in the case. They do not know the danger they are all in. Those who do know seem to be calloused by long immunity from a reckoning. The water company game is really a pure bluff. The day their hand is called their stake will be swept away forever.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

The Saturday Post as a mark of appreciation of the hearty manner in which the reading public of Southern California and Arizona has shown its approval of our efforts, will from time to time give its readers a handsomely illustrated number. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona is the title of an illustrated article by Mr. Oliver Lippincott of Los Angeles, which will appear in our issue of April 1[illegible]. Local Talent will find a market for its short stories and articles in The Saturday Post. "Lusina Dark Pipe," a charming little story by a Los Angeles lady, "Gretchen Jung," will be one of the features of our next issue. After May 1st the subscription price of the Saturday Post will be $1.00 per year.

Anti-Trust Conference.

The Declarations and Resolutions of the Famous Chicago Anti-Trust Meeting in Full. The Post Presents These Results of the Great Conference Because the Associated Press Has Refused To Print Them.

The National Anti-Trust Conference, composed of members from 31 states, 1 territory, and the District of Columbia, assembled at Chicago on the 12th, 13th and 14th of February, 1900, earnestly urges all citizens who oppose the industrial combinations commonly known as trusts to organize at once to deprive those combinations of their power.

We make no assault upon business combinations for diminishing productive cost or augmenting productive efficency. The more easily wealth is produced, and the more there is, the better for everybody—provided distribution be equitable. What we do attack is combinations for coercing producers and lessening production. It is such combinations that constitute the trust evil, and them we would abolish root and branch.

When oppressive trusts are examined they are found to be combinations not for augmenting wealth, but for hampering its production; not for making good things plentiful and cheap, but for making them scarce and dear. The strength of the trust does not lie in a more perfect organization of producers and productive facilities for greater usefulness. It lies in a more intense concentration of monopoly privileges. In some instances these privileges are owned by the trust itself. In some they result from conditions produced by public policy. In others they are farmed out in more or less secret ways by the principal beneficiaries to subsidiary trusts. Discrimination and exclusive railway service the Standard Oil trust has acquired such undisputed control of American oil that it can lower the price to producers and raise the charge to consumers at will, and so enable itself to declare quarterly dividends on millions of watered stock at a percentage rate beyond all the bounds of legitimate profit. To this oil trust monopoly-engendered laws have committed the regulation of the people's needs and rights in one department of industry. Their needs and rights in another have been by similar laws committed to the beef trust. This trust also derives its far-reaching powers, which extend over cattle raisers on one hand and meat consumers on the other, chiefly from discriminations in railway rates and terminal facilities. From the same prolific source of special privilege comes the grain elevator trust, which lowers the price of grain to the farmer while increasing the cost of bread to the mechanic. Railway discriminations, buttressed by a coal tariff and monopoly of mineral lands, are responsible also for the anthracite coal trust which already exists, and for the bituminous coal trust which is rapidly forming, whereby the miner who would trade coal for food must submit to extortion or starve and the farmer who would trade food for coal must submit to extortion or freeze. Even the sugar trust derives no small portion of its despotic power both in business and politics from discriminating railway rates. This trust, moreover, like the coal trust, is a beneficiary of tariff favors. So is the paper trust. Secured by the tariff against Canadian competition in raw materials and controlling the American sources of supply, the paper trust has been able, by mere arbitrary decree, without alteration in the cost of production, to raise the price of print paper to an extent which involves the loss of many millions of dollars to the press of the country. Then there is the majestic steel trust. Through patents and tariff indulgences and railway discriminations and the monopolization of some of the richest mines which bountiful nature has bestowed with impartial hand upon mankind, that trust sweeps the area of other great departments of industry and proclaims itself monarch of all it surveys. And as a culmination to this aggregation of gigantic trusts an unscrupulous congressional lobby now threatens to set up an all-embracing banking trust. This lobby demands that the government wholly surrender to private corporations its sovereign function of issuing money, in so far as that function affects paper money. If that were done a banking trust would result which would regulate the volume of paper money and dictate commercial discounts in the interests of all the great trusts; and to which bankers in general would sustain a similar relationship to that which grocers already bear to the oil trust and to the sugar trust.

The trend of this trust-making process is unmistakable. If it continues a few great trusts, governed by a few unscrupulous men, will direct the course of American industries and be the masters, politically as well as industrially, of the American people. Without themselves producing they will determine the character and extent of production by others, and will measure out compensation by their own arbitrary will. And no power known to the law will then be strong enough to shake them off. Even revolution would be hopeless. For in this republic of theoretical equality, when the single source of power shall have been once secured, everything will have been secured. The despotism of the trusts will advance, as it is even now advancing, "in the name and with the might of the people."

The fundamental remedy for the trust evil is the abolition of legalized privileges of every kind. By legalized privileges we mean power [illegible] from law, which some persons or classes enjoy to the exclusion of others, and which, therefore, create private monopolies. We must get back to the fundamental principle of the declaration of independence, the principle that all men are entitled to equal rights under the law. There must be no further legalized discrimination; and such as now exists, whether by virtue of laws regulating public policy or of those directly creating privileges, must be abrogated.

To this conclusion the members of the National Anti-Trust Conference have come. But they are not unmindful of the difficulties that would be unnecessarily invited were they to specify all the legalized privileges that ought to be abolished. Differences of opinion, not only as to the real character of many of those privileges, but also as to the wisest methods of abolishing such as were admitted to be within the scope of the indictment, might prevent that widest unanimity of purpose and action, among those of like mind upon the issue in the abstract, which is necessary in organizing for an attack upon so formidable a foe as the American trusts. For that reason this conference recommends three legalized privileges as objects for the initial attack: first, the privilege created by tariffs for the protection of goods controlled by trusts; second, the privilege created by surrendering the money issuing function to private corporations; and, third, the privileges created by telegraph and railway franchises.

The first of these recommendations can raise between free traders and protectionists no political issue. Since free traders advocate the abolition of all tariffs, or at any rate of all protective tariffs, they cannot consistently object to the abolition of some protective tariffs; and as the object of protectionists is to promote American industries, they must consistently resent the misuse that is made of protection by trusts to crush American industries.

We declare that the problem of trusts is inextricably interwoven with the money question. We see today the effort made systematically, and it would seem with fair prospects of success, to turn over to the banks the control of the circulating medium of the country. But the banks in their turn are controlled by those giants of finance termed "trust magnates." These potentates hold and control blocks of bank stock. They sit upon boards of directors. They are in position to extend or deny credit, to ease or to tighten the money market, to make prices or securities rise and fall, and to enrich or to ruin men engaged in great enterprises. As trust magnates they compel their banks to refuse assistance to competing concerns; as bankers they finance the trusts in which they are interested. Since this alliance amounts to a community of interests between the trusts and the great banks, it is clearly inexpedient that the control of the volume of the circulating medium of the nation shall be delivered over to corporations.

As to the monopolies created by telegraph and railway franchises it is obvious that these must be abolished if any step whatever be taken in the direction of destroying legalized privileges.

The telegraph is a natural adjunct of the postoffice. In most other countries it has long been managed as a part of that public service to the great advantage of the people. Left in private hands, as it has been here, it has operated to the manifest detriment of the public. Through its discriminations a gigantic press censorship is maintained, inventions calculated to promote the use of electricity in the distribution of intelligence have been suppressed, oppressive purposes of the railroad combinations have been subserved, and a powerful corporate agency for the corrupt manipulation of law-making bodies has been maintained.

The privileges created by railway franchises are complex in their ramifications, and when concentrated in private hands are incalculably potent. So concentrated, they have enabled a favored few to monopolize most of the resources of this richly endowed land, and by creating a distinct privileged class have served to disturb the equality of American citizenship. Through discriminations in rates and terminal facilities they have furnished the basis of nearly every great commercial trust with which the people today are cursed. The coal trust is vitalized by railway privileges; the oil trust could not have acquired its power without them; the beef trust and the grain elevator trust depend upon them; they make the steel trust flourish; and from express combinations down to newspaper agencies, from hack rights at depots to freight discriminations, a host of minor trusts suck in all the vitality they have as monopolies from railway privileges. Those privileges must be abolished. But they cannot be abolished by restrictive laws. No less important an official than Chairman Knapp, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, testifying before the Industrial Commission, has sworn that notwithstanding the restrictive and penal clauses of the interstate commerce law, railway discrimination is universal. In the nature of things it must be so. Railroad monopoly can no more be regulated by restrictive law than railway engines can be held in check with cotton twine. The only possible method of abolishing railway privileges is the abolition of private ownership of railways.

Believing that these recommendations for initial action against trusts offer the line of least resistance, in the right direction, for the union of the largest number of persons sincerely opposed to trusts, we invite the co-operation of our fellow citizens in this movement for the preservation of our country from trust control.

Platform adopted by the National Anti-Trust Conference, at Chicago, February 14, 1900.

Whereas, In the opinion of the National Anti-Trust Conference, assembled at Chicago, February 12, 13 and 14, 1900, the fundamental remedy for the evils of those combinations known as trusts, which consist of corporations and natural persons controlling legalized special privileges, is the abolition of those privileges and the establishment of equal rights; and

Whereas, The legalized privilege of telegraph monopoly, the legalized privilege of protection against foreign competition with American goods controlled by trusts, the legalized privilege of monopolizing the issue of paper money, the legalized privileges incident to the private ownership of railways, are potent factors in creating and maintaining trusts; therefore, be it resolved

1. That Congress take immediate steps, under the power of eminent domain or otherwise, as may be deemed the more expedient (but in any event by paying the just value, irrespective of watered stock and other fictitious values, of any property taken or condemned), to establish the telegraph and telephone systems of the United States as adjuncts of the postoffice department and subject to its operation;

2. That Congress defeat all measures that have been or may be proposed, and repeal all that now have the sanction of law, whereby private corporations may acquire control of the volume of the circulating medium and create a banking trust;

3. That the tariff shall no longer be employed to foster and buttress trusts, but that Congress shall place on the free list all articles the sale of which in the United States is controlled by a trust;

4. That Congress take immediate steps, by exercise of the power of eminent domain or otherwise, as may be deemed the more expdient (but in any vent by paying the just value, irrespective of watered stock and other fictitious values, of any property taken or condemned), to take, own and operate, under a merit system of civil service, the interstate rail highways now owned and operated by private persons or railroad corporations.

And whereas, The political power of the trusts lies in their frequent representation in and control of the houses of legislation, we recommend the adoption of the system known as direct legislation; to make government once more as of right it ought to be, and as it was conceived alike by Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

City News in Brief.

Dr. F. M. Parker. Dentist. 129½ West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Be Independent.

Non-trust Paint $1.50 gal.; Lead 7½c. Non-trust Wallpaper 4½c; Ingrains 8⅓c; Ingrain Borders 2½c; 7-foot Opaque shades 35c; Mouldings 2c per foot. Walter Bros., 627 South Spring. Tel. M. 1055.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at 306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.) SANTA MONICA

A New TYPE

Makes a good impression-- That's why our PRINTING always strikes you favorably.

F. BLECH & CO.
258 South Main Street
Business Main 1361 | TELEPHONES | Residence Blue 5664

Stanford Avenue Livery Stable
W. M. BIDDLE, PROPRIETOR
Good horse and buggy $1.25; horse and 2-seated carriage $1.50; any week day delivered. Horses, buggies and carriages bought, sold and exchanged.
PHONE Black 2996. 821 Stanford Av.

Under this heading the Post presents to its readers a brief summing up of each day's news, placing the items in sequence, as far as possible, in regard to geographical situation and their relative importance in the making of the world's history. The object is not so much to give the manner in which an event occurred as simply to note the fact of its occurrence.

SATURDAY.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Reports indicate that Roberts' advance on Pretoria has already begun. President Kruger, by proclamation, says Bloemfontein is to be bombarded within five days and destroyed. Tucker's troops in their first fight capture a few kopjes from the Boers. The British commanders in South Africa consider a policy of inaction will be disastrous to the Boers.

ORIENT.—The new Philippine commission is to be supreme in all matters of government in the Philippine Islands; members of the commission dine with President McKinley. Two guerrillas are shot for murder in Luzon. Philippine insurgents are now considered brigands.

EUROPE.—Russia makes a demand on Korea for another coaling station; the spot desired is of such strategical importance as to rouse Japanese opposition. Two British warships are sent to Taku. French troops overwhelm the Arabs at Inrahr. Oxford beats Cambridge at athletics.

NATIONAL.—Plans are agreed on for three new American cruisers more powerful than any battleship now afloat. Idaho riot inquirers receive some startling admissions from Governor Steunenberg. The Goebel reward fund will not be used to buy confessions from the Kentucky assassins. Bryan makes six speeches in Washington and Oregon.

LOCAL.—A new indictment is brought against the city fire department methods. The outlook for apricots at Anaheim is good. The Interstate Commerce Commission closes its sessions. Everyone takes advantage of the Saturday Post's great insurance against death by accident.

SUNDAY.

SOUTH AFRICA.—The Boers are still falling back to prevent being enveloped by British Cavalry under Roberts. Roberts begins his northward movement from Bloemfontein. Gen. Botha succeeds Joubert as commander-in-chief; 1000 prisoners and Gen. Cronje are sent to St. Helena.

ORIENT.—Chinese insurgent general Pana, surrenders to Gen. Kobbe. Inauguration of a strict policy for dealing with brigands. Hence Gen. Otis hangs two Filipinos for murder. The instructions to the Philippine commission are to be kept secret.

EUROPE. — Russia's activity in Korea interests Britons much less than her aggressiveness on Russo-Turkish frontier. The Reichstag in Berlin adjourns and will not pass the special bill to pay expenses for a heavier naval fleet. Germany wishes free trade with the Philippines.

NATIONAL. — Grover Cleveland strongly favors the ratification of the new Nicaragua canal treaty. Jeffries says the rest of the prize-fighters are afraid to meet Fitzsimmons. Mr. Bryan delivers an address and is banqueted at Yakima, Wash. Gifts to the Chicago University now amount to nearly five million dollars and new buildings will be rushed.

LOCAL.—Los Angeles wins both games in the Southern California baseball league. Mrs. Marceau, wife of "Col." Marceau is arrested. The San Pedro harbor quarry machinery is to be preserved. Good sermons delivered throughout the city.

MONDAY.

SOUTH AFRICA. — British troops fall into an ambush 20 miles from Bloemfontein and lose guns and wagons to the Boers. Many Boer prisoners are ill. Roberts says he has been devoting himself to the relief of Mafeking and not to the advance towards Bloemfontein.

ORIENT.—Hanging is now the popular treatment of "insurgents" in the Philippines. Transport Sherman leaves Manila with a battalion of the fourteenth infantry. Money will be sent for plague precautions.

EUROPE.—Dublin prepares to welcome the queen and court. Borchgevink locates the magnetic pole. There are disturbances in Italian towns growing out of discussions on the constitution. China makes reparation for the murder of Rev. Brooks.

NATIONAL.—The report of the Agricultural Department at Washington shows the sources of imports to this country in the order of their importance are as follows: Brazil, coffee; Cuba, sugar; Great Britain, Germany, China, Japan, Italy, Mexico, Hawaii and the Philippines. A fire occurs in the Salt Lake Herald building. Big anti-saloon fight takes place at Amora, Ill.

LOCAL.—Colonel Marceau arrests his former wife and secures possession of his boy. Wm. Brown, the anonymous grand juryman accuses city electrician Francis of looseness in his public office. W. J. Bryan will speak in the Velodrome.

TUESDAY.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Colonel Broadwood's guns have not been recaptured; the Boer ambuscade wrought frightful havoc in the British ranks which are now retiring on Bloemfontein. The Boers are adopting guerrilla tactics and swarming doggedly in the path of the English.

ORIENT.—Spanish law in the Philippines will become a thing of the past; the new Philippine Commission taking its place. Russian war clouds rise on land and sea and most alarming reports of gigantic preparations in the East are given out.

EUROPE.—Queen Victoria arrives in Dublin on the royal yacht. London is humiliated by the recent Boer victories. Duel in France has been arranged between Baron Rothschild and Comte de Luborsac.

NATIONAL. — Senator Bate denounces the proposed Puerto Rican tariff as a trust, while Senator Depew ascribes the opposition to its passage to the usual tactical operations for advantageous positions in a presidential year. Big gold mine discovery near Jerome, Arizona, causes stampede to that point. The Southern Pacific is charged before the State Railroad Commission with raising San Francisco rates.

LOCAL.—County Board of Education brings a lawsuit to collect $5 per day for illegally passing upon examination papers in the lower grades. Locomotive engineers from New York are entertained in Los Angeles. Gov. Gage will not reply to Gen. H. G. Otis. Theodore Maceau, Jr., is brought into court and kissed by his mamma.

WEDNESDAY.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Captain. Reichman, United States military attache, is said to have commanded the Boers at Bushman's kop. The loss of the convoy was a severe blow to Roberts, who also suffered a big casualty list. Roberts will be unable to proceed to Bloemfontein for some time.

ORIENT.—Taking of Philippine towns under Gen. Bates continues. The Luzon "brigands" are rapidly being extinguished by American soldiers. Gen. Luke E. Wright speaks favorably on expansion before leaving for the Philippino as commissioner.

EUROPE.—Russia said to be preparing for war but not intriguing with any powers. Reports of Germany's unfriendly action are denied. The American pavilion in Paris is overshadowed by a Turkish tower which U. S. Commissioner Peck will petition to have removed.

NATIONAL.—Admiral Dewey announces his candidacy for the presidency. The Puerto Rican tariff bill passes the senate. The strike movement is becoming general throughout the United States. Authorities at Washington are considering the feasibility of military instruction for the public schools.

LOCAL.—Capt. Chas. Fuselehr succeeds Ed Smith as assistant fire chief. Republican State convention will take place at Sacramento. Woman's parliament of Southern California will hold a meeting in April to consider women's clubs.

THURSDAY.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Futile attempt made by Boer sympathizers in Brussels to assassinate the Prince of Wales. Portugal is a neutral power, but is loyal to treaties. Roberts pursues a policy of delay and his men are full of masterly inactivity; heavy loss among Roberts' forces. Webster Davis accuses the English of false reports.

ORIENT.—War clouds are spreading over the Orient and Japan and Russia may settle their differences by force of arms. More money will be [illegible] the Philippines by this government to aid in resisting the advance of the plague. A regular garrison of troops will be permanently established in the Philippines.

EUROPE.—Queen Victoria meets an enthusiastic reception in Dublin, the Irish capital. The Boer war stirs up old animosities against England in Europe, but France will maintain every precaution to promote friendly feeling and secure success to the exposition.

NATIONAL.—Admiral Dewey admits he will be the people's candidate for president. Gen. John Bidwell of Chico, prohibition candidate for the presidency, is dead. Kansas City's mammoth convention auditorium is destroyed by fire. Arizona outlaws ambush peace officers.

LOCAL.—British ship is anchored in Port Los Angeles. Mrs. Kate D. Vosburg desires possession of her children. Southern Pacific stockholders meet in Frisco. Letter carrier arrested for robbing the mails.

FRIDAY.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Critics in London regard the result of South African struggle as much postponed by Roberts' defeat by the Boer abush; the moral effect of the victory has had an invigorating effect upon all adherents of the Boer cause. The Prince of Wales has been cautioned about going to the Paris exposition lest another attempt be made upon his life and England's power by Boer sympathizers.

ORIENT.—Many Chinese said to be joining the insurgent cause in Luzon. Aguinaldo is in Hongkong recruiting. Russian occupation of Korean ports as coaling and naval stations is regarded as an indication of coming hostilities by Japanese government.

EUROPE.—Queen Victoria receives a tremendous ovation upon her return to London, and London papers intimate that her visits throughout the Kingdom may be the preliminary steps to campaign for volunteers for a war with Russia or France. Dr. Leyds, diplomatic agent of the Transvaal in Europe, says $40,000,000 has been subscribed by friends to aid the Boer cause.

NATIONAL.—Admiral Dewey declines to state upon what ticket or platform he will run for the presidency. "Cyclone" Davis orates in Montana. Senator Wolcott apologizes to Lodge in the Senate at Washington for impolite remarks made by him in the Quay investigation case. Arguments have begun in the Montana Clark bribery case.

LOCAL.—Bryan's reception will be a rousing one; the Velodrome in which he is to speak will now accommodate 15,000 people. More battleships are expected to arrive at San Diego. The business methods of the city fire department have been so arranged that private juggling with public contracts will be "impossible." Every one is looking for the Saturday Post's handsomely illustrated edition of April 14th on the Grand Canyon.

AMUSEMENTS.

BURBANK THEATER.

The Morosco Opera Company, which will begin a limited engagement at the Burbank Theater tomorrow evening, is said to be the best organization of its kind that has ever been brought to this city. The opening opera will be John Philip Sousa's and Chas. Klein's great success, "El Capitan." The Morosco company comes here direct from the Grand Opera House in San Francisco, where they have been playing to a phenominal business for more than a year. The operas is to be presented during this engagement will all be novelties with the possible exception of the "Beggar Student," which will be given the second week of the company's engagement.

David Henderson's great extravaganzas, "Sinbad" and "Aladdin," also the New York musical comedy success, "The Girl from Paris," and possibly "The Geisha" and "Merry Monarch" will be given in the order named.

Among the principal members of the organization are: Edith Mason, prima donna; Hattie Bell Ladd, contralto; Bessie Fairbairn, characters; Thos. P. Persse, tenor; Wm. [illegible], comedian; Arthur Wooley, comedian; Wm. Robinson, musical director; Nace Bonville, stage manager; Chas. Arling, baritone; A. E. Arnold, characters, and a number of others. The chorus promises to be the best we have ever had, if we can believe the San Francisco papers. The scenery will be all new to Los Angeles, and the orchestra will be greatly enlarged. The advance sale of seats has been extremely large and there is every indication that the season of opera will be very prosperous. There will be a regular matinee on Saturday but none on Wednesday.

ORPHEUM.

Vaudeville, as the Orpheum's ads read, is still king and there are a lot of new peers of the vaudeville realm coming to the Orpheum next week.

Decidedly tempting is the roster of new names and acts, and beyond doubt the usual thousands will leave their happy homes to enjoy the fine entertainment spread for them in the vaudeville temple.

Chas. Sweet, the burglar pianist, heads the bill. Sweet is a trick pianist, who enters a darkened room (on the stage), like a sure-enough burglar, and who winds up by making merry with a convenient piano. He is one of the most popular musicians and comedians in the business.

Major Mite will create a whirlwind of excitement. The Major is the smallest impersonator on the stage. Mature in years, he is diminutive in stature. He will imitate Fougere, Cornille, May Irwin and a lot of stage notables.

Keno, Welch and Melrose, a trio of grotesque acrobats; W. C. Fields, a tramp juggler; Loney Haskell, a singlehanded entertainer; Walter Jones and Norma Whalley, in new specialties; the Sisters Neilson with new songs; Weston and Yost, singers and comedians with new material, will be on the bill.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*
Employment Agents
123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

FOR SALE.—20 Horse-power Westinghouse Automatic Engine and a 200-light Edison 110 volt Dynamo, both in good condition, worth $580.00, will sell for $350.00.
TUFTS-PALMER ELECTRIC WORKS,
701 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Reading Terror.

Wordsworth was a terror to his friends. His pull was genteel, but very dexterous. He could flash an MS. on you before you could say, "Good morning." He read all of the "Excursion" to Lamb, and Hazlitt once wrote to Coleridge, "I tried to escape Wordsworth, because I knew he had a new poem with him, but he finally cornered me."

In "Yesterdays With Authors," James T. Fields innocently tells of how Wordsworth graciously read aloud to him a poem, seemingly not aware that Wordsworth was always lying in wait for his prey. "I am blest with great bodily vigor," wrote Leigh Hunt, "so I do not much object to having Byron read to me from his MS."

So we see that the desire to read one's productions to some one else is a classic condition. I, myself, occasionally tax the patience of a good woman, although I never, like John Jerome Rooney, took a lady out to lunch and read a play to her, and then walked off, forgetting to order anything to eat.—Philistine.

Not Up on Sirups.

"A prominent lawyer, the father of a large family and who has a practice in proportion to the size of his family, has a youngster who is just cutting his teeth," said a Genesee avenue jeweler. "The infant has kept the father awake several nights recently with its crying, and at last, weary beyond endurance, he told his wife he knew of a soothing sirup that would quiet the child. It was procured and the next night an administration of it made, with the result that the father walked with the crying babe all night. Along about 5 o'clock in the morning he handed the child wearily to his wife.

"'Well, George,' she said, 'you may be a great lawyer, but you are a mighty bad judge of soothing sirup.'"—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

Belief and Overbelief.

[illegible] developments in life—the criminals, the barbarians, the monomaniacs of weird or shameful desires. But we question if any of these survivals of a ruder state of civilization are so offensive as the superstitious. Superstition, as Matthew Arnold said, is a natural excrescence upon belief, an overbelief, as the Germans call it, a something more than belief, and this vicious excess of virtue, this corruption of belief, is more degrading than any form of criminality.

Surely superstition is the vilest of all the vices, the most accursed of all the crimes.

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."—Saturday Review.

Rather Cleverly Explained.

Mother (suspecting that some of the presents have already been pawned)—And where is that pretty mantel clock?

Daughter—Well, you see, it was a French clock, and George could never quite understand it.—Jewelers' Weekly.

When Insects Sleep.

There is no doubt that all insects except those like the May fly, which die very soon after they are born, take rest. Some of them take from 10 to 20 hours' rest at a time, as, for instance, butterflies, which remain fixed to certain spots for days together. Some caterpillars and moths like rest during the day, appearing only at night; while insects of the bee and wasp tribe do their work by day and slumber at night.

Beetles may often be found during the daytime with their legs drawn up under their bodies in a condition suggesting repose; while it is well known that they make their depredations principally by night.

Some insects, again, take a long period of rest during the winter months, and it is certain that insects, like any other family of animals, enjoy periods of repose, though, as they cannot close their eyes, it seems hardly right to call this sleep.

At the Vaudeville.

"Yes, I lost my watch in the river once, and it kept on running for seven years."

"The watch?"

"Nah. The river."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S BANQUET

By ROBERT BARR.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

The proud and warlike Archbishop Baldwin of Treves was well mounted, and, although the road by the margin of the river was in places bad, the august horseman nevertheless made good progress along it, for he had a long distance to travel before the sun went down. The way had been rudely constructed by that great maker of roads, the army, and the troops who had built it did not know when they labored at it that they were preparing a path for their own retreat, should disaster overtake them. The grim and silent horseman had been the brains, where the troops were the limbs. This thoroughfare had been of his planning, and over it, back into Treves, had returned a victorious, not a defeated, army. The iron hand of the archbishop had come down on every truculent noble in the land, and every castle gate that had not opened to him through fear had been battered in by force. Peace now spread her white wings over all the country and where opposition to his lordship's stubborn will had been the strongest there was silence as well, with perhaps a thin wreath of blue smoke hovering over the blackened walls. The provinces on each bank of the Moselle from Treves to the Rhine now acknowledged Baldwin their overlord, a suzerainty technically claimed by his lordship's predecessors, but the iron archbishop had changed the nominal into the actual, and it had taken some hard knocks to do it. His present journey was well earned, for he was betaking himself from his more formal and exacting court at Treves to his summer palace at Cochem, there to rest from the fatigues of a campaign in which he had used not only his brain, but his good right arm as well.

The place, which was to be the end of his journey, was [illegible] well suited to its master, for, standing on an eminence high above Cochem, with its score of pinnacles glittering in the sun, it seemed to one below a light and airy structure, but it was in reality a fortress, almost impregnable, and 300 years later it sent into a less turbulent sphere the souls of 1,600 Frenchmen before its flag was lowered to the enemy.

The personal appearance of the archbishop and the smallness of his escort were practical illustrations of the fact that the land was at peace and that he was the master of it. His attire was neither clerical nor warlike, but rather that of a nobleman riding abroad where no enemy could possibly lurk. He was to all appearance unarmed and had no protection save a light chain mail jacket of bright steel, which was worn over his vesture and not concealed, as was the custom. This jacket sparkled in the sun as if it were woven of fine threads strung with small and innumerable diamonds. It might ward off a dagger thrust or turn aside a half spent arrow, but it was too light to be of much service against a sword or pike. The archbishop was well mounted on a powerful black charger that had carried him through many a hot corner and that now made little of the difficulties of the ill constructed road, putting the other horses on their mettle to equal the pace set for them.

The escort consisted of 12 men, all lightly armed, for Gottlieb, the monk, who rode sometimes by the archbishop's side, but more often behind him, could hardly be counted as a warrior should defense become necessary. When the archbishop left Treves, his oldest general had advised his taking an escort of a thousand men at least, putting it on the ground that such a number was necessary to uphold the dignity of the office, but Baldwin smiled darkly and said that where he rode the dignity of the electorship would be safe, even though none rode beside him or behind him. Few dared offer advice to the elector, but the bluff general persisted and spoke of danger in riding down the Moselle valley with so small a following.

"Who is there left to molest me?" asked the archbishop, and the general was forced to admit that there was none.

An army builds a road along the line of the least resistance, and often when a promontory thrust its rocky nose into the river the way led up the hill through the forest, getting back into the valley again as best it could. During these inland excursions the monk, evidently unused to equestrianism, fell behind, and sometimes the whole troop was halted by command of its chief until Gottlieb, clinging to his horse's mane, emerged from the thicket, the archbishop curbing the impatience of his charger and watching with a cynical smile curling his stern lips the reappearance of the good father.

After one of the most laborious ascents and descents they had encountered that day, the archbishop waited for the monk, and when he came up with his leader panting and somewhat dishevelled the latter said, "There appears to be a lesson in your tribulations which hereafter you may retail with profit to your flock, relating how a good man, leaving the right and beaten path and following his own devices in the wilderness, may bring discomfiture upon himself."

"The lesson it conveys to me, my lord," said the monk dryly, "is that a man is but a fool to leave the stability of good stout sandals, with which he is accustomed, to venture his body on a horse that pays little heed to his wishes."

"This is our last detour," replied the elector. "There are now many miles of winding but level road before us and you have thus a chance to retrieve your reputation as a horseman in the eyes of our troop."

"In truth, my lord, I never boasted of it," returned the monk, "but I am right glad to learn that the way will be less mountainous. To what district have we penetrated?"

"Above us, but unseen from this bank of the river, is the castle of the Widow Starkenburg. Her days of widowhood, however, are nearly past, for I intend to marry her to one of my victorious knights, who will hold the castle for me."

"The Countess of Starkenburg," said the monk, "must surely now be at an age when the thoughts turn toward heaven rather than toward matrimony."

"I have yet to meet the woman," replied the archbishop, gazing upward, "who pleads old age as an excuse for turning away from a suitable lover. It is thy misfortune, Gottlieb, that in choosing a woolen cowl rather than an iron headpiece thou shouldst thus have lost a chance of advancement. The castle, I am told, has well filled wine vaults, and old age in wine is doubtless more to thy taste than the same quality in woman. 'Tis a pity thou art not a knight, Gottlieb."

"The fault is not beyond the power of our holy father to remedy by special dispensation," replied the monk with a chuckle.

The elector laughed silently and looked down on his comrade in kindly fashion, shaking his head.

"The wines of Castle Starkenburg are not for thy appreciative palate, ghostly father. I have already selected a mate for the widow."

"And what if thy selection jumps not with her approval? They tell me the countess has a will of her own."

"It matters little to me, and I give her the choice merely because I am loath to war with a woman. The castle commands the river and holds the district. The widow may give it up peaceably at the altar or forcibly at the point of the sword, whichever method commends itself to her ladyship. The castle must be in the command of one whom I can trust."

The conversation here met a startling interruption. The archbishop and his guard were trotting rapidly round a promontory and following the bend of the river, the nature of the country being such that it was impossible to see many hundred feet ahead of them. Suddenly they came upon a troop of armed and mounted men standing like statues before them. The troop numbered an even score and completely filled the way between the precipice on their left and the stream on their right. Although armed, every sword was in its scabbard, with the exception of the long, two handed weapon of the leader, who stood a few paces in advance of his men, with the point of his sword resting on the ground. The black horse, old in campaigns, recognized danger ahead and stopped instantly, without waiting for the drawing of the rein, planting his two fore feet firmly in front with a suddenness of action that would have unhorsed a less alert rider. Before the archbishop could question the silent host that barred his way their leader raised his long sword until it stood perpendicularly in the air above his head, and with a loud voice, in measured tones, as one repeats a lesson he has learned by rote, he cried, "My lord archbishop of Treves, the Countess Lanrette von Starkenburg invites you to sup with her."

In the silence that followed the leader's sword still remained poised untrembling in the air. Across the narrow gorge from the wooded sides of the opposite mountains came with mocking cadence the echo of the last words of the invitation, clear and distinct, as if spoken again by some one concealed in the forest. A deep frown darkened the brow of the fighting archbishop.

"The countess is most kind," he said slowly. "Convey to her my respectful admiration and express my deep regret that I am unable to accept her hospitality, as I ride tonight to my castle at Cochem."

The leader of the opposing host suddenly lowered his upraised sword as if in salute, but the motion seemed to be a preconcerted signal, for every man behind him instantly whipped blade from scabbard and stood there with naked weapon displayed. The leader, raising his sword once more to its former position, repeated in the same loud and monotonous voice, as if the archbishop had not spoken:

"My lord archbishop of Treves, the Countess Laurette von Starkenburg invites you to sup with her."

The intelligent warhorse, who had regarded the obstructing force with head held high, retreated slowly step by step, until now a considerable distance separated the two companies. The captain of the guard had seen from the first that attack or defense was equally useless, and, with his men, had also given way gradually as the strange colloquy went on. Whether any of the opposing force noticed this or not, they made no attempt to recover the ground thus almost imperceptibly stolen from them, but stood as if each horse were rooted to the spot.

Baldwin the fighter, whose compressed lips showed how loath he was to turn back upon any foe, nevertheless saw the futility of resistance, and in a quick, clear whisper, he said hastily: "Back, back! If we cannot fight them, we can at least outrace them!"

The good monk had taken advantage of his privilege as a noncombatant to retreat well to the rear while the invitation was being given and declined and in the succeeding flight now found himself leading the van. The captain of the guard threw himself between the Starkenburg men and the prince of the church, but the former made no effort at pursuit, standing where they had stood from the first until the rounding promontory hid them from view.

Suddenly the horse on which the monk rode stood stock still, and the worthy man, with a cry of alarm, clinging to the animal's mane, shot over his head and came heavily to the ground. The whole flying troop came to a halt, for there ahead of them was a band exactly similar in numbers and appearance to that from which they were galloping. It seemed as if the same troop had been transported by magic across the promontory and placed across the way. The sun shone on the uplifted blade of the leader, reminding the archbishop of the flaming sword that barred the entrance of our first parents to paradise. The leader, with ringing voice that had a touch of menace in it, cried:

"My lord archbishop of Treves, the Countess Laurette von Starkenburg invites you to sup with her."

"Trapped, by heavens!" uttered the elector between his clinched teeth. His eyes sparkled with anger, and the sinister light that shot from them had before now made the emperor quail. He spurred his horse toward the leader, who lowered his sword and bowed to the great dignitary approaching him.

"The Countess von Starkenburg is my

vassal," cried the archbishop. "You are her servant, and in much greater degree, therefore, are you mine. I command you to let us pass unmolested on our way. Refuse at your peril."

"A servant," said the man slowly, "obeys the one directly above him and leaves that one to answer a still superior authority. My men obey me; I take my orders from my lady the countess. If you, my lord, wish to direct the authority which I obey, my lady the countess awaits your pleasure at her castle of Starkenburg."

"What are your orders, fellow?" asked the archbishop in calmer tone.

"To convey your lordship without scathe to the gates of Starkenburg."

"And if you meet resistance, what then?"

"The orders stand, my lord."

"You will, I trust, allow this mendicant monk to pass peaceably on his way to Treves."

"In no castle on the Moselle does even the humblest servant of the church receive a warmer welcome than at Starkenburg. My lady would hold me to blame were she prevented from offering her hospitality to the mendicant."

"Does the same generous impulse extend to each of my followers?"

"It includes them all, my lord."

"Very well. We will do ourselves the honor of waiting upon this most bountiful hostess."

By this time the troop which had first stopped the archbishop's progress came slowly up, and the little bodyguard of the elector found themselves hemmed in with 20 men in the front and 20 at their rear, while the rocky precipice rose on one hand and the rapid river flowed on the other. The cortege reformed and trotted gently down the road until it came to a byway leading up the hill. Into this byway the leaders turned, reducing their trot to a walk because of the steepness of the ascent. The archbishop and his men followed, with the second troop of Starkenburg bringing up the rear. His lordship rode at first in sullen silence; then with a quick glance of his eye he summoned the captain to his side. He slipped the ring of office from his finger and passed it unperceived into his officer's hand.

"There will be some confusion at the gate," he said in a low voice. "Escape then if you can. Ride for Treves as you never rode before. Stop not to fight with any. Everything depends on outstripping pursuit. Take what horses you need wherever you find them, and kill them all if necessary, but stop for nothing. This ring will be warrant for whatever you do.

"Tell my general to invest this castle instantly with 10,000 men and to press forward the siege regardless of my fate. Tell him to leave not one stone standing upon another and to hang the widow of Starkenburg from her own blazing timbers. Succeed, and a knighthood and the command of 1,000 men await you."

"I will succeed or die, my lord."

"Succeed and live," said the archbishop shortly.

As the horses slowly labored up the zigzagging road the view along the silvery Moselle widened and extended, and at last the strong gray walls of the castle came into sight, with the ample gates wide open. The horsemen in front drew up in two lines on each side of the gates without entering, and thus the archbishop, at the head of his little band, slowly rode first under the archway into the courtyard of the castle.

On the stone steps that led to the principal entrance of the castle stood a tall, graceful lady with her women behind her. She was robed in black, and the headdress on her snow white hair gave her the appearance of a dignified abbess at her convent door. Her serene and placid face had undoubtedly once been beautiful, and age, which had left her form as straight and slender as one of her own forest pines, forgetting to place its customary burden upon her graceful shoulders, had touched her countenance with a loving hand. With all her womanliness there was nevertheless a certain firmness in the finely molded chin that gave evidence of a line of ancestry that had not been any too deferential to those in authority.

The stern archbishop reined in his black charger when he reached the middle of the courtyard, but made no motion to dismount. The lady came slowly down the broad stone steps, followed by her feminine train, and approaching the elector placed her white hand upon his stirrup, in mute acknowledgment of her vassalage.

"Welcome, prince of the church and protector of our faith. It is 100 years since my poor house has sheltered so august a guest."

The tones were smooth and soothing as the scarcely audible plash of a distant fountain, but the incident she cited struck ominously on the archbishop's recollection, rousing memory and causing him to dart a quick glance at the countess, in which were blended sharp inquiry and awakened foreboding, but the lady, unconscious of his scrutiny, stood with drooping head and downcast eyes, her shapely hand still on his stirrup iron.

"If I remember rightly, madame, my august predecessor slept well beneath this roof."

"Alas, yes," murmured the lady sadly. "We have ever accounted it the greatest misfortune of our line that he should have died mysteriously here, peace be to his soul."

"Not so mysteriously, madame, but that there were some shrewd guesses concerning his malady."

"That is true, my lord," replied the countess simply. "It was supposed that in his camp upon the lowlands by the river he contracted a fever from which he died."

"My journey by the Moselle has been of the briefest. I trust, therefore, I have not within me the seeds of his fatal distemper."

"I most devoutly echo that trust, my lord, and pray that God, who watches over us all, may guard your health while sojourning here."

"Forgive me, madame, if within the shadow of these walls I say 'Amen' to your prayer with some emphasis."

The Countess Laurette contented herself with bowing low and humbly crossing herself, making no verbal reply to his lordship's remark. She then sought the archbishop to dismount, saying something of his need of rest and refreshment, begging him to allow her to be his guide to the Ritter Saale.

When the archbishop reached the topmost step that led to the castle door, he cast an eye, not devoid of anxiety, over the courtyard to see how his following had fared. The gates were now fast closed and 40 horses were ranged with their tails to the wall and silent riders on their saddles. Rapid as was his glance, it showed him his guard huddled together in the center of the court, his own black charger with empty saddle the only living thing among them that showed no signs of dismay. Between two of the hostile horsemen stood his captain, with doublet torn and his headgear awry, evidently a discomfited prisoner. The archbishop entered the gloomy castle with a sense of defeat tugging down his heart to a lower level than he had ever known it to reach before, for in days gone by, when fate had seemed to press against him, he had been in the thick of battle and had felt an exultation in rallying his half discouraged followers, who had never failed to respond to the call of a born leader of men. But here he had to encounter silence, with semidarkness over his head, cold stone underfoot and round him the unaccustomed hiss of women's skirts.

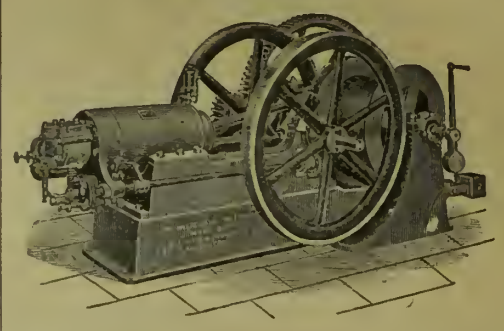
The countess conducted her guest through the lofty knights' hall, in which his lordship saw preparations for a banquet going forward. An arched passage led them to a small room that seemed to be within a turret hanging over a precipice, as if it were an eagle's nest. This room gave an admirable and extended view over the winding Moselle and much of the surrounding country. On a table were flagons of wine and empty cups, together with some light refection, upon all of which the archbishop looked with suspicious eye. He did not forget the rumored poisoning of his predecessor in office. The countess asked him, with deference, to seat himself. Then, pouring out a cup of wine, she bowed to him and drank it. Turning to rinse the cup in a basin of water which a serving woman held, she was

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

Machinery

C. B. BOOTHE & CO.

123 S. Los Angeles Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines

COMPLETE

IRRIGATING PLANTS

Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE

Gasoline Engines

—ARE—

Simple
Reliable
Durable

FULLY GUARANTEED.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891

—*SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.*—

Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical

A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolly carpets

Polished oak flooring **$1.25 per Sq. Yard.** Will last a life-time. Grills and cabinet work of all kinds.

JOHN A. SMITH, 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from

JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street
Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS

Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.

ROBT. JORDAN
Telephone Main 217

641 South Broadway

Notice. Notice.

On and after May 1st, 1900, the subscription price of THE SATURDAY POST will be $1.00 per year, payable in advance. Until May 1st THE SATURDAY POST will be sent for one year to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico, on receipt of the present subscription price, Fifty Cents.

SUBSCRIBE NOW and secure the handsomely illustrated number on the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Address all communications and make all checks and money orders payable to

THE POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,
401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ocean Park.

THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.

T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P.O.

interrupted by her guest, who now, for the first time, showed a trace of gallantry.

"I beg of you, madame," said the archbishop, rising and taking the unwashed cup from her hand. He filled it with wine, drinking prosperity to herself and her house. Then, motioning her to a chair, he said, seating himself: "Countess von Starkenburg, I am a man more used to the uncouth rigor of a camp than the dainty etiquette of a lady's boudoir. Forgive me, then, if I ask you plainly, as a plain man may, why you hold me prisoner in your castle."

"Prisoner, my lord," echoed the lady with eyebrows raised in amazement. "How ill are we served by our underlings if such a thought has been conveyed to your lordship's mind. I asked them to invite you hither with such deference as a vassal should hold toward an overlord. I am grievously distressed to learn that my commands have been so ill obeyed."

"Your commands were faithfully followed, madame, and I make no complaint regarding lack of deference, but when twoscore armed men carry a respectful invitation to one having a bare dozen at his back then all option vanishes and compulsion takes its place."

"My lord, a handful of men were fit enough escort for a neighboring baron did he visit us, but for a prince of the church all my retainers are but a scanty acknowledgment of a vassal's regard. I would they had been 20,000 to do you seemly honor."

"I am easily satisfied, madame, and had they been fewer I might have missed this charming outlook. I am to understand then that you have no demands to make of me and that I am free to depart accompanied by your good wishes?"

"With my good wishes now and always surely, my lord. I have no demands to make. The word ill befits the lips of a humble vassal, but being here"—

the archbishop being here"— interrupted

"I have a favor to beg of you. I wish to ask permission to build a castle on the heights above Trarbach for my son."

"The Count Johann, third of the name?"

"The same, my lord, who is honored by your lordship's remembrance of him."

"And you wish to place this stronghold between your castle of Starkenburg and my town of Treves? Were I a suspicious man I might imagine you had some distrust of me."

"Not so, my lord. The Count Johann will hold the castle in your defense."

"I have ever been accustomed to look to my own defense," said the archbishop dryly, adding, as if it were an afterthought, "with the blessing of God upon my poor efforts."

The faintest suspicion of a smile hovered for an instant on the lips of the countess that might have been likened to the momentary passing of a gleam of sunshine over the placid waters of the river far below, for she well knew, as did all others, that it was the habit of the fighting archbishop to smite sturdily first and ask whatever blessing might be needed on the blow afterward.

"The permission being given, what follows?"

"That you will promise not to molest me during the building nor afterward."

"A natural corollary. 'Twould be little worth to give permission and then bring up 10,000 men to disturb the builders. That granted, remains there anything more?"

"I fear I trespass on your lordship's patience, but this is now the end. A strong house is never built with a weak purse. I do entreat your lordship to cause to be sent to me from your treasury in Treves 1,000 pieces of gold, that the castle may be a worthy addition to your province."

The archbishop arose with a scowl on his face and paced the narrow limits of the room like a caged lion. The hot anger mounted to his brow and reddened it, but he strode up and down until he regained control of himself, then spoke with a touch of hardness in his voice:

"A good fighter, madame, holds his strongest reserves to the last. You have called me a prince of the church, and such I am, but you flatter me, madame. You rate me too high. The founder of our church, when betrayed, was sold for silver and for a lesser number of pieces than you ask in gold."

The lady, now standing, answered nothing to this taunt, but the color flushed her pale cheeks.

"I am then a prisoner, and you hold me for ransom, but it will avail you little. You may close your gates and prevent my poor dozen of followers from escaping, but news of this outrage will reach Treves, and then, by God, your walls shall smoke for it. There will be none of the Starkenburgs left either to kidnap or to murder future archbishops." Still the lady stood silent and motionless as a marble statue. The elector paced up and down for a time, muttering to himself, then smote his open palm against a pillar of the balcony and stood gazing on the fair landscape of the river and rounded hill spread below and around him. Suddenly he turned and looked at the countess, meeting her clear, fearless gray eye, noticing for the first time the resolute contour of her finely molded chin.

"Madame," he said, with admiration in his tone, "you are a brave woman."

"I am not so brave as you think me, my lord," she answered coldly. "There is one thing I dare not do. I am not brave enough to allow your lordship to go free if you refuse what I ask."

"And should I not relent at first there are dungeons in Starkenburg where this proud spirit, with which my enemies say I am cursed, will doubtless be humbled."

"Not so, my lord. You will be treated with that consideration which should be shown to one of your exalted station."

"Indeed! And melted thus by kindness. How long, think you, will the process take?"

"It will be of the shortest, my lord, for if, as you surmise, rumor should get abroad and falsely proclaim that the bishop lodges here against his will there's not a lying [illegible] knight in all the land but would turn him in his tracks and cry to Starkenburg, 'In God's name, hold him, widow, till we get our own again!' Willingly would they make the sum I beg of you an annual tribute, so they might be certain your lordship were well housed in this castle."

"Widow, there is truth in what you say, even if a woman hath spoken it," replied the archbishop with a grim smile on his lips and undisguised admiration gleaming from his dark eyes. "This cowardly world is given to taking advantage of a man when opportunity offers. But there is one point you have not reckoned on. What of my stout army living at Treves? What of the arch when the keystone is withdrawn? What of the sheep when the shepherd disappears?"

"My lord, you do yourself and your great military gifts a wrong. Through my deep regard for you I gave strict command that not even the meanest of your train should be allowed to wander till all were safe within these gates, for I well knew that did a whisper of my humble invitation and your gracious acceptance of the same reach Treves it might be misconstrued, and, although some sturdy fellows would be true and beat their stupid heads against these walls, the rest would scatter like a sheaf of arrows suddenly unloosed and seek the strongest arm upraised in the melee sure to follow. Against your army, leaderless, I would myself march out at the head of my twoscore men without a tremor at my heart. Before that leader, alone and armyless, I bow my head with something more akin to fear than I have ever known before and crave his generous pardon for my bold request."

The archbishop took her unresisting hand, and, bending, raised it to his lips with that dignified courtesy which, despite his disclaimer, he knew how well upon occasion to display.

"Madame," he said, "I ask you to believe that your request was granted even before you marshaled such unanswerable arguments to stand like armored men around it. There is a stern and stringent law of our church which forbids its servants suing for a lady's hand. Countess, I never felt the grasp of that iron fetter until now."

Thus came the strong castle above Trarbach to be builded, and that not at the expense of its owners.

Subscribe for the Post.

Laux California Perfumes
—ARE THE LEADERS.—
Huyler's New York Candies Fresh all the Time.
C. LAUX Co., Druggists,
231 South Broadway

BUY YOUR **SHOES** AT THE
Queen Shoe Store
162-164 North Main Street

Buy Your
Roll Paper and Twine
FROM.....
Blake, Moffitt & Towne,
146 North Los Angeles St.

The Woodbridge Fertilizers
MADE BY THE
Agricultural Chemical Works
901 to 907 MACY ST., LOS ANGELES.
SPECIAL FERTILIZERS FOR LAWNS, FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

South Side Cyclery,
Herbert Grove, Prop.
Use Leak Check Gum Compound for leaky tires.
50 Cents Each Tire.
Cor. Central and Vernon avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ring up Main 52
For Choice Buffalo Lager, $1.25 per dozen
Or STEAM BEER, 5 gals., $1.60
10 gals., $3.00
NAPA SODA delivered at your home.
H. BRAUN, Agent,
Junction North Main and Alameda Sts.

Palace Market
EVERHARDY & WREDEN, Props.
Dealers in Fresh Meats,
Poultry, Game, Oysters,
Cor. 3rd & Spring Sts. Tel. Main 415

Western Fish Co.,
BARACUDA, SMELTS AND
SURF FISH
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. Telephone Main 561.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

LOTS FOR SALE.
Block of 24 lots for sal on West Adams Street Mesa. A chance to treble your money in six months. Also 21 lots in Ela Hills Tract, with good oil indications. Price of this valuable group of lots $1500. Address Box "K", THE SATURDAY POST, 401-403 Stimson.

FINE LOTS TO LEASE.
Lots to lease on Spring and Main streets, between Eighth and Ninth. One of these lots runs through from Main to Spring in the Junction Block. Address or call on C. A. Jeffers, 432 Stimson Building.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO JAN. 16, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm 8:00 pm 10:20 pm	Sacramento and ....East via Ogden....	7:00 am 7:45 am 1:30 pm
12:40 pm 8:00 pm 10:20 pm	.... San Francisco .... San Francisco .... San Francisco	7:00 am 7:45 pm 1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
8:00 am	East via ElPaso Wednesday and Saturday Sunset Limited.	7:45 pm
8:05 am 2:00 pm *4:25 pm 5:25 pm	Riverside San Bernardino ..... Ontario	*8:48 am *10:10 am **10:20 am 12:00 m 4:45 pm
8:05 am 2:00 pm *4:25 pm **5:25 pm	..... Redlands .... Redlands .... Redlands .... Redlands	*10:10 am **10:20 am 12:00 m 4:45 pm
8:05 am 2:00 pm *4:25 am 5:25 pm	..... Pomona .... Pomona .... Pomona .... Pomona	*8:48 am *10:10 am **10:20 am 12:00 m 4:45 pm
8:05 am 5:25 pm	..... Chino .... Chino .... Chino	*8:48 am **10:20 am 4:45 pm
8:05 am 5:25 pm	Covina, San Dimas and ..... Lordsburg	*8:48 am **10:20 am 4:45 pm
2:00 pm *4:25 pm	..... Puente .... Puente	*10:10 am 12:00 m
9:20 am *1:45 pm 5.25 pm	Arcadia Monrovia and ..... Duarte	8:30 am *1:35 pm 4:58 pm
8:50 am 3:00 pm	Santa Barbara ..... and Ventura	12:40 pm 8:45 pm
8:55 am 5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana .... Santa Ana	8:45 am 5:20 pm
*8:55 am *5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos..... .....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am *5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am *9:45 am *2:00 pm 5:10 pm	Whittier and .... Fulton Wells	*7:51 am **8:45 am *12:20 pm 5:20 pm
9:05 am 1:40 pm 5:03 pm **8:05 pm ‖11:30 pm	.....Long Beach..... .....Long Beach..... .....Long Beach..... .....Long Beach..... .....Long Beach.....	7:57 am 11:05 am 5:15 pm ‖7:20 pm **7:20 pm
9:05 am 1:40 pm 5:03 pm **8:05 pm ‖11:30 pm	.....San Pedro..... .....San Pedro..... .....San Pedro..... .....San Pedro..... .....San Pedro.....	7:57 am 11:05 am 5:15 pm ‖7:20 pm **7:20 pm
9:05 am	Santa ..... Catalina	*5:15 pm **7:20 pm
9:00 am ‖‖1:35 pm 5:45 pm	.....Santa Monica..... .....Santa Monica..... .....Santa Monica.....	*7:28 am **11:35 am 5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am ‖‖1:35 pm	..Port Los Angeles.. ...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am *10:20 am 11:45 am *1:45 pm 3:45 pm *4:25 pm 5:20 pm 6:15 pm	..... Pasadena .... Pasadena .... Pasadena .... Pasadena .... Pasadena .... Pasadena .... Pasadena .... Pasadena	7:51 am *8:30 am 8:55 am 9:32 am *11:32 am 1:35 pm *2:57 pm 4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only. ‖‖On Sundays and "steamer days" (P. C. S. S. Co.) only.

SANTA FE ROUTE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect Nov. 10, 1899.

CITY TICKET Office, Corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angeles		Arrive Los Angeles
6:00 p.m. Sunday Tuesday Thursday Saturday	California Limited The Fastest Train Across the Continent	1:50 p.m. Friday Saturday Sunday Tuesday
10:10 a.m. Daily	Ov'ld Express For Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:25 a.m. Daily
8:50 a.m. 2:00 p.m.	San Diego San Diego	12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m. A 6:00 p.m.	San Bernardino via Pasadena	8:25 a.m. 9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	San Bernardino via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Redlands via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m.	Redlands via Orange	*10:55 a.m S12:10 a.m 5:47 p.m.
*8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m.	Riverside via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	Riverside via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Pasadena Monrovia and Azusa	8:25 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
8:56 a.m. 2:00 p.m. 5:05 p.m.	Santa Ana Santa Ana Santa Ana	8:45 a.m. 12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m. O*10:00 a.m.	San Jacinto and Elsinore	O*10:55 a.m.
*2:00 p.m.	Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
9:55 a.m. 5:34 p.m.	Redondo Beach Redondo Beach	8:25 a.m. 4:25 p.m.
*9:55 a.m.	Santa Monica	*4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sundays; O, via Orange; P, via Pasadena; S, Sundays; A, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday; B, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday. All other trains daily.

President McKinley's Astral.

A Remarkable Story. Shows the Dangerous Results of Looking Into the Looking Glass Too Much. An Explanation of How President McKinley Happened to Favor Hanna's Heavy Puerto Rican Tariff.

The scientific world has been set all agog over the wonderful discovery of the astral body. Concerning this mysterious and hitherto unknown force, the French Academy of Science at so recent a date as August 1899, submitted the following marvelous declaration to the savants of Europe:

"The presence of a mysterious psychic force which dominates the actions of men and which apparently forms a connecting link between the spirit world and the souls of those on earth has long been suspected among the psychic scientists of the age. From a long series of experiments this Academy is prepared to announce that such a force does exist. This acadamy further publishes to the world that this force which we now term the 'astral body,' exists independently of the spiritual or physical being of man. The 'astral body' exists in every human being and must be recognized in psychic calculations as a mysterious, quantitive and independent force. * * * "

The announcement of the Academy of Science was pre-eminently the result of advanced thought. But the bulletin was not entirely correct. While the existence of the astral body is settled beyond all question of dispute, yet the learned academy erred partially in its estimate of the character and elements of the astral body.

The astral body is not a "psychic force which dominates the actions of men." So much of the statement of the Academy of Science is incorrect. While we do not wish to be captious and while we appreciate the great value of the academy's astounding discovery to the scientific world, yet we must beg to differ with these learned gentlemen on this point and explain ourselves to the academy and to the advanced thinkers of modern times on a subject of such vital import as an unknown presence in attempting calculations upon the unfathomable mystery of life.

It is now known that the astral body does not dominate the actions of man either spiritual or physical. The astral body is the engineer who sets in motion the mighty engines to drive man through the sea of life. Mind is the pilot who steers the ship. Without the force to put the engines in motion, the ship lays quietly with fires banked and is incapable of answering the helm. Neither mind nor body may be active while the engineer refuses to do his work. But as soon as he starts the engine of man's physical force, volition commences, the ship is in motion and passes through the angry waves of life, driven by the dual physical energies of thought and action.

The statement of the French Academy of Science that the astral body forms the connecting link between the spirit world and the souls of men may be true. At the present time—so recent is the discovery of the astral body—little is known of its qualities as a being of independent volition. It is now to us only a force which sets the activities of man in motion. When the astral body is not present complete unconsciousness ensues. Thus too long an absence of this force from the human frame may result in death. The savants of India and of Hindoostan by the aid of hypnotism, mesmerism and other occult lore release the astral body from its captive tenement whence it travels with the soul through space illimitable learning those mysteries prohibited to those of duller clay.

The Saturday Post publishes the above information upon the astral body in order that the following letter from Washington may be understood and appreciated:

* * * * * * * * *

President McKinley looked into the looking glass. Reflectively he moistened a refractory lock of hair which would not lay aright and the tenor of his thoughts ran on with the glories of his administration. He felt the comments in the great daily newspapers upon his strong resemblance to the great Napoleon were not without some foundation. His brilliant and yet masterful eye caught its reflection in the mirror and the real orb and the image gazed at one another with something of the adoration and enthusiastic egotism seen in the interchanging glances of young and happy lovers.

His high forehead, his Roman nose, the square but kindly jaw, alike the features of Napoleon Bonaparte, bespoke him the born leader of men.

A quiet dignity like the calm on the unruffled surface of the great ocean, well emphasized an awful power beneath. A power tempered alike with justice and mercy. Yes, President McKinley felt he was merciful as well as just. He felt himself a man who would do justice to all persons acknowledging allegiance to the United States and paying tribute to the same great government whatever their parentage and previous racial indebtedness may have been.

Nevertheless it pained the President to reflect that his conscentious scruples would make it necessary for him to refuse Senator Mark Hanna's request when the Senator should bespeak him to support a heavy tariff on Puerto Rican products, so that Senator Hanna and his friends and the other trust elements and campaign-contributors which had placed the President in the presidential chair might make a heavy profit on their 'protected goods.'

"Yes," thought the president, "it will pain me immensely to refuse him, but I must do it."

"I will reason with him somewhat in this fashion: 'The islanders of Puerto Rico are deserving. Puerto Rico is a territory of the United States. Could you consistently ask me to put a tariff upon the products of the territories of Arizona and New Mexico? The people of Arizona and New Mexico would not suffer themselves to be taxed to enrich the wealthy produce manipulators of other states. Then why request heavy tariffs to grind down the trade of Puerto Rico?' "

"'No Senator, my motto is special privileges to none and equal rights to all.' "

"This reasoning, I am sure," thought the President, "would disarm him of his humor."

The President's necktie remained untied while he continued to soliloquize upon his resemblance to Napoleon both in handsome stature and in mighty spirit.

"I direct the course of men as the great Napoleon played upon the chessboard of nations. Napoleon, however, possessed no generous impulses. I look ever to the welfare of the citizens of the United States. When requested by politicians to grant special favors, I straightway refuse them."

"A handsome presence, a noble mien discloses to the world that I am both a conscientious man and a man of leadership and diplomacy. The people feel safe in my guidance. I am their protector at Washington."

"The other politicians are ill-looking men. Theodore Roosevelt, for instance, possesses a brutal jaw. Senator Platt is over-bearded and lean. Hanna is too pudgy. Bryan is a superlative egotist. There are no others at Washington whose inner natures are so disclosed by outward grace as I."

"The mirror reveals my image stern and vigorous, yet noble and condescending."

"I shall assure our Puerto Ricans the privileges of commerce and trade. They are taxpayers. My attitude towards the Philippines shall be impartial. My brother, Abner, must cease dealing in government securities."

"My presence in Congress [illegible] to cease to resolute on foreign affairs, but to get down to the business which their distribution of the offices demand."

"I shall be guilty of no further nepotism. The nephews of the lobbyist shall no longer be appointed to officerships in the Philippine army."

The President prattled on amid a plethora of good resolutions, never ceasing to wonder at his image in the mirror.

Day after day Major McKinley had gazed into the mirror. But on this occasion he had mesmerized himself. His eye got glassy. His prattlings ceased. His handsome features assumed a vacant stare. With an indistinct murmur he sank easily before the mirror into an easy chair.

Now when a man mesmerizes himself and falls asleep, his astral body, that tiny force which links soul and body together, is likely to leave him for a while and go on a sociable little jaunt to meet the other spirit forces. So it was in this case. A small object darted from between the President's lips. It was like a little candle light.

It was his astral body.

The astral body bounced up and down against the mirror as a sparrow which tries ineffectually to get through a wire netting before it. It saw the image in the looking glass, and tried to get back into its tenement again. But to no purpose—and finally the astral body started forth through an opened window on its airy trip losing itself in the distance as a child's balloon floats out of sight in the hazy sky.

Just at that movement Senator Hanna appeared in the President's private room. Senator Hanna saw the disappearing astral. He realized what had happened.

He projected his own astral body into the form of President McKinley.

He felt this would be cheaper than any financial inducement and just as effectual as far as producing direct results are concerned.

Major McKinley's countenance immediately lost its noble expression.

"Now for the Puerto Rican trade and a capitalistic presidential policy!" cried this dual individualty.

The sleeping form of Senator Hanna was laid in the guests' chamber of the White House, while it was given forth to the world that the Senator was indisposed and would not [illegible].

Now the astral body is a peculiar little creature (if so intangible an existence can be called a creature). It likes to wander about at night,—that's when a man's dead asleep and unconscious. It is erratic in its habits. It's a traveler. It explores. It peeps into mysteries which material man cannot comprehend. Hence visions, remembrances of future state, omens, and conversations with spirits. Some of the most highly aesthetic astral bodies go up after leaving the earth, while those of baser men go elsewhere. Thus it is that some astral bodies are refined in their tastes. They like particularly to inhabit the person of that special human being to which they have been assigned. Failing in this they naturally chose, for the time being, an abode in him who resembles their favorite as much as possible in character and disposition.

Major McKinley's astral body could not bring itself to occupy the person of Senator Hanna. It was too much a compromise of dignity. So it hung around the presidential apartments most of the time very miserable indeed while the Hanna astral in McKinley's form played high jinks with the President's policy of equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

Once in a while the McKinley astral got there and then matters went well. Once in a while the two astrals would race for the coveted position swifter than lightning. Now the President's astral always determined as soon as it got located again in its proper dwelling it would stay there and thus defeat the awful machinations of Senator Hanna. But then Major McKinley would persist in his habit of looking in the looking glass and the poor little astral soon found himself out in space again. An astral body is peculiar in that each time it is separated from its individual the more readily will any subsequent separation occur, and being erratic in its habits as we have said before, it it difficult to control.

The result is that at present we have all sorts of presidential policies, but they are getting more on the Hanna side than ever before. The McKinley astral being kept out of its proper abode is becoming a tramp. Its demoralized. Ungovernable. And some times the little rascal gets into Senator Hanna's person and the two astrals

THE SATURDAY POST. A FAMILY STORY PAPER

The following copyrighted stories by celebrated authors will shortly appear in THE SATURDAY POST:

THE HONOR OF BESSON
By Robert C. V. Meyers

MAM' SEPHNY'S QUEST
By Francis Lynde.

MY ONE GORILLA
By Grant Allen.

ONE TREE ISLAND
By John Bloundelle-Burton

THE TALK STICK
By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

A GATHERING OF LAVENDER
By Annie E. Holdsworth

The RING OF THE MATTERHORN
By John J. a'Becket

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT
By Carrie Blake Morgan

THE GRAY PARROT
By W. W. Jacobs

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES
By Wm. Murray Graydon

THE COUNT'S APOLOGY
By Robert Barr

AT MAT ARIS LIGHT
By John Arthur Barry

ERACLIO SOLIS, HIGHWAYMAN
By John Heard, Jr.

AT THE PISTOL'S POINT
By E. W. Horning

The Saturday Post will be sent by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for ***50 Cents Per Year.***

Address all communications and make all checks, drafts and money orders payable to

The Post Publishing Company,
401-402 Stimson Building,
Telephone Red 756. *Los Angeles, Cal.*

aid and abet each other so that the government policy is entirely different from that which was at first inaugurated. So that as far as the Puerto Ricans are concerned the policy is something unheard of towards those who should enjoy the same immunities and privileges as all others who have given their allegiance to the United States In fact the distress in Puerto Rico is causing very bitter feeling towards this government, and establishes a dangerous precedent for a trade killing tariff reciprocity on the part of other nations.

When Gen. Miles issued his proclamation to the Puerto Ricans on landing his expedition, he said:

"I have not come to make war against Puerto Rico, but against the Spanish government, and Puerto Rico under the American flag will enjoy the same privileges and the same immunities as the citizens of the different States and Territories of the Union."

A LOCAL MODERATOR.

To Control Railroad Votes in the San Joaquin Valley.

There has been a good deal of complaint on the part of the traveling public because of the raise in railroad rates in the San Joaquin valley. The rate between Los Angeles and San Francisco has been raised, as is well known, from $13 to $15. People who travel constantly between the two cities, intermediate residents and others who had made their arrangements or investments upon a $13 rate feel that the unexpected increase works a considerable hardship upon them.

To arrive at a satisfactory solution of the difficulty and to ensure railroad rates which would be deemed equitable by those who have operated under the former rate, Mr. N. Blackstock of the State Railroad Commission suggests that a local body of representative citizens act as moderator and assume control of the rates on lines within the agreed jurisdiction of the moderating body.

Commissioner of the State Railroad railroad rates will be a favorable one. The commission is evidently willing to be supported in its decision upon the railroad rates by the consensus of a reliable commercial body. It is the duty of the Railroad Commission to look after the people's interests. It is their duty to be absolutely impartial. If the Railroad Commission feels insecure in this position, it is expedient for the people of California to aid the commission in performing its duty. If the people desire to co-operate with the commission and see the rates put upon a just basis, they must, evidently, make themselves known and come into court, as it were, to advocate their cause.

Mr. Blackstock said the State Railroad Commission have favorably considered the control of railroad rates by a moderating body. Mr. Blackstock did not see how such a body, at present, can obtain its jurisdiction. He suggested that one of the commercial bodies of this city act as a co-operative body with the Railroad Commission and suggest satisfactory and uniform rates to the commission. Mr. Blackstock intimated that the commission would be glad to receive public opinion at first hand. As to the legality of the raise in rates between Los Angeles and San Francisco, Mr. Blackstock did not express himself since that matter will be brought up before the commission when it meets in San Francisco next week.

Mr. J. J. Byrne of the Santa Fe railroad said he did not see what benefit an advisory board could be in regard to the present rate question. The question as to whether the raise in rates in the San Joaquin valley is a legal one is a question of law. The point on which the Railroad Commission is to pass is the legality of the raise in rate between Los Angeles and San Francisco from $13 to $15. The reasonableness or unreasonableness of the rate does not enter into the question. Mr. Byrne stated, however, that comparison with Eastern rates shows that the $15 rate is very reasonable. The ground on which the legality of the raise in rates will be contested is the alleged violation of the State law, which provides that when a railroad company has once filed with the Railroad Commissioners a rate within the maximum prescribed by law, this rate becomes the established rate and any advance in the established rate must be approved by the State Railroad Commission. An advisory board might be useful in getting at what the public sentiment really was.

Mr. G. W. Luce of the Southern Pacific stated in regard to the question as to the practibility of a local moderating body to control railroad rates that there was no cause for complaint under the present rate. Mr. Luce said there had been no raise in the legal rate between Los Angeles and San Francisco which had been $15 since the rate was cut down from $21 some ten years ago. The $13 rate was a special through rate. The cut from the regular rate to the $13 rate was to prevent travelers taking advantage of the cheapened rates to near points when their objective point was San Francisco. Thus by buying a ticket from Los Angeles to Bakersfield and thence from Bakersfield to San Francisco many persons had taken advantage of the railroad's concessions in making cheap local rates to new territory.

To determine the "unreasonableness" of the $15 rate between Los Angeles and San Francisco, it will not be amiss to compare that rate with the railroad rates operating on roads in the East. The distance from Chicago to New York by the shortest line, the Pennsylvania route is 914 miles. The B. and O., the longest route is 1075 miles. The average distance of all lines between New York and Chicago is about 1000 miles. The lowest first-class fare is $18, and the highest is $20. The distance between New York and Buffalo is 400 miles, and the fare is $8. The distance between Los Angeles and San Francisco is 482 miles, and the fare is $15.

A GOOD BOOK.

"Consumption or Pulmonary Tuberculosis is the title of a little book by Dr. John McCoy of this city. Dr. McCoy's book is written in plain unvarnished language that anyone can understand. It deals thoroughly with the best methods of how to stay the ravages, prevent, cure and eradicate the "white plague" from civilization. Dr. McCoy is a member of the Los Angeles County Medical Society, of the American Medical Association, and is ex-major and surgeon of the United States Volunteer army. This book cannot be too highly recommended to those concerned in the ravages of consumption. The little volume is neatly published by B. R. Baumgardt & Co. Price 25 cents.

Bicycle enthusiasts of Los Angeles will no doubt be pleased to learn that the celebrated Napoleon Bicycle of Chicago will have a local agency at 452 South Spring street. The Napoleon is a beautiful wheel.

HOLLENBECK PARK.

Program of concert by Southern California Band, H. W. Coomber, director, Sunday, April 8th:

Grand March (Converse).
Waltz—Thousand and One Nights (Strauss).
Selection—Il Trovatore (Verdi).
Tramps' Patrol (Puerner).
Intermezzo (Voelker).
Selection—Fortune Teller (Herbert).
Potpourri — Sons of All Nations (Heinecke).
Selection from the Lily of Killarney (Benedict).
Overture—The Viking (Luscomb).
March—Cotton Pickers (O'Hara).
America.

Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to park.

RAILROAD SYMPATHY.

A hungry tramp once upon a time got on his hands and knees and pretended to eat the grass off a front lawn. The lady of the house watched him from a window. She finally came to the door and called him over.

"Madam," he said, "I am so hungry that I have been down on my hands and knees eating the grass off your front lawn."

"My poor man," said the lady of the house, "is that a fact? Are you really that hungry that you got down on your hands and knees and ate the grass off my front lawn?"

"Yes'm," he said, "that's so. I'm awful hungry."

"Well, you poor man," said she. "I am so sorry. I just came out to tell you that the grass is longer in the back yard."

The First Elevator.

Elevators, or lifts as they are called in England, are now considered indispensable in high buildings, but on the European continent they are but seldom found, even in the better hotels. This is the more surprising since the invention originated in central Europe. The earliest mention of the elevator is made in a letter of Napoleon I addressed to his wife, the Archduchess Maria Louise. He writes to her that when in Schoenbrunn, then the summer residence of the Austrian emperor, near Vienna, he used the "chaise volante' (flying chair) in that castle, which had been constructed for Empress Maria Theresa, to save her the annoyance of climbing up the long flights of stairs. It consisted of a small square room, sumptuously furnished with hangings of red silk and suspended by strong ropes, with counterweights, so that it could be pulled or let down with great ease in a shaft built for the purpose about 1760 The great Corsican mentions that when he first entered the "flying chair" he was asked for his weight and that of his two companions, probably in order to employ the proper counterweights, since it was difficult for the operators to stop at the right point unless weights were about even.

A similar elevator was built in the castle of Duke Charles of Lorraine about the same time, but this one was simpler, consisting only of a chair on a platform.

His Reward.

Some years ago, as the mailboat from Ireland was entering Holyhead harbor, a lady fell into the water. One of the sailors, an Irishman, jumped overboard and rescued her from death by drowning. When she was safe on deck again, the husband, who was a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave sailor a shilling. The spectators did not hesitate to express their indignation at the man's meanness, when the sailor, with native shrewdness, threw a new light on the matter by saying: "Arrah, don't blame the gintleman. He knows best. Maybe if I hadn't saved her he'd have given me half a crown."—Macmillan's.

Detecting False Jewels.

By looking at objects through a screen of two glass plates, one laid upon the other and one being of a blue tint obtained from oxide of cobalt, while the other was of a yellow tint got from oxide of manganese and iron, Henri Cross finds that objects which to the naked eye appear the same in color look different through the screen. Thus a green emerald looks a rosy violet through the glass, but a false green emerald looks green. True sapphire keeps its natural blue through the screen and false blue sapphire appears a rosy red. An Egyptian cup of Sevres blue paste appeared blue save a part restored, which was red. He was able to conclude that the Egyptian paste had a base of copper blue and the restored part one of cobalt.—London Globe.

A Palate Tickler.

"Years ago, when I belonged to a coterie of gay young cavaliers in New York city," said Colonel Henry Watterson at Chamberlin's, "I designed the dish now generally known as lobster a la Newburg. I gave my idea to Charlie Delmonico, and he saw that it was carried to successful execution. John McCullough was one of us, and to John is due the appearance of broiled live lobster in the east. He had caught on to that epicurean way of preparing it during his stay in California. In after years I attained some fame as a manipulator of certain dishes, terrapin, perhaps, being my masterpiece.

"Curiously enough, all the newspaper stories have given me credit for being an artist in the preparation of oyster stews, but my experience with the bivalves is limited. I always left them to John Chamberlin, while he would not allow any one but myself to attend to the diamond backs.

"I can't begin to tell you how much of this ingredient or the exact quantity of the other to put with the terrapin, but I know how to blend them all in an instinctive sort of way, and I've never yet found the man who didn't admit that my cooking was of the highest order."—Washington Post.

The Country Child.

To develop the reason of the country child special attention ought therefore to be given to draw out his powers of observation, and particularly in his earliest years. Charles Dickens cultivated in his children this power by walking with them past a shop window, and then requiring each to write down a list of as many of the objects seen as they could remember. Those who have personally conducted parties of children on a holiday excursion will have remarked how much more observant some of the children are than others.

The training of the eye undoubtedly gives more trouble to the teacher, but, on the other hand, it is far more captivating to the child than oral instruction. Kindergarten teaching is mainly based on an appeal to the child's eye, and its effects on the character are richly rewarding. It is unusual to find in an agricultural population what is called a "handy man," a man who is a bit of a carpenter, a bit of a mason, a bit of a locksmith, and resourceful in an emergency It rarely occurs to a laborer to put tallow on a rusty hinge, to apply soap to a drawer that sticks or a drop of oil to a stiff lock. He does not observe that day after day a gate is coming to pieces when a nail in time would have made it last another year or two.—Nineteenth Century

A Critical Child.

School children are so observant, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, especially of their teachers, and more especially when they are just starting out in school.

A little Cleveland girl of 6 years came home one day with her mind filled with that new wonder, the schoolroom.

"How do you like your teacher?" her mamma asked.

"She's a very nice teacher," said the little one, "only it's such a pity she doesn't speak so many of her words right. I shouldn't think they'd let her teach till she learned to say them so people could understand."

"Why, what does she say that is wrong?"

"Well, yesterday she was going to say, 'Pass from the room quietly,' and what do you think she did say? She said 'pawss,' just like that. I guess nobody didn't understand her at first, and then this morning we were talking about trees, and she said 'brawnches' —yes, ma'am, just like that. She's a nice teacher, but you got to get used to her before you can understand her language."

Two Books.

The largest and the smallest books in the world have stood almost side by side for years in an unfrequented part of the Britism museum.

The larger volume measures 5 feet 10 inches in height and 3 feet 2 inches in width. It is bound in leather and held together by great bronze clasps. In the binding eight different skins have been used, four being required to make each cover. This huge book was presented to the British nation by King George IV in 1823. During the last half of a century it has attracted little attention, and its ponderous covers have not been opened in many years. The book has gilt edged leaves.

The smallest book in the world is only about the size of a man's thumb. It contains 100 pages or so beautifully engraved and printed in colors. Its exact size is three-quarters of an inch by half an inch. It is called Schloss' English Bijou Almanack and bears the date of 1839

Fifteenth Century Wages.

The account books of All Souls' college, Oxford, are in an excellent state of preservation, and from them we are enabled to get a correct idea of the wages paid about A. D. 1438. Carpenters and sawyers got 6d. a day; daubers, 5d.; stone diggers and laborers, 4¼d.; masons and joiners, 8d.; a master carpenter, 3s. 4d. a week, enjoying also a tithe from each laborer employed under him, a custom still existing in many parts of India, and which the engineers are trying to abolish. A skilled image carver received 4s. 8d. a week, with bed and board, as he generally came from a distance. In those halcyon days a horse cost the modest sum of £3.—J. W. Parry in Engineering Magazine.

Largest Assortment of Musical Instruments

In Southern California is carried by us. The very best Pianos, Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Mandolins, Zithers, Etc. Not a musical instrument that you could want but what you will find here.

Southern California Music Co.

216-218 West Third Street, Bradbury Building.

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES

When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices

Take Lunch at

The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE

128 West Third Street.

HAMMAM · TURKISH · RUSSIAN · ALL OTHER · BATHS · ELECTRICITY

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

25¢ TO $1.00

210 SO. BROADWAY

'Phone Green 427

LOS ANGELES

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.
For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,

401-2 STIMSON BLDG, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Abbotsford Inn

The best first-class family hotel in the residence districts of Los Angeles—Convenient to all car lines — Social Centre of Los Angeles — Patronized by the most distinguished people — Everything done for the convenience of guests—Beautiful interior Court—Free Billiard-room —Best Cuisine in California—Advise your friends to stop at the

Abbotsford Inn,

801 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

GENERAL JOUBERT.

A Great Commander and a Wonderful Organizer. His Death a Serious Blow to the Boer Cause.

The loss of Joubert has been a serious blow to the Boer cause. He was the organizer and commander of the Boer armies, not only during the present war but in all and every one of the serious conflicts the Boers have had.

Joubert was both a great commander and a wonderful organizer. The rapidity of the mobilization and advance of the Boer armies into the English colonies upon the audacious declaration of war by Kruger demonstrated the completeness of Joubert's plans. The entire population was armed and organized. A surprising military force marched to the front at the word of command. It required years of study and preparation to produce the remarkable results seen. The Boer plans have been long in maturing. The object was to overthrow England altogether in South Africa and to destroy the English speaking communities. The plans of the Boers were intended to be executed during a war of England with some first-class power. Joubert's keen political judgment was shown by his continued opposition to the present war. He knew the reserve power of England and did not believe that foreign nations could be drawn into the conflict to occupy the English arms elsewhere than in Africa. Kruger and the war party on the other hand thought that several foreign nations would surely interfere nominally in behalf of the Boers, but really simply to weaken or destroy England. The opinion had some color to ignorant men through the reports of Leyds and other highly paid Boer agents. These reported conversations from European statesmen hostile to England. Kruger relied on Russia, Germany and France. His opinion about America was that it would do nothing more than talk, but that this talk and sympathetic attitude might make war between England and America or break the ice for other nations to get in. Kruger carried on secret negotiations with every powerful country, to any one of whom he was ready to sell English towns and colonies in South Africa to secure their aid. Joubert does not appear to have entered into these methods. He took the ground that the Boer attack on England should only come after the English were in trouble. That to commence the fight in the hope of drawing other nations in was too uncertain and that the savage private talk of a Russian general or Parisian anglophobe could not be relied on. Joubert was one of the few Boer leaders who knew the power of England. Incredible as it may seem it is a fact that the mass of the Boer people are ignorant to the extent of thinking the Transvaal the center of civilization, the Boer the lord and master man in mind and religion and the earth to be flat. The Boer people are not only the most ignorant white people in the world, but the most self-righteous and defiant of knownothings. The surprising power of this small isolated population of cattle farmers is a startling comment on the value to the fundamental, vital and soul power in man, of our civilized book education. Joubert had little more book education than the Boers have generally, but he had learned by experience and travel. He understood the real position of the Boer governments in their relation to the world. Joubert has never been mixed up in the Pretorian ring scandals. His word was good and he believed in keeping faith with friend or foe. No man knew South Africa and its conditions better. No man knew better the weakness and the strength of the English military system. No man knew better the strength and the limitations of the Boer military system. He invariably fought his men along their strong lines. These were in defensive positions with open back lines for his mounted infantry to concentrate at the point attacked. He alwas choose his positions to secure the frontal attack common to the English officer. The English officer is the least educated officer in military affairs of any in civilized countries. It is only recently that any military scholarship has been given worth [illegible] English officers. Our West Point even today is far superior to anything in that line in England. The English officer has always had to learn his business by hard knocks in the field and at the expense of his men and to the infinite cost of his country. Field Marshal Roberts has had a thorough field military education. Joubert never lost a battle. He had the courage to refuse to use his men in open offensive warfare, to which their military system, their supply-order, and their independent individuality is unsuited. It will be a remarkable thing if the Boers find another man uniting the genius of the strategist, the powers of an organizer and the manhood force to command, possessed by Joubert. He was honored and esteemed as much or more by his foes as by his own people.

McGRATH'S FINE WALL PAPER.

THE INFLUENCE OF WALL PAPER.

You can't be happy in a gloomy house. Perhaps it never occurred to you that the paper on your walls helps develop your character. Dark, ugly, gloomy wall paper is the cause of more "blues" than most people are willing to admit; while trying designs irritate the nerves—You doubt it?—Just ask your doctor! If you want to be happy—make your home cheerful, and the first step in that direction is the right kind of WALL PAPER. We've made a study of the Wall Paper business, and we can help you. Don't cost any more to be happy in this world and you'll live longer. Think it over and come in and talk to us about it.

T. FRANK McGRATH,
414 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

Dry Seasons When the Wind IS **DEAD** YOUR **WIND MILL** Stands Still. If You Need **WATER** We can Sell You a Small **GASOLINE ENGINE** and PUMP that will run 24 hours a day and bring the water, and so cheap you will be astonished. Call and see them in operation.

S.W. LUITWIELER CO.

405-7 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

Phospho

NON STARCH CEREAL

Delicious Nutritious **FOODS** Cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration

All Grocers

Laundry

That is what we do, and we do it well. *No Shrinkage. No Fading.* Special Prices made to families where laundry is over $1.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Liberal terms to agents in outside towns.

Crystal Steam Laundry,

PHONE RED 1932

416 - 418 - 420 East First St.

Don't Throw Away

Those Old Magazines

Those Favorite Pieces of Music.
—You'll Miss Them—
Better have them bound.
It don't cost much if done by

HENRY J. PAULY,

Tel. Brown 312,

115½ N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ALISO STREET

Coal, Wood & Feed Yard

407 ALISO STREET.

Horses left for feed and board will be carefully attended to. The best place in Los Angeles to put up your team. Feeding and boarding horses a specialty.

ADOLPH GUENTHER, Prop.

Tel. Main 1298, Los Angeles, Cal.

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.
Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company

Studio and Art Rooms

351 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *50 Cents per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL 14, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 15.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in Arizona.

The Chickering

A piano representing 78 years of study in piano making. It possesses all the advanced features demanded by eminent musicians.

The peculiar charms of the Chickering result from the method of its manufacture—the most able workmen in the world, are entrusted with each detail of its construction.

We carry a beautiful stock of Chickering's, as well as all other musical instruments.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC CO.

216-218 West Third Street.

Bradbury Block.

Modern Art

Beauty In the Home.

Wall paper is the key-note of beauty in every room.

There is no excuse for torn or mussy paper on any room in your home while we are selling all grades of wall paper at such prices that should be an inducement to have clean walls.

Neither is there any excuse for old fashioned, inartistic paper when our line comprises only the most beautiful and up-to-date patterns on the market.

We sell **Modern Art** paper, lowest in price and handsomest in design.

A. A. ECKSTROM

324 So. Spring St.

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1869

TELEPHONE GREEN 1602

S. Mordlinger

Gold and Silver Smith

109 SOUTH SPRING ST.

A Hunting Scene at the Brink of the Canyon.

THE

Excelsior Laundry

Solicits the patronage of those who desire good work, prompt service, at reasonable prices. Our Plant is modern in every detail, being one of the best equipped on the Coast. We make special rates to families.

Soliciting a trial order—

EXCELSIOR LAUNDRY

BONFILIO & McGAUGHEY
Proprietors

Tel. Main 367 424 S. Los Angeles St.

A Strong Claim

And a Just One

Puritas Lithia

Is superior to any natural Lithia water because it contains nothing but Lithia.

Natural Lithia waters contain but a small amount of Lithia and a large quantity of other minerals and salts that the system does not require.

There are just 25 grains of Lithia to the gallon of double distilled water in

PURITAS LITHIA

A Bright, Sparkling, Healthful WATER

BOTTLED WITH THE UTMOST CARE

The Ice & Cold Storage Co.

TELEPHONE MAIN 228

Fruits

Vegetables

Garden Products

Our goods are received daily from Market Gardens where no Chinamen are employed. We carry a complete line. Everything that the season permits always fresh.

Prices reasonable.

All Fruits in season.

BERRIES ...

We make a specialty of Berries.

Telephone Us

Your order, it will be filled as well as if you came down town.

Always the best that the market affords.

Telephone Green 184

J. D. ROBINSON

-- Wholesale and Retail --

120 West Fourth St.

LOS ANGELES

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *50 Cents per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL 14, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 15.

COPYRIGHT. 1898. BY JOHN ARTHUR BARRY

My friend Hardlng was head keeper of one of the finest lighthouses in the world, and I was free of lt at all hours, but it was of nights that I loved best to join the old man on his watch and sit on the baloony and gaze out at the great ocean lllumined at mlnute lntervals by the flood of white radianoe that seemed to pour forth a greeting to the silent ships as they passed and repassed or came straight for the harbor mouth.

Harding was a sqnare bnilt, gray haired man, with a strong, determined face, all brown and wrinkled by sun and storm, and eyes that bnrned llke live coals under shaggy white brows.

At odd times athwart the conoentrated beams that seemed to hit the far horizon would sail ships, glorified momentarily as they passed through, with every spar and sail and rope sharply outlined by the sudden brilliance, bnt more often they slid along between light and water, ill defined phantasmal blobs of smudge, out of whioh, when the fancy took them to make their numbers, would spout forth many colored fires, all incomprehensible to the nntntored eye as the dim fabrios they proceeded from.

But Harding and his assistant slgnalmen read off shlps and numbers as easily apparently as if it was broad daylight, and the telegraph would repeat at intervals: "Large square rigged ship, with painted ports, steering E. by N. Made her number 23,745." Or it might be, "Steamer, black fnnnel with white band, brig rigged, deep, bound south, showed no number."

This, you will see, was no isolated light stuck forlornly hnndreds of miles from anywhere. It was an establishment over which Harding presided—quite a little settlement of government offices oonnected with the important department of harbors, rivers and trade. His salary was high. So was the efficiency of the service he headed. And he was not averse to a little judioions praise now and again.

It was a wild night, wlth a "sontherly" blowing great guns, keeping the sea flattened into a vast milky white expanse of foam that kept up a long drawn, oontinnous roar at the foot of the oliffs in fitting accompaniment to the shrieking blasts that wrestled and tore around the great tower as if strlving to shake it from its foundations deep down in the solid rock.

"Come along to my room," said Harding at last after a good look around, "and we'll have a pipe and a glass of grog while I tell you abont another lighthouse I ran and another mano'-war that I watohed some 25 years ago now."

Descending into his private snuggery beside a bright fire, I took one of the big armchairs while Harding operated with hot water, case bottle, lemons and sngar and after fixing matters to his satisfaction filled his pipe and said:

"Aye, it mnst be about five and twenty years now since the day I sat on the steps of the sailors' home in Singapore stone broke. I'd been first mate of a ship called the Star of Africa, that the sklpper managed to rnn slap on to a rook in the strait of Sunda. It wasn't my fault, nor did I lose my ticket, like the oaptain. All the same, I fonnd lt precions hard to get another ship.

"Owners as well as masters have fads and prejndlces ln this respect—not perhaps as regards a first time. But this happened to be my second wreck rnnning. So my luck, yon see, was dead out. Aotnally, only for bananas I might have starved. Bananas and water fill np and satisfy right enongh, only it takes you all yonr time to keep the supply going. Presently, as I sat there, digesting my second or third breakfast, out oame the master lntendant and said he: 'Harding, lf yon stay here till the moon turns blue, you'll never get a ship. Bnt a billet's tnrned up that perhaps is better than nothing. The Dutch,' he went on, 'have built a lighthouse somewhere down yonder on the Bornean coast and a second keeper is wanted, wages 80 guilders a month and rations. It's the merest fluke that I happened to hear of it. Will you take it?'

" 'Wonld a dnck swim?'

" 'All right, then; come along to Van Veldt & Co.'s office. They'll take you on my recommendation.' The Dntch agents dld so withont qnestion. More, they paid me a month's wages in advance, and sent me in one of their steamers round to Batavia, where I was to get fresh orders. Arrived there, I was kept waiting a month. Bnt as I had good quarters and plenty to eat and drink I didn't mind a bit spending my 'dead horse' in this way. One day, however, I was told to get my belongings on board a little fore and aft sohooner which had been loading stores for the newly built lighthonse.

"We were ten days on the passage, and when we brought up at onr destination and I saw what I'd come to I'd have taken ten days on bananas and water to get away again.

"From a thickly wooded point a reef ran nearly three-quarters of a mile ont into the Macassar strait. At the extreme end of Mat Aris—as the point was called—stood the lighthonse. You'd have laughed! Imagine a sort of shed, shaped llke one of those oval topped meat safes, built on a platform resting on piles 40 feet high. That was all. From the shed there ran a corduroy bridge with a hand rail, some 30 feet back shoreward, to another and a larger platform, where in a large hut we were to live. The only way to get down to terra firma was by ladders. At low water all yon oonld see were mud and dozens of alligators, which nsed to come down a river olose to for salt water bathing. Everywhere, almost down to the sea, stood great trees 150 feet high, growing close together, elbowing each other, so to speak, and, as if that wasn't enough, creepers, ferns and nndergrowth of all descriptions filled np every vacant chink between them. On this impenetrable face of woodland the efforts of the workmen and builders had merely left a slight scratch—even by this time rapidly greening over. Nature heals her scars in that conntry almost as soon as received. The light itself was merely a big lantern carrying eight wicks, kerosene fed, and hung to the roof of the meat safe. That it had been badly wanted, primitive as it was, the remains of several vessels emphatioally witnessed.

"My boss was there already, a cross bred, snrly looking customer—father Dutch, mother Malay. She kept honse for ns—a skinny old hag, wlth a nose like an eagle's and a bigger mnstache than I could boast of in those days. Her son's name was Peter—Peter Klopp.

"Presently the schooner went away and left ns, and what a life it was! Nothing to do after trimming the lights of a morning and sweeping bucketfuls of moths out of the ronndhouse, except sit and smoke and look ont across the strait to Celebes—jnst a blue line of high mountains in the distance—sleep, eat, watch the ships coming and going, or pull faces at the monkeys up among the tall trees that waved their heads 70 feet above ours.

"At times the traffic was pretty thick; it was always peculiar. Jnnks from Swatow, bonnd for Amboyna and Ceram for sandalwood, swallows' nests and beche de mer; 'country wallahs' from Penang and Singapore, going ronnd to Benjarmassin for coffee and rice; steam tramps from Australian ports loaded np to their gunwales with coal for Manila, and smart little topsail schooners flying any flag that took their fancy and ready to pick up anything that wasn't too hot or too heavy for them, from a bushel of nutmegs to a holdful of 'blackbirds.' But, with the exception of a Dntch gnnboat, the Blitzen, acting as a sort of sea patrol, who oalled on ns at long intervals, we had no visitors at that Aris point.

"Peter and his old hag of a mother I soon discovered were confirmed opium smokers, and when they went in for a regular spree and began to snffer a recovery they made things hnm in 'Monkey island,' as I oalled it. Once I was fool enough to interfere and stop Peter from choking the life ont of her. For thanks, the pair turned on me, bnt I managed to dress them down, although Peter nearly got his knife into me. And I can tell you," langhed Harding, pansing in his story and rising to conjure again with the kettle and other adjuncts, "that two to one, with preclons little room and a breakneck fall if you're not careful, isn't as fnnny as it might be."

Having replenlshed the glasses and refilled and lit his pipe, Hardlng proceeded:

"Well, after this I could see that the two had taken a down upon me, and as I on my part was heartily slck of the whole contract I told the officer who oommanded the Blitzen next time she called that I wanted to leave, and that the sooner he found a snbstitnte the better I shonld be pleased. For answer he called me an English 'schelm,' whioh means rascal, and told me that I had agreed for two years, which was a lle, and that there I should stay. Also that he'd make it his business to see that I didn't get away.

"Seeing that escape, for that's what it really came to, by water was not to be thonght of, except by swimming, and the sharks pretty well put that ont of the question, I determined to see what the land side was like A mnddy banked river emptied itself just below the lighthonse, and this one day I started to follow np. But I didn't follow long. I don't believe I got a mile before I was mother naked and nearly bitten and stnng to death. Every bnsh and shrub, nay, the very flowers, seemed to carry a thorn. And, what with fire ants, mosquitoes, leeches, centipeds, stinging flies, and, worse than all, a blamed caterpillar that drops on to you off the leaves and sticks hairs into you that break off in yonr flesh and fester, I can assure yon it was the ronghest picnic I ever had. Why, I almost thought I conld hear the alligators chuckling as I made home again. Certainly Peter laughed for the first time since we'd been mates on Monkey island when he saw the plight I was in

"A day or so after this the gunboat sent her gig ashore again, and from the hammock I had slnng in my portion of the big hut, I conld hear mnch langhter among the Dutchmen as Peter detailed my adventure. I heard also allnsions to some other verdamde Englander and a long talk abont the light and bearings, the gist of which for want of a more intimate knowledge of the language escaped me. Next morning I saw Peter marching off along the narrow strip of bank that separated bnsh from sea with a tailblock over his shoulder, and, thongh wondering mightily what he conld be up to, I wasn't going to show my cnriosity. A tailblock, by the way, I onght to tell you, is the common block that you reeve a rope through, only to one end of it is attached a long tail of plaited stnff, nsnally, by which lt can be made fast to a spar or bolt, alow or aloft. Very little gave me food for thonght in those days, and I puzzled over this till Peter came baok, and, rummaging among the stores, walked off once more with a ooil of new ratline line and in the same direction.

"He did not appear at dinner, and, as I finished my mess of rice, salt fish and pickled mangoes, I said to the hag, 'What has become of Peter?' 'He's gone to set a trap for an orang outang whose tracks he saw at the foot of the ladders yesterday,' she replied, grinning and leering. 'And,' added she sarcastically, 'if you don't believe me go and look, only leave yonr clothes behind, most misbegotten of English fools.'

"Peter came home that evenlng, and in the lnterest created by a new visitor in those waters and whose acqnaintance I at once sought some means of making the inoident of the tailblock was oompletely forgotten.

"Dntch soundings, it appeared, had

been found so unreliable as to bring a few good British vessels to grief, and that government, characteristically enough, had dispatched a vessel to correct them without giving the Dutch notice or saying by your leave or anything else.

"And, although we, or rather I, was unaware of it, H. M. S. Badger had for some time been thus engaged at the upper portion of the strait. Now she appeared off Mat Aris busy, in sporting parlance, wiping the Blitzen's eye, very much to the disgust of the latter's officers, whose specialty, if they possessed one, was supposed to be surveying.

"The Badger was a paddle wheeled, brig rigged old tub, sure enough. But she was British, and as I stared and stared through the glasses at the white ensign and the good red cross flying from her peak I was tempted often to swim off to her as she puffed and churned away, fussing around after her boats like an old hen after her chicks.

"But when I looked at the black, three sided fins sticking up at high water right alongside our piles I felt my toes tingle, and thought better of it, trusting that some day she'd send a boat to give us a call, when I determined that go I would if all the Dutch in the East Indies were to try to stop me.

"That Peter guessed my thoughts and notions I could see from the mean, yellow brown, grinning face of him. And I'd try to get his dander up sometimes. 'Look at that, Peter,' I'd say. 'That's my country's flag. There's no slaves underneath its folds, sweating and toiling, half starved and taxed to death's doors, as there are under yours. Hip! hip! hooray! Rule Britannia and God save the queen, and to hades with all half breeds!' He didn't understand all of it, of course, but he used to shake his fist at the Badger and look as nasty as a hatful of snakes.

"Twice while I was on watch, as we used to call the intermittent, sleepy lookout we kept at Mat Aris, the Blitzen's boat came ashore, and I could hear the officer and Peter each time having a long confab together. During the night the old hag always used to have coffee ground and hot water on the fire, so that we could make our own if we wished for a drink.

"One night shortly after the Dutch officer's last visit, coming and rousing Peter to take his watch, I brewed myself a cup before turning in. It tasted very bitter, and I didn't finish it, but almost before I'd time to undress I was dead to the world. I woke in a fright, dripping with sweat and shaking all over Now, in the lighthouse was a bottle of lime juice I'd brewed myself. My throat was as dry as the lubricators of a collier's engines, and the thought of that drink tantalized me till I made shift to crawl out of my hammock and stagger along the bridge to the little house where also was a 'chatty' of cold water.

"To my utter astonishment, looking up, I saw that the light was out. Opening the door, I entered and, half choking, felt for the water bottle. It was empty Striking a match, I saw that the floor was soaking wet. Putting up my hand to the wicks, they only frizzed and spluttered at contact with the flame; also the spare lantern that we always kept ready trimmed had disappeared.

"Stepping outside to the platform I stared around, headachy and very shaky still. The night was black as pitch—one of those nights you often get out there, that feel almost like black velvet and as thick, and there wasn't a star to be seen, as sometimes happens at the change of the monsoons. The jungle, too, was still as death—there was no sound on land or on the sea. The whole world seemed fast bound in sleep and darkness. Presently my eye, roving along shore, came to the gleam of a light some half mile away, about on a level with where ours should have been, only much farther inland—a big light I saw it was, as my eyes got the sleep out of them—and burning steadily.

"As I stared, puzzled beyond expression, I all at once heard the sound of muffled snorting and churning faint in the distance—a noise as if a shoal of grampus were coming down the strait.

"Listening and staring, there suddenly rose to mind fragments of the first talk I'd heard between Peter and the Dutchman about lights and bearings. Then somehow came a connection between that and the tailblock and the coil of ratline stuff. Then, I don't know how it happened, but in a second—perhaps you've experienced something of the kind—my brain seemed cleared of cobwebs, as if a broom inside had swept across it sharply, and the whole plan lay before me plain as mud in a wineglass. The puff puff and wheezy panting was sounding nearer, and, looking steadily and hard into the distance, I could see a long way up the strait a shower of sparks like a swarm of fireflies, but which I knew marked the whereabouts of the Badger, burning Nagasaki coal.

"She was approaching obliquely, over from the Celebes side, heading about west-southwest to pick up Mat Aris light; then, according to the sailing directions, she would straighten up west by south, keeping the light four points on her starboard bow to clear the reef Now, with the light in its present position, she would, if unsuspicious—and it was the merest chance that anybody on board observed the change—crash right on to the outermost edge of the reef and go down in deep water, as others had done before her. It was a trap conceived with perfectly diabolical cunning and ingenuity, the site of the false light having evidently been determined most carefully and scientifically, not too far to excite the lookout's distrust and yet near enough by half a point to prove effectual. Puff, puff, churn, churn, pant, pant. Another 20 minutes, and it would be all up with H. M. S. Badger But, knowing exactly what to do—holding two honors and the ace, so to speak—I was as cool as a cucumber, and, except for that trembling about the legs, my own man again. That I had been drugged or poisoned by an insufficient dose I more than suspected. Just then, however, I didn't bother my head about that. I wanted to renew the light on Mat Aris. Round the caboose in which the lantern used to hang, as I've told you, for all the world like a leg of mutton in a meat safe, ran lockers filled with tins of kerosene, waste, rope, oakum and such matters. Knocking the heads of a couple of the tins in, I poured the oil over all liberally, saturating everything. After this, a match was all that was needed, and before I was half way along the bridge the flames were six feet high. Just looking in her den to see that the hag wasn't there, I went down the ladders like a lamplighter and ran along the bank toward where I knew the false beacon must be swung high aloft in some tree.

"Over logs and stumps I stumbled, looking back now and again at the big, tall glare till, rounding a point, the dense forest shut it from sight. Getting along somehow, I stopped at last and listened. But I could hear nothing of the Badger. Inland, however, high overhead hung the light. Pulling out my sheath knife, I made for it, hell for leather, through bush and brier. As I guessed, it was hung to a tree, and feeling all around, I soon found the rope bolayed to a root, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' I'd slashed it through and was watching the lantern coming down by the run, when a fellow jumped out of the dark and muzzled me round the throat. 'Hello, Peter!' I said as I returned the compliment. 'You see, the coffee wasn't strong enough.' I hadn't time to say much, being very busy, for the brute, in spite of the opium, was stronger than I thought, and I weaker. Down we went, rolling over and over, while, to make things warmer, the lantern capsized, and, setting fire to the coarse grass, it blazed up all about us. Also the hag, with a big club in her fist, was dancing around screeching blue murder, but too frightened to hit, so closely entangled were we. I still grasped my knife. I could see Peter's also gleam as we turned and writhed. Presently I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder and knew I was stabbed. That made me real mad, and as we rolled away a bit from the fire the hag made a smack at me; but, missing, caught Peter on the point of the shoulder, causing him to drop the knife. He stretched out to recover it, and I got home on him till I felt the wooden haft jar against his ribs.

"He went limp all in a minute, exactly like one of those bladders the children play with if you shove a pin into it. Well, we'd rolled down a bank into a bit of a swamp, and when the hag saw what had happened she gave one yell and jumped fairly on top of me and got her stick to work in great style. As you may imagine, I was by this time pretty well knocked out, and I don't know how matters would have gone only that a boat's crew of the Badger just then came on the scene and dragged the hag off me, swearing, kicking and striking right and left until one of the men gave her a poke with a bayonet, when she suddenly calmed down and started to raise the Malay death wail.

"And she had cause to, for Peter pegged out before we got him on board. Mine turned out to be nothing much worse than a flesh wound, although I'd lost a lot of blood from it.

"As you may guess, the skipper of the Badger was in a pelter when he'd heard my story. Certainly I had no witness, and the hag kept her mouth as close as a rattrap. But we got over that. There was a Malay interpreter on board, and he gave the captain a hint. So when the hag heard that she was to be taken back to Perak, her native place, and there handed over to the tender mercies of the sultan—at that time our very good friend—she made a clean breast of everything, including the attempt to poison me with the juice of the klang-klang berries. Four hundred guilders was the price of Peter's connivance and promotion to one of the Java lights if the plan succeeded.

"This confession of the hag's was a bit of luck for me, and Captain Cardigan complimented me in presence of the ship's company on the way I'd behaved, having undoubtedly saved the Badger, whose officer of the watch was steering by the false light when it suddenly disappeared. The captain also said that he would represent my conduct to the admiralty And that he kept his word," said Harding as he rose to "go on deck" for a minute, "my presence here proves. If you'll refill the kettle, I'll be back again in a very short time."

"Aye," replied Harding as he reseated himself in reply to a remark of mine. "I was lucky, but you mustn't think that I came here straightaway. This—the prize of the service among the lights—is my sixth. So, you see, to some extent I've worked my way up, helped, of course, by the little matter I've been telling you and together with what in my young days was called a very fair education. Well, the captain of the Badger—he's a rear admiral now—was not the man to sit quietly down and let the Dutchman go scot free, but not a stick of the Blitzen was to be seen throughout the strait of Macassar Still we kept on searching till at last the skipper of a country wallah told us he'd seen her off Breton, an island round in the Banda sea. Sure enough, one morning there we found her at anchor off a native town. Now, she was both faster, carried more men, and was more heavily armed than we were, but Captain Cardigan had made up his mind that there was to be no international row over the matter. It had to be settled as privately as possible and strictly between the two ships.

"So, with the men at their quarters, guns run out and the old Badger stripped for fight, we ranged up to the Dutchman in great style, with the hag in full view on the quarter deck, and ordered—aye, ordered—the Blitzen's captain to come on board, and whether it was the sight of the hag or that they were unprepared I don't know, but, by gad, sir, he came, he and his first lieutenant, and they were received at the gangway as if they'd been princes of the blood.

"Then our skipper and the first lieutenant and the Dutchman all went below What passed there I don't know But presently they came up again—the Dutchman looking very sour Then our gig was piped away, and the whole party got into her. I managed to slip in, too, and off we went to a little lump of an island 'pigeon shooting,' as I heard the first luff whisper to the doctor

"Well, the two skippers and their lieutenants put their hands in their pockets and strolled away into the bush. Presently our second luff and the doctor, each carrying a hand bag, strolled after them. Nobody else left the boat. In about ten minutes we heard a couple of shots, then two more. 'Sport's good!' said one of the middies. But the master, who was in charge of the boat, never winked.

"After awhile the party came strolling back again. But Von Heins, the Dutch captain, walked lame and had his arm in a sling. And there was blood on the doctor's hands as he washed them in the sea; also as we pulled on board again I noticed from where I sat that our skipper had a neat round hole through his cocked hat, and that the gold lace on his right shoulder epaulet was badly damaged. As they were getting aboard their own boat I looked at the Dutch lieutenant—he was the same fellow who'd called me an English rascal at Mat Aris—and I said in the best of his lingo that I could manage, 'At least that's one Dutch rascal who'll think twice before he sets traps for a British man-o'-war.'

"His hand went to his sword like a flash, but our second luff, who understood, tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to the boat, and with a scowl he got in.

"Also the hag was politely escorted down the gangway and transshipped We had those Dutchmen fairly cowed, bluffed by our audacity and their own bad conscience.

"No, I never heard a word about the affair afterward. I staid with Captain Cardigan until he was promoted to the Polyphemus corvet, and I dare say I might have stuck to the service only my shoulder was always a bit stiff and got rather worse if anything as time went on. So I left and, through the captain's influence, got a light, and then others, and so on here. Now, it's a wild night, and you'd better turn in here till morning. No use trying to get back to town I'm going to the telephone to talk to the pilot station."

So I went to bed and dreamed of Mat Aris and the hag, for whom I took Harding when he woke me for morning coffee.

Queer Babies.

These queer monkey babies are very lovable, and as ready to be cuddled and petted as human babies, however cross and ugly they may become when older. They have an endless diversity of character. The little orang outang is very solemn, and his small face is all wrinkled like an old man's. He loves his tree home, where he can swing and scamper to his heart's content and drinks the rain out of the leaf cups rather than come down to a stream. His mother makes a little bed of boughs for him close beside her, and the branches overhead shelter him from a shower.

The baby gorilla is full of fun and frolic, and leaps and shouts and runs and claps his hands in great glee. He rides on his mother's back or sleeps in her arms until he is big enough to take care of himself. Baboon babies are the ugliest of all, but they are very jolly and affectionate, and they love to play on the ground. They play many a prank or practical joke on the old baboons.—"Four Handed Folk," by Thorn Miller.

Judged Him by His Garb.

"When I was in Mexico last year," said the consulting engineer, "I was one of a party of foreigners invited to take a trip at the company's expense over a certain railroad. The first day of the journey I was sitting smoking on the rear platform of the observation car, while we stopped to take water at a lonely station. Just as the train was pulling out, a disreputable individual swung on the bumper and started to climb over the railing. In costume he resembled one of Buffalo Bill's 'greaser' cow punchers, only he looked dirtier and was ragged. I sized him up for a Mexican tramp, and I blocked his way. He hung on to the railing, swearing in Spanish at me. The train kept gathering speed, and I don't know what would have happened if another man of the party hadn't come out on the platform and asked what was the trouble.

"'I'm keeping this tramp from stealing a ride,' I explained.

"'Stealing nothing!' said he. 'You're fighting with the brakeman.'

"Nowadays I don't judge a man by his uniform."—St. Louis Republic.

THE RING OF THE MATTERHORN.

BY JOHN J. a'BECKET.

Copyright, 1900, by John J. a'Becket.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEQUEST OF THE COUNTESS.

Things were pretty stormy in the house that morning. There had been a small dance the night before. Uncle Gardner had been unpleasant enough over that. He always made it a point to expatiate on the extravagance of Mrs. Rodney or the girls, as the case might be, when he was drawn on for money. Mr. Josiah Gardner had made a fortune and had ruined his temper doing it. He had had to put his nose to the grindstone for years, and now that he was relieved of that humiliating combination he tried to even up things by subjecting others to a like harrowing conjunction.

They were all thoroughly tired of it, no one more so, however, than Florence Rodney. She was a lithe, pretty girl of 20, a graduate of Vassar and thoroughly up to date in athletics. It was a comfort to her to reflect that she lived in an age when women rode, swam, fenced, wheeled, and could make a fair showing with men at tennis, golf and other physical diversions.

Miss Rodney was an admirable exponent of the benefit of air, exercise and freedom for her sex. Her walk was springy and graceful, and she carried herself as straight as a soldier. It was a source of immense solace to her in all the phases of her physical well being to feel her every muscle firm and strong and to know that her flesh, her heart and her lungs were in the best possible condition.

Mrs. Rodney was a widow with little money, two daughters to marry off and a mind given to the things of this world. When her husband had left her impoverished, the sense of blood ties and family duty had induced her brother, Josiah Gardner, to take charge of her and her daughters. But he had this unpleasant fashion of complaining about money matters. Mrs. Rodney's one argument in defense of their expenses was the need of getting the girls well married. This meant marrying them to men of means and good social position—rich men, anyhow, for Mrs. Rodney was convinced that money was enough of an "open sesame" for New York society at all events. If a man had not the blood or manners of a thorough gentleman, a skillful wife who was a lady could pilot him through the shoals all right. Most American husbands, except the few who are young society men, do not figure very prominently in the social phases of their families. They generally have the air of being casual and bored assistants at functions of this kind, and not much is expected of them except to pay the bills.

Miss Rodney was rather a restive filly and gave her worthy mother many an occasion for fretful dissatisfaction. She had a will of her own, and her tastes, as has been said, were for athletic pastimes and not for society, though she was fond of dancing and handsome gowns. She did not show that keen desire for bagging some eligible man which her mother would have liked. Mrs. Rodney had not infrequently complained of this in her eldest daughter.

"I should think you would want to get married and settled and not have to feel that your uncle is breaking his heart over every penny he puts out for what he thinks is our extravagant living. You know, I am doing all I can."

Miss Rodney would try to keep her temper over maternal nagging of this kind and generally succeeded by declining to argue the point. She was content to go her way, and go her way she did. In justice to Mrs. Rodney it must be admitted that she gave only what entertainments she felt she could not escape and keep in the swim at all. She had to keep there, for the sort of men whom she wished the girls to marry were there, and there must be opportunity for them to meet such men. Uncle Gardner was not quite as mean as he appeared to be. They generally got what they wanted. He simply made the matter more pleasant for himself by growling over things and rendering the women unhappy.

He had gone away for the night of the dance and had not been expected to return until the second day after it, so as to allow the house and the inmates time to get back to the normal. But he had got disgusted with something at the hotel and came home the next day, full of a fault finding disposition. The women groaned in spirit at this unexpected advent of the head of the family. Rose, the younger daughter, was perfectly in accord with her mother's views and helped her in her aims as far as she could. Her uncle she humored and cajoled as well as a pretty but not very clever girl could humor and cajole a keen, cranky old man. Mrs. Rodney felt that it was a little unfortunate that the characters of her two daughters were not reversed. Miss Rodney ought to be disposed first in the matrimonial market, as she was the elder. If she were as compliant as Rose, this consummation would not be so hard a one to effect. But Florence Rodney was nice to the men that she liked rather than to those whom it was her policy to attract. Her sturdy independent American spirit recoiled from deliberate efforts in this direction. She was determined that she wouldn't marry anybody unless she both liked and respected him, and she wouldn't try to bring any man she could not feel toward in this way to the point of proposing needlessly.

Uncle Gardner's fine, crusty spirit was in great form this morning after the dance. With the pleasant sense that he was away the household had indulged in a much later breakfast hour than they could when he was at home. He liked to breakfast at 8, and insisted on having his family present at the meal. After being up late the night before this was not always a comforting thing to do for the women folk.

"What's the object of having luncheon at this hour of the day?" he inquired in his dry, caustic manner.

Mrs. Rodney understood perfectly that the old gentleman knew it was breakfast, but she said submissively:

"Why, I thought the girls would be tired, and so I had breakfast a little later this morning. I did not expect you would be back so soon, Josiah."

"What! Breakfast? At 11 o'clock?" he asked, with the most exaggerated astonishment. "I suppose we'll have dinner at half past 9."

Mrs. Rodney fell back on silence, since her brother had put this as a supposition and not as a question. At this moment Miss Rodney came in with a bicycle costume on. Mr. Gardner, who affected to have a great regard for the proprieties of women's dress, was rasped anew by the sight of his niece's leggings and trim brown derby. It was certainly a mannish sort of costume, but it was not violently so. Miss Rodney looked exceedingly well in it and thoroughly womanly.

"Going out to ride your wheel, my dear?" he inquired venomously. "How energetic the young women are nowadays! Kicking up your heels till 2 or 3 o'clock, breakfast about the time we used to have dinner at home, Sally, and then off for a ten mile whir astraddle a wheel! It's a wonder how you old fashioned girls ever grew up and got your natural strength, Sally."

Mrs. Rodney was an easy mark for the old gentleman because he knew so well how to prick her. He felt that the allusion to the primitive style of their early life would be distasteful, and Mrs. Rodney, who was fond of a languid, dignified pose, always winced when he called her Sally. He gave such a common sound to the name!

"Well, I'm going up stairs until things are set to rights," he continued. "I hope there won't be a string of bills coming in today."

The old man shuffled off, delaying to look here and there for one object or another simply because he knew they would feel relieved when he was gone. Finally he went snorting up the stairs.

"What a pity you came in with your bicycle suit on, Florence!" said Mrs. Rodney peevishly. "Your uncle seems to have such an objection to it."

"It might as well be an objection to that as to something else, mamma," returned the young woman curtly. "This is his morning for objections. He has let us have the dance and now we'll have to let him have his growl. He is always feeling particularly nasty when he calls you 'Sally' in that way."

Miss Rodney had not been gone long when the mail arrived. There was a stout English letter for Mrs. Rodney, in an envelope with the name of some London solicitors on it. She opened it and almost gasped as she mastered its contents. They were enough to astonish a less impressionable woman than Mrs. Rodney. The solicitors said that they had been instructed by the Countess of Carrington to send the inclosed letter upon her decease. In compliance with this request they did so. The countess had died two days ago. The contents of the letter from her had been imparted to them by her ladyship. Their London address and cable name were indicated in the letter head, should Mrs. Rodney or her daughter wish to communicate with them.

To understand Mrs. Rodney's feelings in this matter a few words of explanation are necessary. The Countess of Carrington was Mrs. Rodney's sister. She had been twice married, once to an American who died and left her wealth, and the second time to an Englishman, the Earl of Carrington, who had died and left her a title. The lady who had quarried such treasure from two husbands' graves employed the money and the title to make life as enjoyable as possible to a hard, selfish and ambitious woman. The feeling between the two sisters had become so strained as to result in perfect estrangement. Mrs. Rodney derived no other advantage from her rich relative than an occasion allusion to "my sister, the Countess of Carrington," where she thought such allusion was profitable. What she read in her sister's letter was therefore all the more astonishing.

The countess, without any great warmth, set forth that she was ill and her doctors had advised her to attend to any testamentary dispositions she might wish to make as a matter of prudence. With thought of what was due to her own position and title and also of what would be right toward her own kin, she had devised the bulk of her fortune to her niece, Florence, on condition that within a year after the decedent's death she should marry the Earl of Carrington, the eldest son of her deceased husband. If the year elapsed without such marriage having taken place, the property was to go to the Earl of Carrington, who would add the name of Gardner to those which he had. If her niece, Florence, married the earl, moneys and investments that would yield an income of $10,000 a year were to be set aside and Mrs. Rodney would enjoy this income for her natural life. On her death they were to go absolutely to Miss Rose Rodney or her heirs. The Countess of Carrington hoped in this way that her duty toward her own family and toward that of her husband, and, incidentally, to herself, would be performed in a manner suitable and advantageous to all concerned.

In the event of the Earl of Carrington declining such union, the fortune of the testatrix was to go entirely to her niece, Florence Rodney.

Mrs. Rodney was in a feverish glow by the time she had grasped the purport of this sisterly letter. It was so evident that the Countess of Carrington was striving to perpetuate her own tough personality as far as possible for her condition when she became a disembodied lady of title that the benefit which would accrue to the Rodneys did not stir any very sisterly gratitude in Mrs. Rodney. But the benefit was obvious. She would be the mother of a countess, she would have an income of $10,000 and Rose would have a pretty prospect for a girl as attractive as herself. Mrs. Rodney's wild fancy set her at once to murmuring such phrases in her small mind as "My daughter, the Countess of Carrington, I expect to come over this summer." She even went so far as to picture herself as the grandmother of little Lord This and little Lady That. It was intoxicating reverie. But as the young Arabian gentleman upset the splendid fortune he had won, in his mind's eye, from the sale of his glassware by kicking the glass to smithereens in an imperious moment of opulent disdain, so Mrs. Rodney's large balloon of pride was pricked when the thought arose that all this glory was contingent on her daughter's consent to the proposed marriage. That she would not be too docile in the matter she had a sure premonition. But since the astute old countess had made the peace and comfort and respectability of herself and Rose dependent on the decision of Florence, there was hope she might be "reasonable." Florence was not a sentimental girl and was clear headed enough. Even Mrs. Rodney could not charge her eldest daughter with selfishness. Here was room for heroic self sacrifice.

When her daughter returned from a good spin on her wheel, Mrs. Rodney had had time to think it out. After luncheon she said impressively: "I have received a letter which will surprise you all. The Countess of Carrington is dead!"

The family received the news with different degrees of calm. Rose, as the youngest, was the most impressed. Miss Rodney was not impressed at all and Uncle Josiah only gave a grunt.

"Awful blow to lose our titled relative!" he sneered. "So sudden and such a warm hearted woman!"

"Josiah, we must not forget that she was our sister," said Mrs. Rodney, with an air of propriety.

"It's only due to good memories that we know it," observed the old man brusquely.

"She may have been a little worldly and certainly did not show much thought of us," assented Mrs. Rodney. "But she has done very well by us in her will."

Uncle Josiah looked up incredulously. It irritated the old man to see Mrs. Rodney swelling with the importance of something to communicate, especially when he was keen to know it.

"Umph! What has she done?"

"She has left her money to Florence, and an income for life to me," replied his sister.

Miss Rodney did look somewhat moved at this. It meant freedom and living her own life. Despite herself, she beamed joyously.

"Rose and I are disinherited, are we?" chuckled Uncle Josiah sarcastically.

"I suppose she knew I would look after Rose, and probably she felt that her sister would be in a position to be of great help to her," said Mrs. Rodney diplomatically.

"When do we get it, mamma?" asked Miss Rodney, with flat directness.

Poor Mrs. Rodney's heart failed her at what she had to say. But it must be said and now was as good a time as any, when her daughter seemed pleased at the prospect of such independent means. Josiah Gardner looked at her with his sharp, twinkling brown eyes. He was a well preserved man for his years and took the most active interest in things.

"The countess," Mrs. Rodney began, with a sigh.

"Oh, bother!" ejaculated Uncle Josiah.

"Josiah!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodney.

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

with a weak querulousness of accent, turning a little, like the goaded worm. "Have some respect for your sister!"

Which sister was not specified. The old man stuck out his chin and looked impatient. He refrained from saying anything, as he really wanted to know quickly what had been done. He suspected that "the countess" would have some string tied to her generous disposition of her wealth.

"She makes this conditional on Florence's marrying the present Earl of Carrington within a year," the poor lady said with as little faltering as possible.

Uncle Josiah leaned back and let off a dry, cackling laugh. There was no doubt about the real merriment in it, however.

"Is that all?" he inquired. "Let me see the letter. That's the quickest way of understanding the thing."

Mrs. Rodney reluctantly passed it over to him. She stole a glance at her daughter's face. Miss Rodney was breathing quickly and did not give a very good imitation of a young lady tickled at a prospective countesship.

Mr. Gardner read the cold, dry, but perfectly lucid letter which laid bare to his mind the purpose and aim of the defunct Countess of Carrington. He hastened cheerfully to impart its import to his niece, watching her all the time with malicious pleasure.

"Matilda has done a fine thing for you," he said volubly. "You get all her money, and all you have to do is to marry an English lord. That isn't hard. The man Matilda married died in a few years, used up in half a dozen miscellaneous ways. This young fellow, I understand, is a far more brilliant blackguard than his father and is a first rate candidate for a hospital already. He is up to his neck in debt. So, if you can put up with a job lot of diseased humanity for a few years, he'll go under the sod and you'll be Countess of Carrington forever after. I should think you would jump at it," sneered Uncle Josiah. "These lawyer chaps were considerate enough to send their cable address. Shall I run out and simply fire a 'Terms accepted' at them, Florence?"

Mrs. Rodney made a weak, hopeless movement of despair. It would be a hard fight for her all alone and her brother so rudely against her.

"Uncle," said Miss Rodney calmly, but with a hot, angry patch of color in her healthy cheek and a glitter in her eye, "there's no need of your being any more disagreeable than necessary. I admit the prospect of escaping from my life here and escaping from you makes this atrocious proposition have a force that nothing else could lend it. The Earl of Carrington can't be much more of a trial than you," she added hotly.

"That's the sensible way to look at it, my dear," returned Uncle Josiah, with brisk and unruffled cheerfulness. "But Matilda didn't know you well. Matilda was a business woman at least. It was so like her to leave her money to Carrington and at the same time rope in you as a beneficiary, thus seeming to have a regard for her own family. I don't know why she should have cared about that," he went on, disregarding apparently Miss Rodney's beautifully undisguised look of disgust. "She never minded us while she was alive. But people funk so when they are going to die," he observed philosophically. "However, as I was observing, Matilda foolishly thought that you were a degenerated niece and might balk at the prospect of marrying a bag of disease and thousands of pounds of debt. So she ties up your mother's and your sister's good fortune with your consent. Marry this titled blackguard, and your mother and sister will be independent and comfortable for life. They won't have to live with him, you know. So there is no reason why they shouldn't be happy."

"Josiah," cried Mrs. Rodney, "this is brutal. I cannot endure it. If you continue like that, I shall have to leave the room."

"There's no reason why you should not, my dear," he replied cheerfully. "You can cry and plead with Florence later on."

"Don't be silly, mamma," said Miss Rodney prosaically. "Uncle Josiah is putting it as badly as he can, but even he cannot do more than justice to this vile, miserable scheme of my aunt. I am thankful to you for letting mamma see the thing just as it is," she said to her uncle.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the old cynic. "It is a pleasure to help you out in this trying moment. I can see you with the coronet of a countess stuck on top of your head. They wear coronets, don't they?

"But you will note our dear Matilda's forethought," he went on. "I am almost proud of her. You might kick over all this debt and disease. So she bribes you with your mother's and sister's happiness. Why she should have thought that Carrington would possibly balk at bestowing his distinguished self on you I don't see, unless she knew that his favorite type of woman was the chorus girl. If he refuses, you get it all. But he won't refuse, I promise you. You refuse, and he gets it. And if he gets it, he has got to tack the name of Gardner on to his own. Oh, Matilda was a corker for family pride. The idea of perpetuating the family name in that way! Hitching it on to an earl's title! It was great. Why couldn't you, if you accept him and become the mother of a little earl to be, name him Josiah, after me? That is a new name in the British nobility. It would probably be the only strong, healthy thing about the poor little chap. He would surely be scrofulous as a filial compliment to his papa."

"This is a little disgusting," said Miss Rodney, looking at her venomous old uncle in a way that even he felt. "I decline to hear any more on the subject. You have really in your coarse freedom of language expressed the plain truth. I have never so agreed with you in my life. I simply refuse, without the need of another moment's deliberation, my aunt's infamous proposition. The only thing that can palliate her daring to make it is that she did the same thing herself. And she, heaven save the mark, was an American girl! Don't let the subject be mentioned in my hearing again."

"But, Florence," remonstrated her mother in an injured way, "don't be rash. There is no need of any hasty conclusion. You are taking all that your uncle says about this young man as true. He may be a very nice young fellow."

"Mamma!" said Miss Rodney explosively. "As if the vileness of the Earl of Carrington was not known to everybody who reads even the American newspapers only! I have heard of him again and again. Even the decent men in his own set despise him and cut him. It is hard that when this wretched woman could have done her duty by us she should have left so degrading a proof of her utter hard heartedness and unwomanly feeling. Why, mother," exclaimed the girl, wrought up by the melancholy dissent that was visible on Mrs. Rodney's face, "you would not have me degrade my womanhood beyond all self respect if you were to have millions by it. That is what this course would be. I want independence as much as any one living, but I will not forfeit one bit of my self respect to secure it. I would work as a shopgirl sooner than marry this Earl of Carrington, and I hate my aunt for insulting American womanhood in this way. You know me enough to feel sure that when I say this is my last word on the subject it is useless to think of it any more."

"Bravo!" said Uncle Josiah. "You are a credit to the family. I approve of your sentiments. Don't mind your mother. I shan't live forever, and then you'll all be independent. I am no Aunt Matilda, countess of Carrington."

"No; you couldn't be quite as bad as she, I admit," said his niece, with refreshing candor.

Uncle Josiah sniffed at this. Mrs. Rodney heaved a sigh, as if her lot was a particularly unendurable one, and Rose looked a little like a wilting La France rose. But they all felt that Florence would be as good as her word.

At this moment the servant entered with a card. Mrs. Rodney picked it from the tray with the air of a Niobe gathering a further harvest of tears. "Rev. Arthur Kimball," she observed despairingly. "I did not know he was back from Europe. We must see him, I suppose. You can show him in, Williams.

"This is a very appropriate time for a parson to call, when a family is prostrated with grief over the loss of a near relative of fortune and of title," said Uncle Josiah, with placid sarcasm.

Rev. Arthur Kimball was a fashionable pastor, whom Mrs. Rodney respected as such. He was this somewhat despite himself, for he was not a half bad sort. His favorite way of spending his vacation was to go to Switzerland and climb the most inaccessible mountains there. He had just returned from one of these athletic outings. Between him and Miss Rodney there was a warm bond of sympathy, based on their devotion to physical development.

After some preliminary small talk and inquiry about friends Miss Rodney said:

"Well, what Alp have you conquered this year, Dr. Kimball? I suppose you will soon be driven to the Himalayas for your vacation. Switzerland will be a sucked orange."

"After this summer I almost feel as if it were," replied the clergyman cheerfully. "I did the Matterhorn this year. It still has the credit of being something fit for a climber to vanquish. Of course the old time glamour of its sharp crest when the guides themselves used to wag their heads and tell weird tales about the unseen horrors that cling to its top is done away with. Too many have shinned up this slippery needle of the Alps. But it is tug enough still to be something to boast of. As an Englishman, a member of the Alpine club, said to me this summer, 'Mont Blanc is inglorious today. Little boys and girls take a promenade to its top as kindergarten play at mountain climbing.' But it must have been a glorious moment for Whymper when he planted the first pair of human feet on the virginal peak of the Matterhorn! The trip must have been a melancholy memory, however, for the vanquished spirit of that hitherto unscaled eyrie seemed to wreak revenge on this intrusion of man. You know four of the party were lost on that first ascent. Whymper was the only one of the climbers, except two of the guides, who retraced his steps after the victorious climb. I am happy to state that one of this first party to reach the top was, like myself, a clergyman."

"And is it really so difficult?" asked Miss Rodney eagerly.

"I don't think there can be any doubt of its difficulty," said Dr. Kimball, with a dry smile. "It is a tough climb, and I have made many. The Zinal-Rothhorn was a corker, I thought, although I found a gray haired woman at the table d'hote at Zermatt who had done it a few years before and was not very boastful about it. A man who had never climbed attempted this peak and did it, although the guides had to simply transport him over the icy and shelving parts of the rocky ledges. There are plenty of peaks to practice on. But it is the most glorious feeling in the world to scratch your way, like a hardy insect, up the rough, haughty peaks that nature seems to have reared as a defiance to the passage of man," concluded Dr. Kimball as he rose to go. "I see from your looks that you are keeping up your own outdoor exercise, Miss Rodney. That is right."

"Yes, but bicycling and even following the hounds seem tame compared to scaling the Matterhorn," replied the girl, with an amusing note of regret in her voice.

"Women have to admit a man's superiority in some things, don't they?" remarked Uncle Gardner, when Dr. Kimball had retired. "Here's a small, not overmuscular parson who can climb the Matterhorn! Women have to shrink into their petticoats over that."

"Two women have done it without 'shrinking into their petticoats,' as you so elegantly put it," retorted his niece, slightly nettled at the old man's gratuitous gibe.

"That must make it all the harder for the poor women folk, who have to content themselves with small exploits, like riding a wheel or playing tennis," returned the determined old man. "I should think you would want to climb the Matterhorn."

"Oh, I dare say I may some day," replied Miss Rodney carelessly. "I have not a doubt that I could."

"I'll bet you $100,000 you couldn't do it," grunted the old man contemptuously.

"It's not as easy, of course, as wagering $100,000 when you wouldn't really and seriously wager a penny on it."

The two were alone. Mrs. Rodney and the subservient Rose had retired as soon as Dr. Kimball left.

The old man looked at her with a cold gleam in his eye.

"Look here," he said after a moment of this steadfast gaze at the resolute figure of his niece. "You've done a good thing in treating your Aunt Matilda's low proposition with perfect contempt. Of course you may relent later on, but it was the spirit of an American girl that made you fire up as you did at the first flush. It's the only spirit of the kind in the family, and I think it should be encouraged. You think I am own brother to Matilda for meanness, simply because I don't pay for every silly extravagance of your mother and you girls; but I ain't, and I'll prove it to you."

Uncle Gardner was a little excited, an unusual thing for him to be. He went on as Miss Rodney made no remark, though she was attentive enough now.

"When I die, I hope you think I mean to do the fair thing by you and the others. I don't believe in giving a kick at your relatives from your coffin," said the old man. "Now, if you scale the Matterhorn within six months I'll put by stocks and things that will let you have an income of ten thousand a year. I don't believe you can do it," he added spitefully, "and I'll show that I don't by making this offer."

"Do you mean this?" cried Miss Rodney, springing to her feet. She was undeniably excited.

"I generally mean what I say, don't I?" replied her uncle shortly.

"Then write it down in so many words and let somebody witness it, and I will climb that Matterhorn if it kills me. If other women have, I know I can."

The old man was opposed to this, but his niece worked on his pride and temper until he drew up this proposition in writing, and it was duly witnessed. Miss Rodney took it with a proud air of triumph.

"I don't know what can have induced you to make such a heavenly offer," she said, "except that you are so sure I can never do it. But I will, Uncle Josiah Gardner, and I thank you for doing it, no matter what your object was. If I do succeed and get this money from you, I really believe I shall love you!"

"Well, don't begin any sooner than necessary," said her caustic relative. "I shouldn't know what to do with a kissing, 'dear uncle'-ing kind of a niece."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Glovemaking Animals.

Among the more popular materials used in modern glovemaking are kid, lamb, buck, doe and dog skins. The kids are specially reared for the use of their hides. They are all kept in pens, and thus are prevented from injuring their skins against hedges, palings or rocks. They are fed only with milk, so as to preserve the quality of the hide, which becomes very delicate, and, naturally, more valuable. At one time Senator Mackay of Nevada conceived the idea of buying up all the goats in the world, so as to obtain a monopoly of kid leather, but the scheme did not flourish. Following closely upon this was a plan projected by several French capitalists to catch all the rats in Chicago and establish a preserve which would supply the French glovemakers with ratskins to be converted into "kid" gloves.—Frank H. Vizetelly in Woman's Home Companion.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

The vineyards of Italy cover nearly 8,000,000 acres.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado

BY OLIVER LIPPINCOTT

COPYRIGHTED 1900, BY OLIVER LIPPINCOTT.

Majesty, sublimity, mystery are all enshrined in that deepest of all deep earthly abysses, that most stupendous of all stupendous gorges, that most wonderful of all wonderful waterways —the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Artists have tried to paint its resplendent glories; architects have sought to reproduce its majestic structures; word jugglers have surpassed themselves in their skillful handling of words to convey impressions of its sublime astonishments; photographers have wasted their plates in their vain attempts to compel the sun to pictorialize the bewildering combinations of color, sculpturing, atmosphere and distance that comprise the Grand Canyon.

Years of study, thought, experiment, failure and comparative success led me, at last, to the overlooking "rim" of the canyon with the determination to conquer the Sun's reluctance to transfer to sensitive plate, and from thence to sensitized paper the tout ensemble that awes, charms and thrills all who behold it.

One "feels" the canyon long before he reaches it. The simple dignity of the San Francisco peaks is a preparation for it—the prodigal coloring of the Painted Desert a foretaste of its richness. The San Franciscos are three sublime peaks—Humphreys, Agassiz and Fremont — three well-known names. The first, denoting the highest peak, named by Lieut. Wheeler, in 1871, after Brig.-Gen. A. A. Humphreys, who was Chief of Engineers at that time; Agassiz after the great scientist, and Fremont after the gallant and heroic "Pathfinder." Names to conjure with as we thread our way past the old Mormon "Fort Moroni," and in and out of the wrinkles Time has worn upon these ancient hills, down the north side of the mountain to the stopping-place at Cedar Ranch. Through pine forests, past groves of quaking aspen, catching a glimpse, now and then, of a flock of wild turkeys, up hill and down, but mostly down, travel is a delight and joy.

Lunch at Cedar Ranch and, with a change of horses, we are off. Now we are in the very heart of the Painted Desert. To the left is "Red Butte." Behind us are the snowclad San Francisco peaks. To the left and in our rear, is Bill Williams Mountain, while nearer, to the right, is that singular volcanic peak, which, always having a peach-bloom summit, appears to be clothed in sunset hues, no matter what condition of the atmosphere or the state of the weather may be. Old pioneers for years wondered over the mystery of "Sunset Peak," as they called it. It became a noted subject for discussion, and for many years was the topic of many a campfire wrangle. Determined to find out its secret, one man made the ascent and found the "glow" was caused by the extreme redness of the rock which now lines the "rim" of this ancient crater. The landscape about the San Francisco range is wonderful. Here is a region of red—dark red, light red, chocolate, pink, maroon and every other shade. Sandstones, oxydized and thus colored, according to the mineral substances which entered into the original composition of the rocks. Then there are the grays—delicate and subdued tints—in the volcanic ash, and the greens and the blues of the porphyries and slates, and these in infinite variety. So that when one gets above this wild carnival of color, with its splashes and dashes and overflows and walls and towers and mountains, all gayly decked out in vivid colors and tender shades or in dense black or pure white, he feels he is in an enchanted land, reveling in a new experience, enjoying, as if real, a most delightful dream.

Leaving the Painted Desert we enter Coconino forest. Pines, firs, spruces, quaking aspen, cottonwood, live oaks, junipers and buck brush. What a contrast with our generally recognized notion of Arizona! Grass also in plenty—the fine black gramma, and the rich though coarse buffalo and bunch grass. Glades like the parks of an English nobleman, dells in the heart of the trees, and only tiny streamlets are needed to make this portion of the trip ideal. There are the deer, wild and shy of course, but we now and again get good glimpses of herds of them, as well as a sight of a single animal, which intently grazing, has become separated from its fellows.

It is only when we get near to the hotel itself, near the Canyon's brink, that we form any conception of the magnitude and grandeur of the forest. Miles and miles and miles of tree tops, a perfect ocean of foliage, extending far away to the east apparently to the faint wall of rich color which we know is on the other side of the Little Colorado River. To the right is Coconino Point—this side of it is forest, the other side a portion of the dreariest, deadest desert the United States can anywhere show. Few people can conceive the horror of this dead region.

Leaving this enchanting forest we spin down the last steep hill into camp in time for dinner. In five minutes we are standing on "Chimney Rock," a vast cherty limestone pillar, six hundred feet high, catching the glorious tree silhouette against the fiery opal sky, whose clouds are melted into liquid fire, with sapphire, carmine, orange and pink glory all around.

Below us, and far away in the sunset fire, shadowy outlines of forms grand, majestic and bewildering are dimly revealed to us. But the black darkness goes deep and far. There is no light there. This is the place of blackness and despair,—the abode of the lost. Did Dante ever have an imaginative conception of such an abode? What a frightful hell he could have portrayed had he seen this deepest of deep blacknesses after sunset! Did Milton ever grasp so awful a profundity? Did Dore ever conceive so frightful a place? Nay! Conceptions, imaginings, dreamings, each and all fail and dwarf and hide their insignificance in the presence of this awful reality.

Above us in the sky are the wild prodigalities of color that make a Turner possible, and make us wonder at the smallness of man's highest achievements in color; and below us are depths of darkness, despair, blackness and mystery that bring a vivid hell before us, yawning at our feet, as if hungering, not for the souls but the bodies of men.

Awed into silence, feeling our own insignificance in so vast a presence, we retire to our tents. Hovered over by the piercingly brilliant stars, soothed by the gentle murmur of the hovering pines, solemnized by the near presence of that awful mysterious deep, we lie awake—thinking, brooding, wondering.

Now and again there comes to our ears the faint sound of the rapid river, raging six thousand feet below us, and seven miles away, telling to the granite walls, which echo it to the marbles and sandstones and limestones above, that it hates their confinement. It is mad in its wild desire to get out into the open—free from these overhanging and awful cliffs, away from the rough, cruel jaggednesses of the merciless granite. Wearied at last with the vanity of our thoughts in the presence of such sublimity, we sleep.

Morning's glory filled the great canyon with its lights and shadows, and fairly made the monster alive. Here were no dead, lifeless rocks, but active, living, volitional presences, which beat and pulsated and moved in response to the vivifying power of the mighty sun. But it is a weird, appalling thing at first sight. It is like nothing ever seen before. It cannot be compared. One may roam in the Scotch Trossachs, or climb the hills of Wales, struggle over the Apennines and the Pyrenees, tramp over the Balkan, the Ural, the Caucasus or the Taurus ranges, reach the highest summits of the Alps, the Rockies, the Andes or the Himalayas; he may explore their canyons, ravines and gorges; then wander into the mysterious deserts, or sail down the longest rivers, penetrate to the heart of the deepest forests, and after it all bring back no point of comparison with the Grand Canyon. The Himalayas are the Rockies and the Alps combined. The Trossachs find many similarities in the Balkans. The deserts of Arabia are strangely similar, in some points, to the Colorado Desert, but everything that he has seen before does not enable him to comprehend and enjoy at first glance the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. It shocks one's sense of color, for it is so prodigal in the glaring colors; it seems daring, bold, dazzling, unrefined. Then too, its architecture is so new, so novel, so singular, so remarkably diverse from all the conceptions that man has dotted the earth with during his historic occupancy of the earth in five continents. Neither is this a canyon of the accepted type. Here is canyon piled upon canyon, each one wider than the one below. At the far away bottom, making a hard, rough channel for the discontented river, is the granite, the crystalline mica schist, and other archaean rocks. Where the water flows the gorge is from two to three hundred feet wide, opening its steep walls until at the top, 2000 feet perhaps above the river, they are 1000 to 2000 feet in width. This is the "inner gorge"—this granite channel for the river.

These innovations upon one's preconceived notions are overpowering, bewildering and sometimes disastrous, for they lead an impulsive mind to wrong conclusions. They must be known ere they can be appreciated, and only study and familiarity can bring knowledge. Little by little those wild capricious, and apparently inharmonious colors come to have a dignity and power all their own, and, as the sunlight and shade play upon them and the rich purple atmosphere combines with clouds and fogs and sunrises and sunsets, there come tenderness, exquisite melodies and harmonies of colors, as soothing and quieting to one's sight as is a mother's crooning to her weary babe. It is the same with the apparent extravagances in form. We have Egyptian, Hindoo, Tartarian, Grecian, Roman, Gothic, Florentine architecture, but here are models for a score of new schools, each one distinctive, impressive, grand, beautiful. After one has learned the meaning of the Permian buttes, the facades of the vermillion cliffs, the panels and niches of the furassic, the pinnacles and towers surmounting the amphitheaters of the upper limestones, he is as charmed with them and as delighted to recognize their distinctive features as is the votary of Shiva to see the pagoda of his deity in a strange city, or the worshiper of Lincoln Cathedral to gaze for the first time upon Cologne or Milan.

What a revelation the Grand Canyon is to the geological student. It is the Stone Book of Creation—opened for us to read, page by page, its fascinating history. On the opposite wall we can trace the creative processes, exactly as we know they are outlined underneath us. Both sides practically conform to each other. Not that they would "join" evenly if some gigantic power could bring them together, but the upper stratum on one side corresponds in every particular with the upper stratum of the other. And so on all the way down. Beginning at the top is a cherty limestone some two hundred and forty feet in thickness. This is full of peculiar nodules, as is the upper Aubrey limestone below, which is three hundred and twenty feet in thickness. These nodules are each enclosed in a matrix, mainly calcareous, and as the strata are exposed by the weather the matrices are destroyed or opened, and the nodules dissolved out of them, fall down the cliffs and add to the already vast amount of talus below. It is from these two upper limestones that the towers and pinnacles of the Canyon's "rim" are carved, that help give so distinctive a character to this part of the Canyon. Nowhere else in the whole region are such wonderful buttes to be seen as rear their proud heights here. Below the limestones there are about three hundred and eighty feet of cross-bedded sandstone, as adamantine a rock as can be found in the world. This is generally found in precipitous walls, seldom, if ever, breaking down and forming slopes of talus as do the other rocks that form the series. Underneath come about a thousand feet of the lower Aubrey sandstones, made up of many separate and distinct beds. This series forms the complete group of the main upper wall of the chasm. Then the walls narrow until the inner wall of the main chasm is reached. The topmost member of the series here is a red wall of sandstone, four hundred feet thick, followed by another red wall of limestone, fifteen hundred feet thick. Below these, in turn, come five hundred and fifty feet of carboniferous sandstone and one hundred and eighty feet of quarzite base of carboniferous, and this completes the order of the stratified rocks. Then, in the archaean, flows the river, forming the real "inner gorge."

Each of these stratas of rock has not only its own distinctive form, but its own distinctive color. The summit strata are pale gray, with a faint yellowish cast. Beneath them the cross-bedded sandstone appears showing a mottled surface of pale pinkish hue. The lower Aubrey sandstones, with their thousand feet, are an intensely brilliant red, masked here and there by the talus from the cherty limestone above. Then appear the nearly three thousand feet of red wall sandstones and limestones which give the keynote to the color scheme of the canyon. It is a peculiar blueish-red, not so striking as the brilliant reds of the Aubrey sandstones, but equally powerful and effective, and, being in so much greater proportion, overbalance, in effect, the more fiery properties of its upper neighbors. Then come the deep browns of the lower carboniferous and these practically complete the color gamut, for, though there are iron blacks in the inner gorge below, these are so narrowed that they are not generally perceptible from the upper "rim."

Across the river is the main wall of the Canyon, ten to fifteen miles away, crowned with the glorious pines which make the northern side, upon the heights of the Kalbak Plateau, a perfect paradise for the hunter, the lover of solitude and the woodsman. To the left are the three castles; below them, still to the left, is the plateau at the base of the lower Aubrey sandstones and crowning the upper red wall sandstone. If one could only walk out on this plateau, nearly two thousand feet below, and thus stand in the very heart of the Canyon, what an extended outlook he would have. Views in every direction—up, down, out and around. And yet, he would find still another plateau below him. To the right is Ayer's Peak, so named after the wife of Edward E. Ayer, now of Chicago, the first white woman who was venturesome enough to dare the descent to the river.

The old trial winds, zigzags and meanders as best it can between Ayer's Peak and the Three Castles until it reaches the granite and the river. It is a misfortune that the trail now used is three miles further to the east, for it goes down a far less picturesque portion of the Canyon and fails to reach the granite.

Ayer's Peak is a wondrous mountain of stone, between five and six thousand feet high, with its base washed by the Colorado River. Almost as high a mountain as Mt. Washington overlooking the Atlantic, or Mount Lowe gazing on the Pacific, and yet it is merely one great butte or pagoda among a score such, standing between the outer banks of this deeply imbedded river.

As we ride on to Moran's Point, and

beyond, we obtain a new view of Ayer's Peak, with a hugh splinter of the limestone split off from Bissell's Point to the right. Across the canyon is Cape Final, the terminating point of the great Kaibak Plateau, and denoting the beginning of the Grand Canyon proper; the end of Marble Canyon and the point of entrance of the Colorado Chiquito, or Little Colorado. This is commonly, but erroneously pointed out as Point Sublime, which is fully forty-five miles further to the southwest, and a promontory of an entirely different character, and overlooking entirely different scenery.

From Bissell's Point, Cape Final definitely betokens the reason for its name, and the eye no longer gazes upon a long, unbroken, though wonderfully diversified wall. It rests upon buttes and towers, domes and pinnacles and pagodas innumerable., each with a distinct character, with a clear and bold profile. Each is as unmistakable as is Castle Angelo from Grotto's Tower. It is the number of these buttes and the falling away of the mural background, allowing many of them to be outlined against the sky, that gives to the view from Moran's Point and Bissell's Point its chief charm. For these are not, by any means, the best points of vantage from which to see the Canyon, as all students of its scenery have long known. But the very features that detract from its majesty and grandeur to the student, the loss of the Kaibak wall, the non-appearance of the granite and the opening up of the Canyon by the inwash of the Little Colorado, are points of excellence to the casual observer, who has neither time nor inclination to desire more than the most superficial knowledge. After many years' study of the Canyon I fully agree with the distinguished T. Mitchell Prudden who states in an article written by him for Harper's magazine that the most impressive and comprehensive view is to be obtained from Sentinel Point, almost opposite Point Sublime, and near the head of the Mystic Spring's trail, some forty-five miles west of Cape Final.

Retracing our steps we descend the trail, at the rear of Ayer's Peak, some two thousand feet and take our final views.

Looking across to the opposite wall and upwards the chief feature is a noble, majestic and stately tower which dominates and controls all the other buttes and pinnacles of the Canyon round about. This, named after Major J. W. Powell, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology and formerly Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, —Powell's Temple, a naming I heartily concur in, for whose name should be inscribed upon the salient features of this Canyon if not that of the man whose enthusiasm made its exploration possible, and whose dauntless energy and heroic daring carried the plan of navigating this unknown and dangerous river from Green River in Wyoming to the deserts of California through to a successful issue, and thus made its marvels and wonders known to the world.

Powell's Temple is a sublime structure, and it matters not which trail one descends, from "Tanner's" on the east, near the Little Colorado, to the "Grand View" on the west, wherever there is an open space for one to look out and up, this temple at once compels the attention.

Immediately before us, seemingly almost at our feet, but miles away, the red wall limestone and lower carboniferous show a decided "tilt" to the northeast. It continues in the same strata across the river on the Red Canyon trail—wrongfully called the New Hance Trail—it is a very marked feature of the left wall on the inner chasm. To the right, the towers and buttes beyond Cape Final stand forth boldly and prominently, and almost equally impressive, though not so closely massed together, the towers to the left are clearly outlined against the sky. The trees that crown the Kaibak are in sight to the unaided eye.

Of the descent to the river nothing need be said, nor of the surprise we felt when a fierce hailstorm beat upon us out of a clear sky. The main purport of this article was to show that modern photography is slowly mastering the problems of the past, and that the hitherto unattainable is now within our reach.

THE CAVE OF AVARICE.

By OLINTON ROSS.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

How I came to Corpus Christi in Sonora I need not tell, and I am glad I need not, for it is at the best a shameful story. Yet there I fancied I could put my past away. I was sure those I had wronged would not follow so far, and I felt safe—if a man can be safe from his memories, for memories now and then would come, would bother. Then I longed for money with which to make restitution with a hurried desire, for what I had left was but a pittance to keep me for many years in this simple Mexican village. I had lost most that I had stolen in many ventures, taken in the vain hope.

Have you ever been in Mexico? Can you imagine that village far away over the border—its long sunny street between the adobe houses; its listless folk, with more of the Indian than the Spaniard. High above on both sides were the street scattered slopes of the mountains, and a quarter mile up the valley on a rounded hill stood the old monastery of Corpus Christi, builded, it was said, by a generation that had known Montezuma. Who knows? Perhaps the monks did—these few brown cowled brothers, the survivors of the great order. As I sat idly smoking I wondered at them, thinking how much easier a monastery might have been for me.

I myself did not make the acquaintance of the monks. The villagers sometimes chatted with me. I knew all the affairs of my fat landlady and her black eyed daughter, about whom three young fellows were passionate. These folk had been curious when I had appeared on donkey back from over the slope. But habit stifles curiosity, and I lived on almost the sole guest of the old inn, for the mountain village was out of the way of travel. Centuries had passed since it had been a station on the route to the now long abandoned silver mines of the mountains, and days and months passed for me as they will in such an out of the way place, where the events and talk of the world seem of no moment, and, as I say, I longed with an ever increasing desire for all I had frittered away—honor and position and love I had lost in the New England town, where the winters might be bitter and the summers fierce, but where the old habit of my Anglo-Saxon blood called. Ah, if I only had money to repair that wrong! For gold I longed, and of its potentiality I dreamed.

I had been at Corpus Christi a year before the two who were to be my comrades appeared. One—I knew him as John Fenton—was a little clerkly, bookish man with a certain fright always in his sunken eyes, yet plainly a man of gentle breeding. The other, who called himself Dorden, was his antithesis, a burly, red faced, oath flinging bravo. What interests, I wondered, did they have in common? But I did not dare ask them of their past, of their bond of union, lest they should ask of mine. Possibly they had the same reason, for they never inquired. We knew that we belonged somewhere over the border. Isolation and the same conditions of past make strange companionship. In desperation—among these simple village folk—I struck up a friendship with Dorden. Many a sunny day we passed in the shaded court of the inn, playing gloomily with a greasy pack Dorden had. On one thing we agreed—we wanted money. That alone would repair the cloak of respectability we had worn threadbare.

As we talked little Fenton would smile gloomily and would disappear up the slope to the monastery, for he strangely had made an acquaintance there, and every day he would return with a pile of old manuscripts from the library of the place, records—forgotten by scholars—of the early history of Sonora. Then Dorden let drop the only remark he ever had about the pasts of either. Fenton was a scholar, a linguist who had been a tutor at a New England college. Again I wondered what had brought together these two so dissimilar.

One evening—ah, I never may forget it!—we were sitting by flickering candles in my room, Dorden and I, at our gaming, and Fenton reading a manuscript he had brought that day from the monastery. The monks, an illiterate lot, did not care or note their treasures of the time when Spain was great and her venturesome gentlemen were about these far mountains—seeking gold and its power. Possibly these brothers of Corpus Christi wondered at this pale, little faced man who amused his exile with papers that to them had no value, for, as I have said, scholarship had died in that cloister.

"If it were so," said Fenton, looking at us suddenly.

"Eh, what's so, Bob?" said Dorden.

"That Miguel Santos left his treasure in the mountains back from Corpus Christi."

"Stop your foolish lingo," said Dorden. "No such luck."

"Luck!" said I wearily, maligning my own.

"Listen," said the little man, whose past I say I wondered at, and he read:

"In those days the governor ruled Sonora not so much as Miguel Santos. Nay, Santos laid tribute of the governor and of all who passed, and Miguel Santos' wealth was great beyond imagination. Yet every piece of gold, they say, was blood stained!"

"There are others," said Dorden, dealing the cards.

"Listen," said the other rather eagerly.

"But in his old age remorse seized Santos, and he retired into the monastery of Corpus Christi, where he led in every respect a saintly life—save in the single one that he made no restitution. To this day the treasure is hid in the mountains—wealth greater than all the king of Spain ever had from Peru."

"Eh," said Dorden, "I wish I'd it. It's something, Bob, to know as much as you about languages."

But Fenton looked at us both as if he knew still more. From the table he took a piece of yellowed parchment and held it against the candle.

"He seems to have been," said Dorden, "a sort of Cap'n Kidd. I s'pose they've been diggin and diggin in 'em mountains."

"Wait," said Fenton quietly. "Up there in the library of Corpus Christi there's a pile of ancient manuscripts that no one seems to care at all about —the account books of forgotten abbots, things of no earthly use except to the antiquarian or the historian. But they've amused me."

"You fellows 're easily amused with 'em books," said Dorden. "Now, I'd rather see a Sunday New York paper, with the murders and divorces and politics."

"Well," said Fenton, "I hadn't, you know. So I've found some fun up there nosing about. I've almost been able to forget."

"You're chicken livered," said Dorden.

"Well, I wish I'd money."

"We'd go back, eh, and buy up somebody," said Dorden. "We'd have a house on Fifth avenue and another at Newport, and we'd run horses at Sheepshead, and we'd have our wives' and darters' dresses and diamonds all listed in the papers."

"Shut up," said Fenton. "Don't talk about wives and daughters!"

"He's a bit ticklish on some subjects," said Dorden. "Well, go on with your yarn, little un."

"Well," said Fenton, "I said to myself, if this Miguel Santos became a monk at Corpus Christi there's probably somewhere or other about this pile of papers something more about him. Finally I came to some papers of the Abbot Pedro Juan. I knew he was the

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

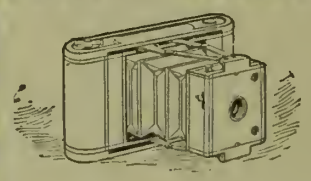
AMUSEMENTS.

Los Angeles Theatre C. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, Lessees
SPECIAL EASTER SUNDAY NIGHT — WELCOME TO THE
FRAWLEY COMPANY
All the Old Favorites and several new members. Bigger, Better, Stronger than ever
April 15, 16, 17, 18 — "AN UNCONVENTIONAL HONEYMOON."
April 19, 20 and 21 — "THE CHARITY BALL."
SEATS NOW ON SALE POPULAR PRICES: 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

Simpsom Auditorium Evening of April 23 Afternoon of April 25
Management J. T. FITZGERALD
Petschnikoff & Hambourg The world's greatest master musicians, assisted by Aime Lachaume. Subscription list now open at FITZGERALD'S, 113 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. Subscribe now if you want good seats. Prices, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00.

Sperrys Flour
THE BEST MANUFACTURED ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

CASH WALL PAPER SALE
COMPARE PRICES.
Ingrains, 7½c roll. White Blank, 5c. 25c Gold Paper, 12½c.
3c Moulding, 1½c foot. 5c Moulding, 2½c foot.
One lot the Best Paint, $1.25 to $1.50 gallon.
Big discount on Varnish, etc. Samples Free.
Chicago Wall Paper Co. 433 So. Broadway TEL. BROWN 1903


WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A CAMERA?
Home without a camera is a home incomplete—without a camera you cannot take baby's pictures. Home without a camera is a failure.
We sell all kinds of cameras—Kodaks, Adlake Camera, Premo Cameras, Vives, Poco Cameras, Chase Magazine Cameras—all kinds of cameras at prices to suit your pocketbook.
Fred E. Munsey & Co.,
406 South Broadway, Under Chamber of Commerce.

abbot of Santo's time. So I broke open the seal. Then I found this paper written by the dying Santos."

"You don't say! Who'd have thought it?" Dorden exclaimed.

"I had some trouble in making it out," Fenton went on.

"Well, what of it?" said Dorden. "Does he tell where the money's to be had? We can go back to New York and float a company—the Santos Treasure company, $10,000,000 paid in, a few chances at 50 cents."

"Listen, you fool," said Fenton eagerly. "Here is what is written:

"I, the monk Ambroso, once Miguel Santos, do confess: When I am 70, and in security, I bethink myself that death cannot be far away. The church declares that the wicked shall be burned forever. If that be indeed true—and no man ever came back to deny it—it behooves me to prepare. I have thought me of the treasure I gained evilly. Should I restore it to those whence I had taken? But the lust for gold makes more crime than the lust for woman. It has seemed to me, then, that I should put this treasure away where no man should find it. I know now my sin. I could not part with that which has cost me so much—perhaps even my soul. To the cave of the underground river I had the casks carried. Then I had a wall built 20 rods from the cave's entrance, and I walled the treasure there against the roar of the stream that sees no light. Twenty men worked at this, and I watched, leaving a guard down the slope. In the wall is an iron door, which opens if you touch it at a certain spot. When the work was done, I gave the laborers poison, and in the morning all lay dead. (God rest my soul!) One by one I took the bodies"—

"He took the bodies!" said Dorden, leaning over. "All that stuff is buried up in 'em mountains!"

"I took the bodies through the door in the wall to the cliff over the underground river and dropped them in one by one. Then I returned to my followers, who guarded below, saying I had sent the other score into Chihuahua. And then I discharged all and came down the mountain to the monastery, and to the abbot I said: 'I would repent me of my sins!' 'First,' he answered, 'thou must give all thy treasure to mother church.' Then I lied and told him I had squandered it all.

"I said to myself that 'for one who has committed so many sins the death of 20 men and the lie to the abbot cannot add to the burden.' For from that time on I should lead me a life of prayer, of repentance. So in truth have I tried to live save twice a year, when I have visited the cave of the river. Then I have gloated over the coffers on the cliff in the cave. Then voices have come up from the river and said, 'Accursed, accursed!' Yea, accursed is it. May it curse some other as it has me; any monk or man who may find it.

"Here the writing stops," Fenton said. "But there is one line more in another hand:

"The devil has the soul of him who was known to the world as Miguel Santos."

"What a fool that old chap was, anyway!" said Dorden. "With all that money he might have had a time fit for a king without botherin himself about the hereafter."

"With all that money," I said. "Do you suppose it's there now?"

"Do you s'pose it is? It fairly makes my mouth water," Dorden observed.

"If it were there!" said the pale faced Fenton. "I've given up so much—to get money."

"No more than I," said Dorden.

"No more than I," said I.

But I was watching the yellowed parchment which Dorden was holding, as I have said, low over the candle. Black lines were appearing there. I gasped as I saw them. Was this that old secret? Had he written it on the back of the confession? Should we know it, then? Should we get the gold with which I might make my restitution?

"The paper's back, Fenton!" I cried.

Fenton turned the paper, scared, while Dorden sent the greasy pack scattering.

"Read it—for God's sake, read it! Can you?"

Fenton read in a low voice:

"As thou followest the disused road to the silver mine thou wilt come about five Spanish miles to a projecting rock. Going to the western side of the rock, pace due west 50 yards, which will bring thee against the clump of bushes by the cliff side. Under these thou wilt find the opening of the cave. Push the upper hand corner of the iron door, and it will swing open, and thou wilt be cursed as was Miguel Santos."

"It's gospel truth, then," said Dorden.

"That he was cursed!" said Fenton, starting.

"Blank the curse!" Dorden replied. "That treasure is there!"

"Yes, it may be there," said Fenton, rising.

"But the old road the fellow speaks of," Dorden said. "Haven't you read of it in 'em papers?"

"It is the path to the left of the monastery," said Fenton.

"We'll go there at sunrise, then," said Dorden, rising. "We'll divide."

"If it's true," said I.

"It's got to be true," Dorden retorted. "My luck has got to change some time."

Fenton sat there, the sweat pouring from his pale face.

"You poor limp fool," Dorden said contemptuously. "Now, the first thing is for us to go to bed."

He seemed to direct us like a captain, and we readily allowed him the leadership. Yet I fancied something dangerous in his eyes, and I remember that after I was in bed I arose and bolted my door. What if the dream were not a dream? Aye, what if we should find that treasure? And then my dream maddened me, and I tossed till the sun came over the mountain top—the mountain perhaps of the cave of the river.

We started out after breakfast stealthily, as if we were on some thievish errand. The manner of thieves seemed to fall to us easily.

At first the search promised well, for the old road by the monastery was a marvelous piece of engineering for its day and time. Nature, so forceful in Mexico after all the years, had not destroyed man's work. So anxiously we followed that splendid and forgotten way, which reminded us of nothing so much as of an old Roman road such as you may see along the Mediterranean or the Adriatic. Countless treasure perhaps had been dragged over it in the old days before the mine to which it led had been abandoned. Yes, it told of old interests, old passions. On we went doggedly through the thick growth, no one of us with a word, mutely following Dorden's lead. Two hours must have passed—the growth made it tediously slow—before at last we saw the high projecting rock. Yes, the rock then existed! My heart beat uproariously, and I knew how my companions felt from the pallor even Dorden displayed. From the western side, at the center of the rock's base, he began to pace.

"One, two"—

Fenton and I followed. Yes, there was the sheer face of the cliff and the thick trees and bushes at its foot. We stumbled on over the layers of rotting trunks and leaves. A snake, so deadly in Sonora, ran out before him, yet Dorden persisted, and again we were favored, for we came directly, with scarcely an error, on the opening. Dorden had brought a machete and now proceeded to cut the bushes away, and then we heard a low, distant rumble as of subdued thunder.

"The river!" Fenton cried at this repeated evidence. But what we saw was more encouraging, for the cave stopped at about 20 feet. It was walled by masonry, lichen covered. A hundred wriggling creatures were on the surface. But here was indeed what Miguel Santos, dead a full century and a half, had promised, and there was the iron door, rusted and discolored, so that we wondered if indeed it would answer to the pressure on the upper left hand corner, wondered if in all the years the treasure had not been taken. Again it was Dorden making the trial, while we stood waiting. The road to riches—to the cave of Santos' avarice—seemed easy indeed.

The air that swept our faces was singularly fresh and sweet, due to the waters that we heard now in a deafening roar. Then the rush of air seemed to stop. Dorden had no difficulty in lighting the candle, which gave a feeble glare in the vast place.

"Careful," he said as he advanced, and we saw we were on the edge of a vast precipice, with the undistinguishable mass of the roaring river far, far below. We all three turned about, our faces blanching, and then a strange thing occurred. A pale white light began to be diffused. I could not account for it then, though now I understand that the shifting sun had reached some opening along the course of that underground river. It was a vast stream indeed, a sheer fall of many hundred feet, as we now were able to see. The farther shore we could not tell in that half light. Now it had become almost like early twilight. But it seemed to me as broad as the Hudson. Whence did it come and whither were those waters carried in their mad whirl? But I was interrupted by Dorden's cry. He was pointing toward a projecting cliff, which hung out far over the water. It was approached by a narrow neck, so that it formed a peninsula jutting into the air above the roaring waters. The space might have had a diameter of 50 feet. But what we saw astounded us even in our expectations, now raised by the success of every step of the search. On this space were above a score of iron chests, their lids all opened, revealing in the increasing light the sheen of diamonds, the blue and green of sapphires and the glow of rubies. They lay there beckoning, as Miguel Santos had left them. From many of the chests was the absorbing yellow glare of golden coins, so many that in the moment we could not calculate their number. Yet we knew that here was wealth such as Crœsus' incalculable riches of gold and precious stones. But why had they been put on that jutting rock? I questioned.

I don't believe the others even questioned. Now that we could see quite plainly Dorden cast the candle down into the depths and almost ran toward the treasure. I saw him dizzily rushing along the narrow passage and kneeling before one of the chests and crying out like a maniac. Fenton was close behind him, gloating over the jewels. As I followed he picked from one of the chests a piece of manuscript.

"What is this?" he said, holding it up, for the light now was strong enough for us to read by it.

"More of Santos' words!" he added.

"Look at the gold, not papers!" Dorden cried. But the instinct of the scholar mastered Fenton even in that moment.

"Miguel Santos' writing," he said, and slowly he rendered:

"Gold thou comest by dishonestly shalt curse thee always, for sin must be penance. Fool, thou shalt perish with thy gold and thy precious stones. The punishment of God on the miser is that he shall not keep what he gloats on."

"Fool!" came Dorden's voice, hissing over our shoulders. I looked at him almost fearfully, for there was a maddish glare in his eyes. Suddenly, like a fiend, he threw himself on us both. "It shall be mine," he cried, "only mine!" The onslaught carried us all three near the edge, Fenton and I struggling to hold him back. In some way—God knows how—I disentangled myself and turned just at the edge. My companions were not there, but from afar was a little splash, while a voice cried out in horrid despair. It indeed may have been my strained imagination, and yet indeed it may have been Dorden's.

"Cursed! Cursed!" came that fearsome cry. Fearsome, I say, for I was fleeing. I was across the narrow passage, and as I reached the firmer earth I heard a great crunching and crumbling behind. Awed even in my fear, I looked about. The air seemed to be filled with flying coins and jewels, sending out yellow and red, blue and green flashes, and then the earth gave way, that great crag sank, and a moment—yes, it might have been a moment, but it seemed to me a tediously horrible day—there came a mighty splash, and a spray struck my face, even where I stood, so far above the surface of that great river which begins and ends in the bowels of the earth. Its bottom at this point you may find, should you examine, strewn with old Spanish coins and jewels, and perhaps with the bones of men. Yet most of that great wealth may have been carried by the forceful current of the river far on under the earth, which gives and takes our riches as she gives and takes our bodies. As for me, I had then no desire to search, nor have I now. Then I turned and ran out of that accursed cave of avarice. Outside the warm Mexican sun beat on me. But I did not dare to return to Corpus Christi. I turned down the other side of the mountain, thinking of the soul of Miguel Santos and those of my two late companions—God help them! For me in the few years left there is penance for my past, and so I have come back into the New England town where my crime was done. As for the riches of the cave of avarice, I would not touch them even for the comfort of restitution to those I robbed. The secret of Miguel Santos shall end with me, for the way to the cave is not as I have described, even should you chance in the village of Corpus Christi, in the state of Sonora.

Turkish Press Censorship.

The censorship is so strictly applied to the Turkish press that it was forbidden to give any account of the murder of the Empress Elizabeth at all resembling the truth. According to the accounts that were allowed to appear, she was taking a walk and was suddenly seized with illness. She fell to the ground, got up again, and again fell unconscious. In half an hour she was dead.

The use of the words anarchist, nihilist, etc., is forbidden, so the newspapers have been saying "disturbers of the peace," "lawless element," etc., but now the censorship has forbidden even these and has required the substitution of "Utopians" and "Utopianism."

In order to maintain the fiction that all north and central Africa, so far as it is Mohammedan, is subject to the sultan of Turkey, it is forbidden to mention the English advance in the Sudan. If anything is said, the names of places must be changed, for the Sudan, Kongo; for Lake Tchad, the lake of Kuka, and for Erythrea, Schoa.

The attention of the public is called to the neat appearance of THE SATURDAY POST which is printed for the Post Publishing Co. by F. BLECH & CO., 258 South Main Street, who are equipped for all kinds of printing.

English Steam Dye Works

T. CAUNCE, Proprietor

Lining and Altering of Ladies' and Gents' Garments. Dry Cleaning of Fine Laces and Organdies a specialty.

Gentlemen's Suits Dry Cleaned, $1.50.

Goods called for and delivered to all parts of the city free of charge.

Phone Black 2731

829 South Spring St.

BRANCH OFFICE

132 West Fifth St., Phone James 2261

.Eucalyptus.

By Abbot Kinney

THE ONLY BOOK published in America on this valuable genus, setting forth the importance of the various species of Eucalyptus as producers of kino oils, timber, fuel, bee feed, for ornament, wind breaks, and the reclamation of waste places, sanitary value, and their frost and drought resistance.

How to plant Eucalyptus with drawings of seedlings; also contains Gray's Botanical Glossary.

This Work is Profusely Illustrated.

PRICES: CLOTH : : : : : : $1.50
PAPER : : : : : : 1.00

Can be purchased from the following Book-stores in Los Angeles:

STOLL & THAYER
OLIVER & HAINES
FOWLER BROS.
C. C. PARKER
B. F. GARDNER

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

The Post Publishing Company

ABBOT KINNEY.

S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,
401-402 STIMSON BUILDING
Telephone Red 756. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, Fifty Cents per Year. Payable in Advance.

On and after May 1st, 1900, $1.00 per Year.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14TH, 1900.

LOBBYISTS AND TRUSTS.

The American Law Review for March-April contains two short, forcible articles. One of these is on the Evils of Lobbying and the other on Trusts. The evils and dangers of lobbying are too well known to need recapitulation. The Review article sets up the following propositions and proposed remedy.

A legislator in city, state or nation occupies a position of trust to the whole people. His position and acts are of the first importance to the welfare of the community. Impartiality is essential to a legislator. He must act in the interest of all and for the best interest of all. His position is in a way similar to that of a judge. Taking up this analogy the Review proposes the same rules for legislators as exist for judges. The rule as to judges is that no secret methods can be used to influence a judge in the decision of a case before the court. No one is permitted to discuss or argue privately with a judge on a case before the Court. Such work must be done in public and in the court. The judge must not be approached or spoken to in private about the cases before him. It is a crime to do it. All of the evidence and all of the arguments upon which a judge decides a case must be presented in court and with due notice to the opposition. There is no such thing in a law court as a final judgment in any case on ex-parte or one-sided evidence or argument. The public can hear and know all that is presented in a case for a court decision. The public in this way is a judge with the judge of the case. The protection to the court of undue influence is by this rule secured and the support of the judge by the people can be intelligent and finally dispassionate with all the facts and reasoning before them. The Review proposes the same rule for legislators. No secret or private approach to legislators allowed. Public presentation of all facts and reasons for or against legislative action to be fully provided for by public sessions of committees. A somewhat similar rule is in force in the English Parliament. There, however, the presentation of legislative matters, and especially of franchises and public concessions, is limited to licensed lobbyists. We are not aware of any corruption-scandals in parliamentary legislation. At the same time it would be best here to give free access to all parties and interests to present their case before legislative committees in public and with due notice. There can be no doubt that such a rule enforced as well as to legislators as the law court rule is as to judges and juries would prevent many of the errors and all of the scandals of our legislative bodies.

The Review article on Trusts and the abuses of monopoly presents the recognized fact that monopoly does now and always has depended for its power and even for its existence on government made privilege. Sometimes such privilege is direct as in bounties, tariffs or franchises, or indirect by subsidiary privileges granted by these government made grantors. Of these latter, freight rebates are a form. The remedy sugested is to remove the artificial government granted privileges. The foundation of monopoly is privilege made and protected by law. Remove the foundation and all the Trust fortresses must fall.

Monopoly out of its castles of privilege has always been incapable of aggression. Monopoly is made by man. Man has only to remove his support and repeal the protective law that creates an artificial condition to destroy monopoly absolutely.

EXCESSIVE TAXATION.

The expansive tendencies of taxation in all parts of the United States have reached a point demanding the serious attention of citizens. The increase of public debt by all our political units from city to nation is accompanied by lavish public expenditures. We find ourselves saddled with more and more officers, more and more boards and commissions, and of higher and higher salaries and add pension on pension, from national soldier to city policeman. Public debt and taxation are increasing in a ratio alarmingly greater than either the growth of wealth or population. There must be a limit set to such a tendency of public expenditure. A continued increase of taxation more rapid than the increase of wealth and population can only end in bankruptcy and disaster. There is no escape from such a result. The citizen must set a limit to public expenditures. That limit must be a safe one for the productive power of the community. Taxation has over and over again passed this limit in human history. Such excess has always ended in National destruction. It cannot end any other way. In discussing taxation it should never be forgotten that the consumer finally pays the tax. As the tax rises the power of consumption diminishes. Then producer and all the middlemen find the markets going and at last gone. The small property owner and the laborer always pay taxes in excess of the ratio of their means to large accumulations. No correction for this condition has been found. The fact that every consumer pays taxes is overlooked by those who do not pay taxes direct to a tax collector. This oversight is the main cause for excessive taxation. The citizen who does not know the taxes he pays is indulgent or indifferent about indirect taxes. The people submit to excessive taxes for waste and extravagance simply because they do not know what a burden they are bearing. Great numbers of people do not realize the taxes they pay or realize that they pay taxes at all. So also the producer, manufacturer and middleman shifting the taxes to the consumer fail to realize the final and inevitable reduction of consuming power which additional cost of produce or service caused by taxes fixes on the consuming masses. The indirect tax is the insidious tempter of public men to waste and extravagance of public funds. We call attention in this connection to an extract from a report by Mr. Roberts, for five years controller of the State of New York, published on another page of this issue.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE.

The most notable thing in the meetings of the Commerce Commission is the absence of championship for either the producer or the consumer. All the disputes are between middleman and middleman or between these and transportation companies. It is rebate vs. rebate; privilege vs. privilege; this city's jobbers vs. that city's jobbers; shippers vs. car lines, and this discrimination vs. that discrimination. A fair deal for the plain citizen does not appear to be an important issue or to be considered at all. Most of the disputants are handicapped by the acceptance of privileges other than those they attack. The tar brush of privilege has blinded many with its blackness. The whole system is decayed and of ill smell. All cities and merchants are finally weakened and injured by these artificial supports. No one seems to seek the entire removal of all opportunity for favoritism. These transportation tariff privileges have removed and changed the reliance of the merchant from his own business energy and enterprise to a reliance on tariff discrimination and legislative or corporate favor. It is an unsound basis for business. "The vested right to do a wrong" should be destroyed in toto. There should be no favors from government or from government made franchises to any man or place.

THE BLOODY GROUND.

Kentucky is standing on the verge of civil war. This crisis has come through the unprincipled work in politics of its great dominating corporation. The farmer, merchant and generally the great body of American citizens can see in Kentucky the imminent danger to property and to personal safety of the political methods inevitable to corporate or Trust control of public business. The Associated Press dispatches have not given a fair or complete picture of the Kentucky situation. The impression on the people is that the party of the people in Kentucky in their effort to dethrone the allied corporations under the Louisville and Nashville Co. did all the indefensible political work. The fact is that the corporations indulged in corruption and intimidation never before exceeded in this country. There have been cases of great corruption at elections in large cities and there has been great intimidation of possible voters in the black belt of the South, but never before has there been such a combination of the two. Besides their gross election work, the corporation political agents brought an armed mob to Frankfort. Finally these agents entered into a conspiracy to assassinate enough of the legislators in the Capitol to carry out their plan of usurpation and to assassinate the successful candidate for Governor. The last part of the infamous scheme was enacted. Goebel was shot from the window of the corporation Secretary of State. The house was at the time surrounded by the armed mob already ordered to refuse the civil officers admission. The police and court officers have been incapable of acting. Service of court summons was for a time impossible. Judges had to adjourn court under threat of death. The Associated Press does not tell us the full true story. Perhaps the most significant and most dreadful thing of all is the implication in the assassination of all the principal contestants for the State offices from the Governor down. The flat-browed mountain feudist "Taylor" pardoned his associate the claimant of the office of Secretary of State. Taylor pardoned Powers for assassinating Goebel before he was tried, indicted or even arrested.

Why did Taylor do this extraordinary and unheard-of thing? The only answer is that he knew Powers to be guilty and that he thus tried to protect him. The merchant, farmer and home owner should consider this Kentucky Trust conspiracy. Business is paralyzed and property and life are not safe. Even the corporate conspirators are losing more money by the general stagnation than they can ever make out of it. The political crime of Kentucky has produced corruption, violence and cowardly assassins led by blind corporate tools. We are not now against corporations, but we are against their abuses, their defiance of law, their corruption of politics and above all of their conspiring to carry points by assassination.

A NEW FOREST SCHOOL.

Yale has just established a forest school. It has a large endowment. This is the second university to take up forestry; Cornell was the first. Both of these have their forest working and experiment districts in the East, and both are universities without public aid. The forest conditions and the land question are altogether different in the East from what these are in the Rocky Mountains and west to the Pacific. It is in this western section that the Federal Government still owns mountain forests and it is here that the National Forest Reserves have been made. A national forest school to supply forest officers for the management of the national forests should be in this part of the country. Los Angeles is the best place for such a school. For this opinion there are good reasons. First, because it is a transportation center, giving quickest access to the largest and most important Government Forest Reserves. Second, because the climate allows men to work in the forests and to study them at all seasons. The climate is by far the best for all tree propagating and tree experimenting in the Union or elsewhere. Third, because forestry for the preservation of the watersheds and springs and to prevent torrent destruction is here most important and most generally recognized. In fact Los Angeles is the national hothed of forestry.

There was a forestry school started in Los Angeles a year ago with a large class. It was under the auspices of the University of Southern California. Unfortunately this school has been discontinued, partly from lack of means and partly because the politicians broke their promises to recognize the students in the forest patrol appointments. These promises were made both verbally and in writing, but not a man in the class received an appointment. So much for practical politics in forestry work. The suggestion has been made by friends of the State University that it establish a forest school at Los Angeles for at least the winter months. That would be a good thing. We need foresters and rational forest work in Southern California more immediately than does any other part of the United States. This is because of the prompt and disastrous injury to our water supply by forest fires and forest destruction. We have had all the rubbish of practical politics in this business that we care to tolerate. What we want is an efficient forest force established on civil service rules. Political camp followers cannot be expected to know forestry nor to work on effective lines.

PURE FOOD.

There is in Washington an organized effort to secure the passage of the Brosius bill. One feature of the work is sending circulars all over the country asking people to write to senators and congressmen, urging the passage of the Brosius bill. The bill has not been sent with this circular to those who have informed the Post about it. People have been asked to endorse and to urge the passage of a bill that they have never examined or even seen. The Brosius bill is said to be framed to secure pure food. Its provisions give no expectation that such a result would be secured. The bill vests an absolute power in the Secretary of Agriculture to decide what adulterations of foods, drugs, proprietary formulas, cosmetics, etc., are harmful or harmless. He can prohibit or permit adulteration, or more properly the use of preservatives. Such a power in a political officer would surely be subject to abuses not compensated for by any visible advantages. A bureau with salaries and officers for all sorts of things, and a body of inspectors is provided for. Chemists are amongst these who incidentally have the incongruous duty of deciding as physicians on what is or is not harmful. The bill is complex and must become costly. It tries to do too much. A pure food bill is stretching things when it deals with drugs and cosmetics. The bill permits adulterations at the discretion of a professional patriot. It is defective and should not be passed. In fact the Brosius bill is not on right lines. The more correct policy for any action in this line was formulated in the resolution of the Southwestern Commercial Congress held in Los Angeles last year. This asked for an act to oblige the publication on the package sold of a full statement of any adulteration or any preservative it might contain. Proper penalities for violating such a law could be so arranged that no new and costly machinery would be required. Under such a policy a man could buy cottonseed oil or oleomargarine to eat at his discretion. A man selling these articles would be obliged to state and advertise the fact on the package sold. No one could sell cottonseed oil as olive oil. No one could sell oleomargarine as butter. This is a much sounder policy. It can be enforced at no extra cost to the taxpayers. It is doubtful whether the Brosius bill could be enforced. It is further doubtful whether it would be a good thing if honestly administered.

INYO COUNTY.

California's Garden of Eden---A Few Facts about this Region so Magnificently Endowed with Nature's Riches. The Wonderful Natural Attractions It Offers to the Settler and Investor. Its Mines, Its Railroads, Its Schools, and Its Farms.

Inyo county is rich in variety.

Mount Whitney with an elevation of 15,000 feet, the highest peak outside of Alaska in the United States, and Death Valley, the lowest dry depression in the world, 430 feet below sea level; scenery that in its rugged peaks, splendid canyons, yawning gorges, towering cliffs, grassy and level meadows equals any in the world; an agricultural county that can scarcely be excelled and a mineral production of $750,000 annually,—such is Inyo county.

Magnificently endowed with nature's riches, Inyo county is a field in which there are as great possiblities and as much promise as any other part of the great West.

Inyo county lies on the eastern edge of California in about the same latitude as Tennessee and North Carolina. The Nevada State line is its eastern limit. It is bounded on the north by Mono county, on the south by San Bernardino county, and on the west by Fresno and Tulare counties. Its area of 10,156 square miles makes it California's third county in size.

The population of Inyo county ls 5000.

There are 17 school dlstricts with 22 teachers. There are government Indian schools at Bishop, Big Pine and Independence, the one at Bishop being the largest Indian day school in the United States. There are 1061 school children in the county.

OWENS VALLEY.

Owens Valley extending nearly the length of the county's western edge, about 100 miles, and with a width of from 6 to 15 miles, contains almost all the county's agrlcultural land and the hulk of its population. Owen's valley contalns 500,000 acres of areable land only 190,000 of which are held under patent. Scarcely one-fifth of this patented land is as yet improved. The officials ln the Independence Land Office estimate that about 25,000 acres which may well be lrrigated from existing streams and ditches remain unclaimed. Artesian and storage enterprises may well reclaim over 250,000 acres of fertile land in Owen's valley. The average rainfall for several years past has been 4.5 inches. Agrlcultural lands are to be obtained at prices which, in comparison with those charged in many less fertile sectlons, are very low. The prices range from $1.00 an acre for government locations to from $10 to $60 for improved tracts. Much good land lies east of the river along the rallroad whence a ready market may be secured for goods.

THE CLIMATE.

The average annual temperature is 56.5 deg. A record of four years' observations taken at Keeler, whose location upon the sands bordering Owen's Lake makes it the warmest place in the valley, gave an annual temperature of 60 deg. The warmest day of which there is record was 105 deg., while the coldest during an unusual snow storm was 11 deg. ahove zero. The lofty snow-capped Sierras, the fruitful valleys and their running streams, the warm dry desert and that great body of water known as Owen's Lake, all combine to equalize their influences for heat or cold, moisture or dryness into a fine climate. Blizzards and cyclones are almost unknown.

The rain and snow falls are not heavy, but irrigation from the Sierra snow capped peaks is an lmprovement upon the caprices of nature. Besldes, the Sierra Nevadas bordering the valley intercept most of the moisture-laden clouds and the heavy winter snows upon that range furnish a reliable water supply for irrlgation. Depending on irrigation crops are sure. Owens river, Bishop creek and many smaller streams flow lnto the undulating valley. These waters are in part diverted through canals and ditches. The greater part of these systems are in the vicinity of Bishop. No other part of the State ls as well watered. Enough water runs to waste during high water season to amply cover all the lmmense unpatented lands, if utilized, as it will ultimately he, by storage. The dry year of 1898 was felt in Owen's valley and throughout Inyo county, the Sierra snow deposit heing far the lightest ever known. Still in comparison with most parts of the State thls section did well. Thousands of horses were driven up from Southern California, where they took advantage of abundant and luxurious pasturage.

MINING.

Mining, that great industry which first attracted the settler to Southern California, was the industry which first gave prominence to Inyo county. Nearly every variety of mineral is here found. It is as though nature has endeavored to compensate for the aridness of some parts of the county hy lining the mountains with ledges and deposits of ore. Ballarat, in the Panamint region, possesses a gold camp for which $1,000,000 was recently refused. The Cerro Gordo sllver and lead mines at Minetta from its discovery until 1876 had an output of $13,000,000 worth of ore. Litigation closed the Cerro Gordo mines but some work ls being done there now. Beveridge has paid many thousand dollars in gold. Along the Sierra foothills placer mining is carried on to good effect. Lead canyon, the White mountains, Ubehebe, Saline valley, Independence, and Lone Pine are famous. The Inyon Development Company produces thousands of tons of soda annually by evaporating the waters of Owen's Lake.

OWEN'S LAKE.

Owen's Lake, the oply body of water of notable size in Inyo county deserves description. It is elght mlles in width, twenty in length, and is fed by Owen's river, a few small streams and some springs. Having no outlet and heing suhject to rapld evaporation it has in the course of endless ages become highly charged with minerals. An analysis shows the water to have a speclfic gravlty of 1.76 and to be impregnated with carbonate, chloride, and sulphate of sodlum, and sulphate and silicate of potassium. This water has rare cleansing properties and medicinal virtues. Its mineralized character has given rise to an important industry, the manufacture of soda. The water of the lake is pumped into twenty acres or more of shallow vats, where evaporation by the summer sun leaves the solid substances to be shoveled up by thousands of tons, then refined and marketed.

DEATH VALLEY.

Death Valley at its lowest point is 430 feet below sea level. On either side of it rise mountain chains 8000 to 10,000 feet in height. Within its bleak and desolate wastes the midsummer sun heats like a flame. Often its temperature is 125 degrees or more. Dread desert as it is, better knowledge has stripped away many of its terrors and dispelled the false idea that it is nature's charnel house. Almost in its very jaws springs of pure water have induced farming and a fruitful tract of land is under cultivation. The hills which horder this forhidden region are heing prospected with some success.

The scenery of this region must become famous. Points of interest are the gorge ahove Owen's river hefore lt enters the valley, Indian hieroglyphics, curious stone formations and the many odds and ends created by Dame Nature's freaklsh moods.

From this valley, the Yosemite can be reached by the most attractive routes. The itinerary lncludes the numerous boiling springs of Long valley, the lakes and beautlful camping grounds near them, the minarets and falls of the San Joaquin, or Mono lake and the magnificent views of the Bloody canyon route. By either of these trails the tourist finds grandeur scarcely inferlor to the famous valley of the Yosemite itself. A government appropriation has been made to huild a road through this famous region.

MOUNT WHITNEY.

Mount Whitney is the highest peak in the United States. For all its towering height of 15,000 feet in altitude, its head is scarcely above many neighboring heights in the chain. The region surrounding Mount Whitney possesses as superh landscapes and as commanding views as any vista on earth. The Eastern face of the peak is an insurmountahle precipice but may be reached hy a detour. From it is ohtained a view defying description—range after range of mountains far eastward, towering peaks, snow fields, gorges of appalling depth, mountain lakes, mountain streams, cascades, cataracts, lakes like gems in granite settings or surrounded hy emerald swards, the whole Sierra panorama to the northwest and south; and almost at one's feet the smooth floor of the valley, tne lake's opaline surface, the brown sage plains dotted with the green of farm land. The impressive view of the Sierra from Owen's valley is due to its rapid rise within a short distance. The view cannot be surpassed.

AGRICULTURE.

Apples, pears, apricots, peaches, plums, grapes, prunes, almonds and all varieties of berries grow here to a perfection which excites admiration wherever they are displayed. Wheat, corn, oats, and barley are staple crops. Fifty-seven hushels to the acre has been accomplished hy wheat raisers. Potatoes and all forms of garden produce grow luxuriantly. Sugar heet raising will some day he of great local importance, as tests of heets grown by way of experiment show a high percentage of saccharine matter. Honey, wool growing, poultry raising, and stock raising are of staple importance.

GAME.

Inyo county ahounds in game and fish as in other natural resources. Deer, hear, elk, grouse, sage hens and mountain quall in the higher altitudes, and water fowl, quail and other small game as well as an ahundance of trout ln the valleys comhine to make life happy for the sportsman.

GENERAL FACTS.

There are two newspapers in Inyo county. The Inyo Independent at Independence and the Inyo Register at Bishop. The Register, of which Mr. W. A. Chalfant is editor and proprietor, is an up-to-date paper in every respect. It has been running since 1885 and has done much to promote the interests of Inyo county. The Independent is also a good sheet. There are five fine church huildings in Inyo county.

RAILROADS.

At present there are 74¼ miles of railroad in Inyo county. But the transportation by stage route to all outlying points has made all points in the county easy of access.

With the completion of the Carson and Colorado road to a junction at Mojave, this rich but almost unknown region will hecome a valuable tributary to Los Angeles. The great Sierras bar it from direct westward communication and the bulk of its trade must inevitably he with the southern metropolis. While finding its supply of manufactured products there it will in return place in that market the finest grades of meats, the hardier fruits, honey of unexcelled quality, hay, dairy, products and other similar goods. Inyo mines will further add to the business relationship. Los Angeles and Southern California will gain a great advantage by the development of the new railroad llne. The increased value and importance of Inyo industries will mean much additional business to the already golden opportunities of Southern California.

WINNEDUMAH, ONE OF INYO CO.'S WONDERS—ITS LEGENDS.

This monument stands east of Independence, on the extreme crest of the Inyo range, and from its position is a notable land mark. Those familiar with the vicinity state that other similar monoliths exist within a short distance, some heing even larger, but so located as to be invisible from the valley.

The summit of the mountain there is a granite capping several miles wide, and the surface is strewn with boulders. From this hed rises the huge hlock, a solid weather-worn storm-beaten granite pillar. The length of its irregular base is fifty-five feet, the northeast twelve. The top is inaccessible, hut is about eighty feet from the ground. Large as the monument is, it is but a fraction of the original mass, immense pieces of which are scattered ahout its hase. One of these resembles the present pillar in general form, and approaches it in size. Ages have passed since the first, probably since the last, fragment broke away from the huge bulk, and probably ages more will come and go before this shaft, now erect among these broken masses. shall cease to be an object of interest.

The monument is the central object in one of the Piute legends.

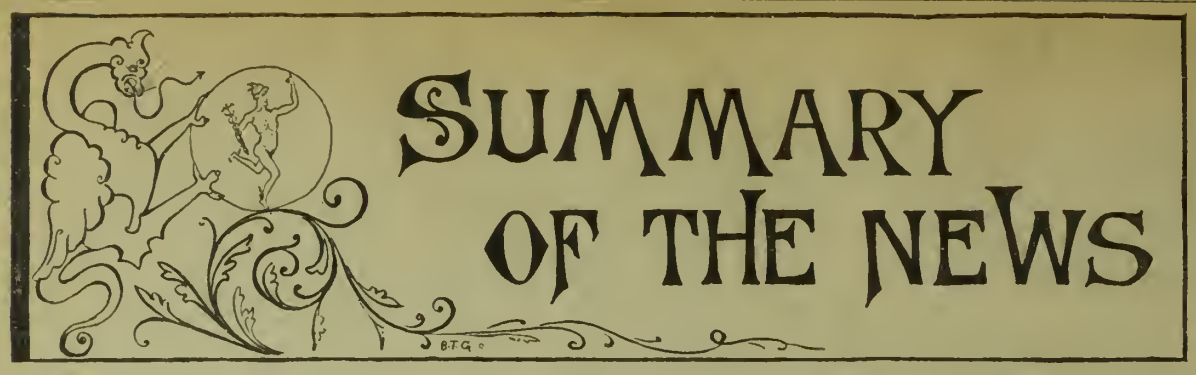
Ages ago, says the story, smoking mountains arose in the great sea which washed the rock-hound walls of To-ah-he—the mountains which the white men call the Inyo range. Before the flood of fires the flood of waters gave way. After the mountains had ceased to hurn, the ancestors of the Piutes came. Their campfires hlazed in pleasant groves and grassy plains, and they took the valley for their own. Pohobich, the bear, and Tehede, the deer, fell before the deadly arrows of their young men, and gave them meat. The taboose, or ground-nut, grew at hidding, and their squaws gathered many haskets of wild herries. Their counsels were wise, their laws were "graven on the tablets of their hearts." Their seven tribes were under the guiding care of Tinnemaha, and his brother Winnedumah, greatest of medicine-men, trained their minds toward Hl-no-no, the Great Spirit. Thus happily thought the Piutes to dwell forever.

Far across the great mountains lived another people, the Pah-na-gwa-te, or Diggers. Roving in disposition, some of their hands discovered the happy valley of the Piutes. News of this created the desire to possess the new territory—the Diggers being the expansionists of their time, we infer. Ere long, vast hordes of the invaders poured through the mountain passes, and though the defenders were weak in numbers, there ensued such a battle as Indian never witnessed before or since. For days the bloody work went on, until the Piutes, vastly outnumbered, were driven from their strongholds, and fled across the eastern mountains. Among those who thus sought safety was Winnedumah. Alone. and sorely pressed, he finally reached the summit. Waiting there for the coming of his warrior brother. he invoked the Great Spirit's help for his stricken people. But Tinnemaha had died a warrior's death, and came not. Winnedumah's prayers were heard and answered, for the earth began to rock and heave, spreading such consternation among the Pah-na-gwa-te that they were glad to flee to whence they came, never to return. As testimony for his worth, the great medicine man was transformed to a pillar of stone, and there to this day he stands, the eternal watchman over his people. When Ti-n-gwup, the snow, covers Winnedumah's head with whiteness, it is the Great Spirit's gentle touch, and E-gwa, the rains, falls upon his now dispossessed people as tears from those in the happy hunting ground that Winnedumah's lessons sunk not more deeply into the hearts of his children.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

Winchester or 49er Hams, per lb.	14c	10 lbs. Silver Leaf or W. Lab. Lard	90c
Winchester or 49er Bacon, "	13c	10 lbs. Lard Compound	75c
Eastern Salt Pork, per lb.	10c	10 lbs. Cotosuet	90c
Bacon Backs, per lb.	11c	1 Gal. Best Salad Oil	65c



The Post has decided to make some change in giving the news of the week. Hereafter instead of presenting the news as it occurs on each week day, the growth of an important event will be traced throughout the week. The object is simply to recall to the reader's mind those occurrences which have contributed to make up the world's history for the week past.

BOER WAR.

The events in South Africa during the past week have been more momentous than during any period of the British-Boer war since Cronje's capture. On Saturday news was received that five companies of British troops, consisting of four mounted and one infantry company were surrounded by the enemy near Reddersburg. Gen. Gatacre was dispatched with reinforcements but arrived too late. The British scored a slight victory in the capture of Gen. Villebois and sixty Boers. On Sunday Boers assembled in great numbers near Kroonstadt. The death of the French general, Villebois, of the Boer staff is regarded as a great blow to the cause, as Villebois was particularly well adapted to teach the Boers to meet the European methods of warfare. Few developments occurred in the war during Monday. Roberts is evidently preparing for a grand move which shall demolish the Boer forces at one blow, while the Boers are harassing his lines for fifteen miles with guerilla tactics. Tuesday was marked by an additional aggressiveness on the part of the Boers and passiveness on the part of Lord Roberts who is waiting for supplies. The recall of Gen. Gatacre on Wednesday from South Africa by the British war office is everywhere regarded as a mark of British dissatisfaction over Gatacre's few successful campaigns. His failure to arrive promptly at Reddersburg with re-inforcements, is thought largely to have decided the war office to take the step upon which it had been deliberating. On Thursday the Boers sent many troops to Roberts' rear so that he is harassed by Boers on all sides. Fresh battles were reported in Friday's news.

ORIENT.

Affairs in the Philippines during the past week have made rapid progress and last Saturday General Otis decided that the rebels were far enough subdued to allow him to take a rest. Gen. Otis' resignation was accepted and he will probably succeed to Gen. Shafter's post in San Francisco. The Philippine commission will sail from San Francisco on the 15th of this month for Manilla. Upon that date the Presidents instructions to the commission will be given forth to the public. The House at Washington adopts its substitute for the Senate Hawaiian Territorial bill under which labor contract Asiatics must leave Hawaii within one year; they will not be allowed to come to the United States. On Sunday the information was made public by the War Department at Washington that Gen. Macarthur will succeed General Otis in command of the army of the Phippines. On Monday persistent attacks by Filipino guerrillas lead the commanders of American forces to ask for more men. This request will be complied with immediately. Captain Sturgis had a fight close outside Manila. The insurgents are becoming very bold. Little additional news comes from the Philippines on Tuesday or Wednesday, save of scattered guerilla skirmishes, some occuring within a few miles of Manila itself. On Thursday the members of the Philippine Commission arrived at San Francisco ready for an immediate start to Manila. The commission will have absolute control of all govermental matters in the Philippines.

EUROPE.

Saturday's news from Europe states that Cecil Rhodes has arrived in London from the Transvaal but receives a much cooler reception from the British public than formerly, as scarcely any notice was taken of his coming. During the day Queen Victoria took a drive about the vice-regal grounds The incident of the attempted shooting of the Prince of Wales caused her ministers to warn her to be guarded about appearing in public. The government of Turkey proposes to exclude American pork on the ground of its uncleanness, to which Secretary Hay issues a vigorous protest. Additional news on Sunday regarding the attempted assassination of the Prince of Wales shows that the would-be murderer is a boy of but 16 years of age whose mind has been poisoned by reading cheap literature. On Monday fifty-two thousand school children assemble before Queen Victoria in Dublin. This is everywhere regarded as a favorable index of Irish spirit towards the Queen. Little news of international importance occurs on Tuesday. On Wednesday it is given forth that the exhibits at Paris will be open on Sunday next. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland extends her sympathies to the Boers. There will be no race between Oxford and Cambridge with Harvard and Yale this year. On Thursday France clearly defines her position in the South African war to be strictly that of a neutral power, although many French soldiers have of their own will enlisted in the Boer cause. The Delagoa Bay award will be accepted as final. England cannot afford to make European enemies at this junction and for this reason Portugal will not fare so badly as had been expected. The war office in London on Friday says that Roberts will make a general concentrated advance of all his forces of 214,000 troops against the Boers.

NATIONAL.

Admiral Dewey's announced candidacy for the presidency caused considerable surprise in political circles throughout the United States, but on Saturday the Admiral withdrew his name. Admiral Dewey is now being boomed for second place on the ticket with W. J. Bryan and it is understood that this step is highly approved of both by the admiral and by political leaders in the Democracy. The test of the new battleship Kearsage is reported highly satisfactory. The Kentucky Court of Appeals gave its decision for the Democrats unseating Taylor. This is regarded as a distinct blow to the corporation enemies of Goebel and those who were instrumental in obtaining his death. Little additional Nation news of importance was reported on Sunday. On Monday a terrible flood occurred in Texas in which the Austin power plant dam was destroyed by floods. Thousands of acres of crops were destroyed as well as many lives The golden statue of Maude Adams the actress, representing the typical American girl, is refused admission by Paris Exposition authorities on the ground that it is a personal exhibition. Senator Mark A. Hanna is getting on his war paint for the coming elections The senator believes the Republican party will carry all the States except Maryland, to which much attention is to be devoted. Webster Davis, ex-assistant Secretary of the Interior, is campaigning throughout the east in the cause of the Boers. Mr. Davis delivers a stirring speech in the Grand Opera House at Washington. On Tuesday President McKinley ratified the Hague convention providing for universal arbitration. This measure is regarded as a great advantage in our international law. Admiral Dewey declines to say much in regard to his own politics or his wife's religion, but intends to be present at the Chicago celebration to be given in his honor. Chaplain Pierce defends the administration of affairs in the Philippines, including the saloon system. Nevertheless the W. C. T. U. will make a vigorous protest against the army canteen. On Wednesday Wm. A. Clark of Montana, whose case for some days has been subjected to a vigorous investigation for bribery, is unseated in the Senate. W. F. Miller's "get-rich-quick" syndicate sometimes took in in over $60,000 a day. On Thursday the House at Washington passes the amended Puerto Rican bill, McKinley attaches his signature thereto and the measure becomes a law. The President also chooses Assistant Secretary of the Navy Allen as governor of Puerto Rico. Millions of dollars must be invested to restore the desolated plantations as the entire country is in a state of famine, physical wreck and ruin. The Puerto Rican tariff is regarded as a great hardship. On Friday news of the Philippine Commissioners' banquet in Frisco is received.

LOCAL.

The chief event in local news the past week has been the visit of W. J Bryan to this vicinity. On Saturday various members of the fire department tendered a purse to ex-chief Walter S. Moore. This act of the members for some reason excited considerable comment. On Sunday Mr. Bryan arrived at the Nadeau, escorted by ex-Senator Stephen M. White and others. Leading Republicans throughout the State have already subscribed $2,000 to carry on the fall campaign. On Monday Mr. Bryan went to Santa Ana, where he was enthusiastically received. Assistant Labor Commissioner Dewey makes many speeches in the city in a red-hot socialistic manner. On Tuesday Judge Smith decides that the lottery ordinance is unconstitutional; the ordinance went too far, prohibiting persons visiting places where tickets are sold. Bryan speaks in the Velodrome in the evening Wednesday the Chamber of Commerce plans another big convention. During the latter part of the week severe frosts injure the crops in Southern California. Little important local news on Thursday and Friday save that new bids are called to complete the unfinished work on the San Pedro breakwater; the new contractor must dump a large amount of rock each month. The closing of the saloons in Santa Monica is everywhere regarded as advantageous.

STEMPEL FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

One of the best things in the world to save life and property in case of danger by fire is the Stempel fire extinguisher, of which W. Bulencamp is general agent at 104 N. Los Angeles street, Los Angeles Cal.

The extinguisher is compact in form and all that it needs to be operated is to be turned upside down. Then the ball in the bottom of the extinguisher falls and breaks the glass bottle containing the chemical mixture, when the extinguisher instantly becomes charged with a pressure that will throw a stream of gas (which gas is the greatest fire destroyer known) a distance of fifty feet. Any woman or child can operate it as well as an experienced fireman. It is always charged and ready for use, but has no pressure until the moment it is used. The Stempel Extinguisher can be used every day and last a life time. After having been discharged or used you can reload it in a minute.

Keep this Copy of the SATURDAY POST. It is Your Accident Insurance For the Next Week.

She Saved the Boy.

While the Rev. W. J. Davis was living in Africa his little son John, a boy of 4 years, went too near to a chained lion in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pet lion, but was so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of its beat. The unsuspecting child stumbled within its reach, and the lion instantly felled him to the ground and set its huge paw on his head. There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child.

His governess, seeing the peril of the child, ran up stairs, seized an accordion and hastened to a window which looked out upon the lion. There, with a shout to arrest its attention, she began playing a tune. The lion at once released its prey, went the length of its chain toward its fair charmer and stood in rapt attention. The boy in the meantime, got up and ran to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house and saw how excited every one was; then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account.

Sampson's Anemometer.

When Admiral Sampson was a lieutenant in command of a small sailing vessel, he worked on a kind of anemometer or wind gauge. Finally it was complete, and one day it stood on the roof of the cabin, which protruded for some distance above the deck. The little boat was rocking idly to and fro in a calm. Lieutenant Sampson was below, enjoying a siesta. Suddenly a gust of wind rippled the water and the mainsail boom swung violently across the deck. Smash, and over into the fathomless deep went that precious anemometer.

"Orderly!" called the officer of the deck.

"Yes, sir," replied the bluejacket, saluting.

"Inform the commander of the ship that his anemometer has gone overboard."

"Yes, sir."

The orderly made for the cabin companionway.

"And, orderly"—

"Yes, sir."

"Break it to him gently."—Argonaut.

City News in Brief.

Dr. F. M. Parker. Dentist. 129½ West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

The construction of the Racycle is different from all all other bicycles. See their description in adv.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Be Independent.

Non-trust Paint $1.50 gal.; Lead 7½c. Non-trust Wallpaper 4½c; Ingrains 8½c; Ingrain Borders 2½c; 7-foot Opaque shades 35c; Mouldings 2c per foot. Walter Bros., 627 South Spring. Tel. M. 1055.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED.—Ten men to join us in good oil proposition—$100.00 required. This money is for the purpose of driving a well. Call at 322 South Broadway.

PIPE.—Wanted two-inch iron screw pipe. Send bids by the thousand feet to C. A. Sumner & Co., 134 S. Broadway. This pipe will be paid for in cash and is for a large West Adams street tract.

FOR SALE.—20 Horse-power Westinghouse Automatic Engine and a 200-light Edison 110 volt Dynamo, both in good condition, worth $580.00, will sell for $350.00.
TUFTS-PALMER ELECTRIC WORKS.
701 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal

Lusina Dark's Pipe

Written for The Saturday Post

BY "GRETCHEN JUNG."

"Yes, Mrs. Martin, I have at last decided to go to Maryville and live there with Aunt Laura. I sometimes feel in the way here with Auntie Gray since her children are grown. She is poor, you know, but she will not allow me to work and help her for she abhors the idea of women being wage-carners. So I have arranged to start tomorrow evening. Dear! I do so hate to leave Boynton," and the sweet-faced speaker glaced out of the window of Mrs. Martin's comfortable cottage, with a sigh.

"Why, Blanche Gray! You going to leave us! My dear girl, what would I do without you? What would—yes, what would my poor Leo do," added Mrs. Martin with a sly smile, as she glanced out and saw her tall, manly son come gaily whistling toward the house.

Blanche Gray nervously picked up a newspaper and glanced over its columns to hide her confusion. She and Leo Martin had always been merry companions, and his mother had always been a loving, useful friend to the motherless girl. Mrs. Martin's words and the way in which they were spoken, surprised and embarrassed Blanche, for never before had she insinuated that her son's regard for Blanche was more than an ordinary friendship.

Boynton was a typical western village There was the "general" store, where old Si Thorn kept "Everything, everything." He knew little of artificial smiles and studied phrases with which to beguile his customers into spending a dollar instead of a dime. There was the little postoffice to which the news from the great, restless, outside world found its way; there the same men gathered day after day to discuss the weather or politics, or some petty scandal. The most wonderful and interesting place for the children was the little blacksmith shop, where they peeped cautiously in while "Big Dick" shod a restless horse, or made sparks flash and fly from his anvil with each mighty, clanging blow. Then there stood the plain, white village church with its green blinds and its windows painted in gaudy colors to imitate stained glass. Nearly all the village homes, surrounded by shady, hammock-swung lawns, had an air of cosy comfort and restful ease.

Mrs. Martin's cottage, with its vine-covered porches, and fresh, dainty surroundings, looked wonderfully peaceful to Leo as he passed through the gate; and as he glanced up and saw Blanche with his mother a deep feeling of love and reverence swept over him.

"Just my little mother, and Blanche!" he smiled to himself, and in a moment he stood before them.

"Good morning, Blanche. Here is a later newspaper. Here, mother, is my mail,—I haven't even time to open my letters now, for Tom is outside waiting for me. I'll be back in half an hour," and away he went.

He had hardly gone when a loud knock was heard.

"Oh, that's Lusina Dark,—I know her knock," and before Mrs. Martin had time to go to the door, in came Miss Lusina Dark with a comical flourish. She was a simple old creature whose sole pleasure consisted in going from house to house smoking her old gray pipe, and accumulating a varied stock of wonderful gossip.

"Howdy. I jist dropped in to see how you was a gettin' along. Law me, Mrs. Martin, I jist saw Tom Neff a-hangin' over your back fence, an' I calc'late he was a-watchin' that henhouse o' yourn. I never did take no stock in them Neffs. They—

"Why, Lusina; he was only waiting for Leo."

"Fer Leo! Well, I swan! I never knowed Leo would look at him. I knowed Tom's grandmother years ago, and she was the most shiftless woman I ever did see. Onct after she had been to my house I missed a good settin' of eggs. Oh, yes, Blanche, I hear as how you are a-goin' to leave us."

"Yes, to live with my aunt at Maryville," replied Blanche.

"That's a right smart stretch from here; but I reckon you'll be back again soon, bein' as you and Leo have kep' stiddy comp'ny ever since you was a little girl, and you'll both soon be twenty-five. Yes, I reckon you'll be back mighty soon," and she chuckled audibly.

"Really, I must go to the kitchen and see to my pudding. Excuse me," and Mrs. Martin went out smiling.

"Folks do be sayin', Blanche," continued Lusina in a loud, cautious whisper, "that Mrs. Martin wants Leo to marry rich. But I don't take no stock in sich talk. He's stiddy, and she'd be an uncommon good mother to you. Well, well! Bein' as its sich a fine day, I'll go and visit your aunt. But I must hev my smoke first. Well, I swan! Did I leave—no, here it is. This here pipe is a heap o' comfort to an old soul like me."

She took an old gray pipe from an enormous pocket she had in her calico gown, and began fumbling about the room.

"Here is a match," said Blanche with a good natured smile.

"No, sir-ee. The last time I lit a match the pesky thing flirted up and burnt my finger-jint, an' I aint used none since. This here'll do. Mrs. Martin knows I can't read, no how," and with easy familiarity she picked the mail up from the table where Mrs. Martin had placed it, and carefully tore a margin from an unopened envelope and started out to light her pipe with it at the kitchen fire.

Blanche was too busy with her own thoughts to notice what Lusina had been doing. She was thinking of what Mrs. Martin had said. Yes, what would Leo do if she went away—would he miss her?—why, of course; hadn't they been friends ever since she came to live with her aunt years ago? They began by building a play house, and they had never quarrelled but once. That was the day he laughed at her favorite doll and called it names, and she shook him and called him a bad boy. He did not forgive her until Christmas time, when she sent him a little paper weight as a peace-offering. That was years ago, and now,—how tall and manly he was! And she—she confessed to herself that she always loved him. It would be hard to go away—cruelly hard. She recalled so many half tender, half serious things he had said of late; and she gave herself up to the luxury of sweet, soothing memories. There—why there was that same little paper-weight she had given him so long ago. She snatched it up and pressed it impulsively against her soft cheek;—that instant she heard Leo's step behind her! Hastily pushing the paper weight under some papers on the table, she stepped to a window and looked out to hide her crimson face. She was surprised at her own confusion,—angry at her lack of self-possesion. For the first time in her life she dared not meet his eyes for fear of betraying the love that shown in her own. Her one idea was to escape where she might grow calm. As Leo stepped to the table to look over the mail, she slipped out unobserved.

"Do you know, Blanche, Tom was just saying—" here he looked up. "Gone! Well, I never! She acted so strange and nervous as I came in. Dear girl! Something wrong, I suppose. Why, where is that other letter? It is from Lottie Murrill. Lottie—what is Lottie to me! I must stop such nonsense, and tell my sweet-faced Blanche how dear she is to me! What will she say, I wonder? Why—why—well, I never! Who has been in here,—who has dared—Mother!"

As Mrs. Martin came in, Leo hastily concealed a letter in his pocket.

"Who has been in here since I handed you the mail? No one but Blanche? Are you sure. I am looking for a friend; that is—do you know," he went on wildly, "Tom and I are going hunting,—no, I won't wait for dinner; Tom is in a hurry. Goodbye, little mother," and he was gone.

"How excited Leo gets when he goes hunting." said Mrs. Martin going back into the kitchen. "Well, well! There sits Lusina fast asleep! Poor old soul; I had forgotten all about her."

That evening Mrs. Martin got a note from Leo, saying he and Tom would be gone for several days, as they had joined a party of friends who were camping near the river.

II.

The little Boynton cemetery lay in a deep wood two miles south of the village. Years ago, a child, belonging to one of the earliest settlers died, and the father buried it near his log cabin. Each evening, for months afterwards, when the day's work was done, this rough, brawny woodsman flung his ax over his shoulder and went to the little grave to clear away the forest trees there; and each heavy stroke that rang out in the silent air told of the tender, sacred love this father felt for the little one who lay there at rest.

"My little Annie shall rest in a real down East grave," he would say.

When he had finally cleared a place, he carefully removed all the brush and fallen trees, cut down the grass and weeds and built a log fence around the place. Slowly and painfully he carved his little one's name and age on a smooth board, and placed it at the head of her tiny grave. That was the beginning of Boynton cemetery. It was such a peaceful, quiet resting place, enclosed by a neat iron fence now, and kept clean and smooth by loving hands, and often visited by those who do not forget their dead.

A new grave had just been dug, and a half-dozen rails were arranged to keep the dark heap of earth from falling back into it. It was a bleak winter's day. Some few farmers stood shivering near the grave. Soon, through the leafless woods could be seen a long, slow procession drearily winding along the rough, frozen road. Upon arriving at the cemetery, each vehicle was driven towards some tree to which the horses were tied, and soon all the people gathered about the plain black hearse, which stood near the gate. Then strong, gentle hands tenderly took out the precious casket, and, followed by the sorrowing throng, they bore it to the open grave. After the minister had said a few comforting words, the casket was uncovered, and old friends and neighbors crowded forward to take a last look at the face of Mrs. Martin. Just then the sun peeping from behind a cold gray cloud, threw its bright rays on the soft gray hair and formed a halo over the calm, lifeless face, and a feeling of awe crept over the hearts of those who looked. As Leo stepped once more to his mother's side he sobbed aloud, and bending low over the casket, he glided his hand with indescribable reverence and tenderness over her sunlit hair. A young woman, with a sweet, sad face watched him wistfully—pityingly. Then, "Dust to dust," and the frozen clods rumbled dismally into the grave, and Nature, God's mysterious chemist, took one more poor, soulless child to her dark, frozen bosom, and once more began the silent, relentless process of undoing her grandest work.

"Come, Blanche, all are leaving. Don't you think Leo has changed? He was so fond of his mother; its too bad. Well, now that you have been gone for four years there will be so many places to visit. Tomorrow we will go to the Mariners; then there are the Neffs,"—and her friend chatted on and on. Blanche followed wearily and did not hear a word. She was cold and numb and longed to be alone.

A week later Leo Martin was sitting alone in his old home. How empty the house was,—how desolate! He was awakened from his gloomy, oppressive reverie, by a loud knock.

"Oh, it's jist me! I was a-thinkin' how lonely-like you'd be, and see what I brung along! A whole big mince pie, for I onct heard your mother say you was uncommon fond of mince pies," and Lusina Dark deposited her pie on the table with her usual flourish." I jist was a thinkin' as how you need a wife

E. H. Loveland

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Hay, Grain, Potatoes, Beans, Salt, Honey and Dried Fruits

AGENT FOR

Colwell's Flavoring Extracts

Choice Northern Potatoes Always on Hand

Hay In Car Lots a Specialty

Oil Stock and Oil Lands for Sale

OFFICE:

1910 Chester Ave.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Telephone Block 264

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Catarrh of the Stomach — USE

YOSEMITE MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

W. C. WEAVER

SOLE AGENT FOR PACIFIC COAST.

216 South Spring, Los Angeles, Cal.

Telephone Main 26

FROM HARMLESS HERBS

Is the Lee Liquor Cure compounded. Invigorates and builds up the system. A sure for inebriety. Many cures effected. Best of references. Price $15. Write for pamphlet of testimonials. DE MOSS BOWERS, Manager, 351 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES.

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.

For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,

401-2 STIMSON BLDG,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Vernondale Rabbitry

4203 Central Ave.

A few bargains in Does bred and with litters; Young Sir Styles, Britains, Dexters, English Sovereigns, etc.

Judge Britain by Lord Britain, and Lord Lorenzo; Service $5 and $2.

Take Central Avenue Car Direct to Rabbittry Corner of 42nd Street.

LOTS FOR SALE.

Block of 24 lots for sal on West Adams Street Mesa. A chance to treble your money in six months. Also 21 lots in Ela Hills Tract, with good oil indications. Price of this valuable group of lots $1500. Address Box "K", THE SATURDAY POST, 401-403 Stimson.

FINE LOTS TO LEASE.

Lots to lease on Spring and Main streets, between Eighth and Ninth. One of these lots runs through from Main to Spring in the Junction Block. Address or call on C. A. Jeffers, 432 Stimson Building.

who could make sich ples ev'ry day. I was glad you never took to that peart, uppish Lottie Murrill, who visited hereabouts last summer. Do you know that Blanche Gray is a-visitin' near here now?"

"Yes," Leo replied gloomily; "Tom told me."

"Well, I swan! I jist can't git on without my smoke. I'll jist stay and visit a little while seein' as how lonely you look. I'm gittin' nigh onto eighty—but—no, I allus use paper to light my pipe, so keep your matches," and in fumbling slowly about the room she found an old letter, and deliberately and carefully began tearing off a margin.

"I was jist thinkin' of that last day Blanche was here, nigh four years ago. Her an' me was a-talkin' in this very room and I teased her about you, for I saw she set a heap o' store by you; and goodness me! in about ten minutes after I saw you and that shiftless Tom Neff skedaddlin' over the back fence and you stayed hid away an' never come nigh to tell that girl goodbye. Well, swan! I jist can't light this pesky old pipe," and again she tore a margin from the paper, carefully folded it with her thin, nervous fingers and lighting it at the stove, she finally succeeded in lighting her pipe.

Leo had arisen and was staring at her in a wild, excited way. He seemed to be awakened from a long, wretched dream. His voice sounded strangely tense as he eagerly asked:

"Did you say you were here with Blanche that day? Did you light your pipe with a strip of paper you tore from an envelope?"

"It 'pears to me you are gettin' awful riled, Leo Martin. What if I did tear your old envelope—I never tore no reading off. I don't never tear the readin' part. I only—well, I swan! Leo must be clean crazy! There he goes. That man never did act right sence Blanche went off to Maryville. I reckoned she wouldn't have him and it serves him right. Well, I'll be a-goin'."

In a moment she was back.

"I'm a goin' to take that pie right back agin. He a-gettin' mad, when I know I never tore off no readin' part. He don't deserve no mince pie. I'm glad Blanche wouldn't have no sich as him!"

It was late that evening when Leo came back. His cheek was flushed and his step was light. But as he glanced up and saw his mother's picture in its old familiar place in his room, a feeling of saddest regret stole over him.

"My dear little mother! If she had only lived to see this day. She, too, loved Blanche. I was blind—insane to suspect her—my own, dear girl,—my loving, forgiving Blanche!"

Lions Increasing In East Africa.

In several letters received from east central Africa mention is made, I am told, of the unusual number of lions that have made their appearance in the country. One well known hunter, whose experience of east Africa ranges over many years, says that these animals are a perfect terror, not a night passing without one or more of the brutes breaking in to a Masai village and carrying off people or live stock. On one occasion recently a lion stalked into a camp, and in spite of all that could be done carried off a Swahili porter from within a few feet of a bright watch fire, where there were men awake on guard. Massailand is otherwise described as a magnificent country, teeming with game of all kinds, and as healthy as can be for Europeans.—Birmingham Post.

His Long Drawn Out "No."

Everybody knows the man who is careful never to say "No" abruptly in answer to a question. "No" is a hard word, but one may sometimes be made ridiculous by a reluctance to utter it.

A certain man who had this habit was once met by two women who had been discussing the peculiarity, and one of them said that she was positive she could make him say, "Oh, no!" flatly. So she addressed him thus:

"Let me see, Mr. Smith, you are a widower, are you not?"

"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite inclination of his head, "as it is possible for a man to be who was never married."

The woman had to own herself beaten.—Youth's Companion.

A State Official on Excessive Taxation.

The reckless expenditure of public money in the United States has not been confined to any particular political division nor to any particular geographical section. The national, State and municipal governments have seemed to vie with one another in the plunder of the taxpayer. From the North, the South ,the East and the West have come the same complaints of excessive burdens. But figures are needed to give these statements the vividness of reality. Beginning with national expenditures, Mr. Roberts says that during the decade from 1820 to 1830 they were $1.07 per capita from 1851 to 1861, they were $2.06; and for the year 1894, $6.08. "In a word," he adds, "the per capita expense of the national government in 1894 was nearly six times as great as it was in 1820 and nearly three times as great as it was in the decade before our great civil war." The per capita expenditures of the State of New York in 1830 were $1.30, thirty years later they were $1.89, in 1890 they were $2.15, and "in 1897 the estimated per capita expenditure reached the alarming amount of $4.95." That is to say, the combined expenditures of the State and national governments gave a rate as high as that prevailing in France before the outbreak of the revolution. "The tendency to increase," says Mr. Roberts, commenting on these figures, "is a persistent one. In 1881 the amount expended by the State was $9,878,214.59; in 1884 $10,479,517.31; in 1887, $14,301,102.48; in 1890, $13,076,881.86; in 1893, $17,367,335.98; and in 1896, $20,020,022.47." Coming to municipal expenditures, where the hand of the prodigal has been most lavish, Mr. Roberts says that "between 1860 and 1880 the municipal debt of the our Union increased from $100,000,000 to $682,000,000, and in fifteen cities, believed to represent the average, the increase in taxation was 362.2 per cent, while the increase in taxable valuation was but 156.9 per cent., and of population but 70 per cent. In the year 1860 the direct taxes for State, county, town and city purposes in New York in New York were $4.90 per capita, in 1880 it was $8.20, and in 1896 it had reached $10.43, an increase in 36 years of 213 per cent." It should be added that the bonded debt—State, county, city, town, village and school districts—in the State is estimated by Mr. Roberts to be $450,000,000. Is it any wonder that people so mercilessly plundered feel that the times are out of joint? Is it any wonder, either, that in 1896 Mr. Roberts was moved to say that, without the discovery of new sources of revenue, "a low tax rate would never again be enjoyed in this State?" Is it any wonder, finally, that he declared again that if "we have not yet passed the danger limit of taxation," we have reached "a point where there is a deep feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, and where a halt should be called or there will be danger?"—Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

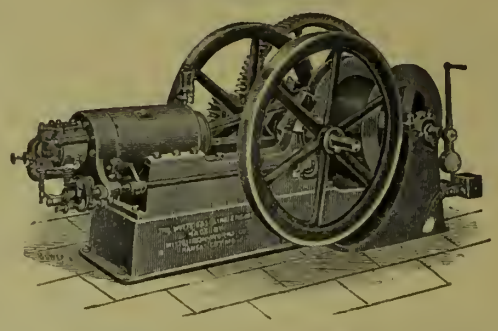
THE PUBLIC DEFRAUDED.

Not one per cent of the public can tell a glass, paste or imitation gem from the genuine. About ten per cent of the jewelers can distinguish between a false gem and a real gem. People buy gems because of their intrinsic value, therefore if they buy false or imitation gems, and pay the price that real stones bring, they are defrauded of their money. People who want the genuine can be absolutely sure of what they receive when they purchase it from a lapidary that cuts all of its own stones. The Pacific Gem Company, at 335 South Spring street, cuts all of its precious stones, where the public may watch them do it. Every purchaser from the Pacific Gem Company receives a signed guarantee that the stone purchased is genuine and not an imitation stone. The Pacific Gem Company will pay $1000 to any one who can find a glass, paste or imitation stone in their stock. Purchasers of precious stones may trade here with perfect confidence.

THE PACIFIC GEM CO.
F .A. Marcher, Prop.
335 So. Spring street.

Machinery

C. B. BOOTHE & CO.
123 S. Los Angeles Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines
COMPLETE
IRRIGATING PLANTS
Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE
Gasoline Engines
—ARE—
Simple
Reliable
Durable
FULLY GUARANTEED.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891
—SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.—
Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical
A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets
Polished oak floors $1.25 per Sq. Yard. Will last a life-time. Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.
JOHN A. SMITH 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.
There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from
JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street
Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS
Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.
ROBT. JORDAN
Telephone Main 217
641 South Broadway

YOUR APPROVAL
IS OUR AMBITION
We Have the—
Furniture, Carpets, Matting, and Stoves
That will please you. Baby Carriages or Wheel Chairs for Sale or Rent.
I. T. MARTIN
531-3-5 South Spring Street

PUREST WINES and LIQUORS at Woollacott's
124-6 North Spring Street

McGRATH'S FINE WALL PAPER.

EMPTY HOUSES.

One-half of the empty houses for rent in any city are untenanted because of poor interior decorations. You can't blame people for not wanting to rent a house papered ten years ago. They will not do it. You would'nt yourself. If you were renting a house—you'd take one that was papered and decorated up-to-date — was cheerful and home-like and had some style about it. If you want to rent your house—have us decorate it—right in our line you know—part of our business—will not cost you any more to have us do it, and It will be done right.

T. FRANK McGRATH,
414 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

MY ONE GORILLA.

By GRANT ALLEN.

[Copyright, 1899, by Grant Allen.]

I looked up from my beetles. The night was warm. A naked little black girl crossed the dusty main street of the village just in front of my hut, carrying in her hand what seemed to me in the gloaming the largest blossom I had ever observed since my arrival in Africa. That was a blossom. It looked like an orchid, pale cream color in hue and very fantastic and bizarre in shape. But what specially attracted my attention at first sight was its peculiar shining and glistening effect, like luminous paint, which made it glow in the gray dusk with a sort of phosphorescent light such as one observes in tropical seas on calm summer evenings.

To a naturalist, of course, such a vision as that was simply irresistible. "Hello, there, little girl!" I cried out in Fantee, which I had learned by that time to speak pretty fluently. "Let me look at your flower, will you? Where on earth did you get it?"

But instead of answering me civilly, like a Christian child, the scared little savage, alarmed at my white face, set up a wild howl of terror and amazement and bolted off down the street as fast as her small bandy legs would carry her.

Well, science is science. I wasn't to be balked of a unique specimen or my great collection by a trick like that. So, flinging away my cigarette and darting out of my hut I gave chase incontinently and rushed full pelt down the main street of Tulamba, helter skelter and devil take the hindmost, in pursuit of my 10-year-old.

But I reckoned without my host. Children on the Gaboon beat the record for the quarter mile. I was quite pumped out and panting for breath before I ran that girl to earth at last by her mother's door at the far end of the village. A dozen or more of the negroes, loitering about on their backs in the dust of the street, had joined the hue and cry with great gusto by that time. They didn't know, to be sure, what the fuss was about but given a white man—bestower of rum and money—rushing in mad pursuit and a poor little frightened black girl scampering away for dear life at the top of her speed, in abject bodily terror, and you may confidently reckon on the chivalry of the Gaboon to range itself automatically on the side of the stronger, and to drive the unhappy small child hopelessly into a very bad corner.

When at last I got up with the object of my quest, she was so alarmed and blown with her headlong career that I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself. Even the pursuit of science, I will frankly admit, hardly justified me in so chasing that frightened little mortal through the street of Tulamba. However, a bright English sixpence, a red silk handkerchief and the promise of a box of European sweets from the old half caste Portuguese trader's shop in the village, soon restored her confidence. Unhappily it did not restore that broken and draggled but priceless orchid. In her headlong flight the child had crumpled it hopelessly up in her hand and distorted it almost beyond the possibility of scientific recognition. All I could make out with certainty now was that the orchid belonged to a new and hitherto undescribed species; that it was large and luminous and extremely beautiful, and that if only I could succeed in securing a plant of it my name was made as a scientific explorer.

The natives crowded round with disinterested advice and eyed the torn and draggled blossom curiously. "It's a moon flower," they said in their own dialect. "Very rare. Hard to get. Comes from the deep shades in the great forest."

"How did you come by it, my child?" I asked coaxingly of my sobbing little 10-year-old.

"My father brought it in," the child answered. "He gave it me a week ago. He was out in the country of the dwarfs doing trade. He went for ivory, and he brought this back to me."

"Boys," I cried to the negroes who crowded round looking on, "do you know where it lives? I want to get one. A good English rifle to any man in Tulamba who guides me to the spot where I can pick a live moon flower!"

The men shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders dubiously.

"Oh, no!" they all answered, like supers at the theater, with one accord. "Too far! Too dangerous!"

"Why dangerous?" I cried, laughing. "The moon flower won't bite you. Who says danger in picking a flower?"

My head guide and hunter stood out from the crowd and looked across at me awe struck. "Oh, excellency!" he said in a hushed and frightened voice. "The moon flower is rare. It is very scarce. It grows only in the dark forest of the inner land, where the ngina dwells. No man dare pick it for fear of the ngina."

"Oho!" said I. "Is that so, my friend? Then I'm not astonished." For ngina, as no doubt you're already aware, is the native West African name for the gorilla.

Well, I took home the poor draggled blossom to my hut, dissected it carefully and made what scientific study was possible of its unhappy remains in their much tattered condition. But for the next ten days, as you can readily believe, I could think and talk and dream of nothing but moon flowers. You can't think what a fascination it exerts on a naturalist explorer's mind—a new orchid like that, as big round as a dessert plate and marked by so extraordinary and hitherto unknown a peculiarity in plants as phosphorescence, for the moon flower was phosphorescent. Of that I had not the shadow of a doubt. Its petals gave out by night a faint and dreamy luminousness, which must have made it shine like a moon indeed in the dense, dark shade of a tropical African forest.

The more I inquired of the natives about the new plant the more was my curiosity piqued to possess one. I longed to bring a root of the marvelous bloom to Europe, for the natives all spoke of it with a certain hushed awe or superstitious respect. "It is the ngina's flower," they said. "It grows in the dark places—the gardens of the ngina. If any man breaks one off, that is very bad luck. The ngina will surely overtake and destroy him."

This superstitious awe only inflamed my desire to possess a root. The negroes' stories showed the moon flower to be a most unique species. I gathered from what they told me that the blossoms had a very long spur, or sac, containing honey at its base in great quantities; that it was fertilized and rifled by a huge evening moth, whose proboscis was exactly adapted in length to the spur and its nectar; that it was creamy white in order to attract the insect's eyes in the gray shades of dusk, and that, for the selfsame reason, its petals were endowed with the strange quality of phosphorescence, till now unknown in the vegetable kingdom, while it exhaled by night a delicious perfume, strong enough to be perceived at some 20 yards' distance. So great a prize to a man of my tastes was simply irresistible. I made up my mind that, come what might, I must, could and would possess a tuber of the moon flower.

One fortnight sufficed for me to make my final plans. Heavy bribes overcame the scruples of the negroes. The promise of a good rifle induced the finder of the first specimen to take service with me as a guide. Fully equipped for a week's march and well attended with followers, all armed to the teeth, I made my start at last for the home of the moon flower.

To cut a long story short, we went for three days into the primeval shade of the great equatorial African forest. Dense roofs of foliage shut out the light of day. Underfoot the ground was encumbered with thick, tropical brushwood. We crept along cautiously, hacking our way at times among the brake with our cutlasses and crawling at others through the deep tangle of the underbrush on all fours, like monkeys. During all those three days we never caught sight of a single moon flower. They were growing very rare now-a-

Dry Seasons When the Wind
IS DEAD YOUR
WIND MILL
Stands Still. If You Need
WATER
We can Sell You a Small
GASOLINE ENGINE
and PUMP that will run 24 hours a day and bring the water, and so cheap you will be astonished. Call and see them in operation.
S.W. LUITWIELER CO.
405-7 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

Don't Throw Away
Those Old Magazines
Those Favorite Pieces of Music.
—You'll Miss Them—
Better have them bound.
It don't cost much if done by
HENRY J. PAULY,
Tel. Brown 312,
115½ N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

IT IS NO FAKE
The Lee Liquor Cure does exactly what is claimed, viz.: It takes away the appetite for strong drink. Call or send for testimonials. Price $15. DE MOSS BOWERS, Manager, 354 S. Broadway, LOS ANGELES.

Allen's Press
Clipping Bureau
223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

Laux California Perfumes
—ARE THE LEADERS.—
Huyler's New York Candies Fresh all the Time.
C. LAUX Co., Druggists,
231 South Broadway

BUY YOUR SHOES
AT THE
Queen Shoe Store
162-164 North Main Street

Buy Your
Roll Paper and Twine
FROM.....
Blake, Moffitt & Towne,
146 North Los Angeles St.

Ring up Main 52
For Choice Buffalo Lager, $1.25 per dozen
Or STEAM BEER, 5 gals., $1.60
10 gals., $3.00
NAPA SODA delivered at your home.
H. BRAUN, Agent,
Junction North Main and Alameda Sts.

Palace Market
EVERHARDY & WREDEN, Props.
Dealers in Fresh Meats,
Poultry, Game, Oysters,
Cor. 3rd & Spring Sts. Tel. Main 415

Western Fish Co.,
BARACUDA, SMELTS AND
SURF FISH
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. Telephone Main 561.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO JAN. 16, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
8:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
8:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
8:00 am	East via ElPaso Wednesday and Saturday Sunset Limited.	7:45 pm
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:45 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:45 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:45 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:45 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:45 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5.25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:30 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:30 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	*7:28 am
|||1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	**11:35 am
5:45 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	..Port Los Angeles..	
|||1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
3:45 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	*2:57 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only. |||On Sundays and "steamer days" (P. C. S. S. Co.) only.

SANTA FE ROUTE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect Nov. 10, 1899.

CITY TICKET Office, Corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angeles		Arrive Los Angeles
9:00 p.m. Sunday Tuesday Thursday Saturday	California Limited The Fastest Train Across the Continent	1:50 p.m. Friday Saturday Sunday Tuesday
10:10 a.m. Daily	Ov'ld Express For Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:25 a.m. Daily
8:50 a.m.	San Diego	12:10 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	San Diego	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.		8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	San Bernardino	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	via	B 1:50 p.m.
A 6:00 p.m.	Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	San Bernardino	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Redlands	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	5:30 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	Pasadena	
S 8:50 a.m.	Redlands	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via Orange	S12:10 a.m.
		5:47 p.m.
*8:30 a.m.	Riverside	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	B 1:50 p.m.
	Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	Riverside	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Pasadena	8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	Monrovia	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	and Azusa	5:30 p.m.
8:50 a.m.	Santa Ana	8:45 a.m.
2:00 p.m.	Santa Ana	12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Santa Ana	5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m.	San Jacinto	O*10:55 a.m.
O*10:00 a.m.	and Elsinore	
*2:00 p.m.	Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
9:55 a.m.	Redondo Beach	8:25 a.m.
5:24 p.m.	Redondo Beach	4:25 p.m.
*9:55 a.m.	Santa Monica	*4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sundays; O, via Orange; P, via Pasadena; S, Sundays; A, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday; B, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday. All other trains daily.

days, my guide explained in most voluble Fantee. When he was a mere boy, his father found dozens of them, but now—why, you must go miles and miles through the depths of the forest and never so much as light on a specimen.

At last, about noon on the fourth day out, we came upon a torrent, rushing with great velocity among huge bowlders and sending up the spray of its boiling rapids into the trees of the neighborhood. I sat down to rest, meaning to mix the water from the cool, fresh stream with a spoonful or two of cognac from the flask in my pocket. As I drank it I tossed back my head and looked up. Something on one of the trees hard by attracted my eyes strangely. A parasite stood out boldly from a fork of the branches, bearing a long, lithe spray of huge, luminous flowers as big as dessert plates. My heart gave a bound. The prize was within sight. I pointed my finger in silence to the tree. All the negroes with one voice raised a loud shout of triumph. Their words rent the air "The moon flower! The moon flower!"

I felt myself for a moment a perfect Stanley or Du Chaillu. I had discovered the most marvelous and beautiful orchid known to science.

In a moment I had tossed off my brandy, laid down my rifle and, mounting on the back of one of my negro porters, was swinging myself up to the lowest branch of the tree, where my new treasure shone resplendent in its own dim phosphorescence. I couldn't have trusted any hand but my own to pick or egg out of that glorious tuber. I meant to cut it bodily from the bark as it stood and bear it back in triumph in my own arms to Tulamba.

I had climbed the tree cautiously, and was standing almost within grasp of the prize when a sudden shout among my followers below startled and discomposed me. I looked down and hesitated. My brain reeled and sickened. A strange sight met my eyes. My negroes, one and all, had taken to their feet down the bed of the stream at the very top of their speed and were making a most unanimous and inexplicable stampede toward the direction of Tulamba.

For a moment I couldn't imagine what had happened to disconcert them. Then, casting my glance casually toward the spot where I had flung down my rifle, I became aware at once of the cause of this commotion. Their retreat was well timed. By the moss clad bowlders which filled the bed of the torrent somebody with a big, black face and huge grinning teeth was standing erect looking up at me and laughing. I had never seen the somebody's awful features before, but I had no need, for all that, to ask myself his name. I paused face to face with a live male gorilla.

For a moment or two the creature gazed up at me and grinned. Then he raised my rifle in his arms, held it clumsily before him and, to my intense surprise, taking a very bad aim, or rather pointing it aimlessly in the air, pulled both triggers with one hand and discharged the two barrels at me with one pull simultaneously. The bullets whizzed past me some ten yards off. They knocked off the twigs beyond my precious moon flower.

I don't deny that I was astonished. I won't deny that I was frightened. To tell the truth I was never in such a hideous fright before in all my life. I trembled like a jelly—my protoplasm curdled. I don't suppose the creature intended to fire or had the slightest idea in his dim mind what firing meant. No doubt he was only playing with the unknown object out of pure monkey curiosity. He must have been almost as much terrified at the result as I was. But no matter for that. It was awkward to find oneself face to face with a gorilla alone and without one's rifle—so awkward that for a minute or two I just gave myself up for lost entirely.

The gorilla, however, after his first flush of surprise was over did not, as I half hoped, fling down the noisy gun and make headlong for the remotest depths of the forest. On the contrary, he stood and looked at it for a few seconds in blank dismay; he frowned with his scowling eyebrows; he gnashed his great teeth in rage. He roared like a waterfall. Then he seized the rifle deliberately in his great hairy hands, bent the barrels almost double as readily as a man would bend a bit of common lead gas pipe and flung it away angrily among the mossclad bowlders. After that he looked up and grinned once more diabolically, showing his great canine teeth in the most grewsome fashion.

Well, I don't deny, as I say, that I was in a state of blue funk at the creature's gigantic and almost supernatural powers. But still the moon flower was at stake, and I wouldn't desert it. I was so horribly frightened that I don't believe wife or child or fatherland or freedom would have induced me to stay one moment alone in such dire extremities. But when it comes to orchids—well, I say no more than that I am, above all things, a scientific explorer. Each of us has his weakness, and mine is a flower. That touches my heart. For that alone can I be wrought up to the utmost pitch of daring conceivable or possible for me.

So I looked at the hugh brute, and I looked at the moon flower. Slowly and cautiously, gazing down all the time as I went to watch the creature's face. I crept along the branch, took my knife from my pocket and began to loosen the bark all round the spot where the glorious parasite was all a-growing and a-blowing. The gorilla from below stood watching me and roaring. His roar seemed like an invitation to come down and fight. I never in my life heard anything so awfully human in its deep bass roll. It reminded me of the lowest notes of the stage villain in the Italian operas, magnified, so to speak, 200 diameters.

Presently, as I went on cutting away the bark, as if for dear life, and loosening the precious tuber, my gorilla, who still remained motionless by his mossclad bowlder, left off his roaring and appeared to grow interested in the process of the operation. A change came o'er the spirit of his dream. He looked up and wondered, with vague brute curiosity, not unmixed with a certain strange air of low cunning and intelligence. It was as clear to me as mud that he was saying to himself inwardly:

"Why doesn't the fellow cut and run for his life? Does he think I don't know how to climb a tree? Does he imagine I couldn't be up there in a jiffy if I liked—to choke him or scrag him? What the dickens does he go on hacking away at the bark so quietly like that for, when he ought to be all agog to save his own bacon?"

I despaired of explaining to so rude a creature the imperative nature of scientific need. So, with one eye on the orchid and one on the brute, at the risk of contracting a permanent squint for life, I continued to egg out that magnificent moon flower, root and branch and tuber.

The longer I went on the closer and the more attentively did the gorilla take stock of all my acts and movements.

"Well, I declare," I could see him say to himself in the gorilla tongue, opening wide his huge eyes and elevating in surprise his shaggy brown eyebrows, "such an animal as this I never yet did come across. He isn't one bit afraid apparently of me, the redoubtable and redoubted king of the great Gaboon forest."

But I was most consumedly for all that, though I pretended not to be. Nothing but the presence before my eyes of that magnificent plant would have induced me for one moment to face or confront the unspeakable brute there.

At last I had finished and held my specimen in my hands entire. The next question now was what to do with it.

I walked slowly and cautiously along the branch of the tree. The gorilla, with his eyes now fixed curiously on the moon flower, put forth one hairy leg in front of another and, grinning with a sort of diabolical, brutish good humor, walked step for step on the ground just as cautiously beneath me.

I came to the end of the bough and reached the point where interlacing branches enabled me to get on to another tree. I did so somewhat clumsily, for I was handicapped by the moon flower. The gorilla, still grinning, looked up and remarked in his own tongue, "I could do that lot, I can tell you, a jolly sight better than you do."

As he smiled those words I had lost my balance, and, clinging still to my moon flower in my last chance for life, lowered myself slowly hand over hand to the ground in front of him.

With a frightful roar the creature sprang upon me and made a wild grab at my precious moon flower. That was more than scientific human nature could stand. I turned and fled, carrying my specimen with me. But my pursuer was too quick. He caught me up in a moment. His scowling black face was ghastly to behold; his huge white teeth gleamed fierce and hideous; his brawny, thick hands could have crushed me to a jelly. I panted and paused. My heart fluttered fast, then stood still within me. There was a second's suspense. At its end, to my infinite horror, he seized—not me—oh, no, not me!—I might have put up with that—but the priceless moon flower.

I was helpless to defend myself—helpless to secure or safeguard my treasure. He took it from me with a grin. I could see through those sunken eyes what was passing in the creature's dim and brutal brain. He was saying to himself, like men at his own low grade of cunning: "If that tuber was worth so much pains to him to get, it must be worth just as much to me to keep. So, by your leave, my friend, if you'll excuse me I'll take it."

I stood appalled and gazed at him. The brute snatched that unique specimen of a dying or almost extinct genus in his swarth, hairy hands—those clumsy great hands of his—raised it bodily to his mouth, crushing and tearing the beautiful petals in his coarse grasp as he went, ate it slowly through—tuber, stem, spray, blossom—and swallowed it conscientiously, with a hideous grimace, to the very last morsel. I had but one grain of consolation or revenge. It was clear the taste was exceedingly nasty.

Then he looked in my face and burst into a loud, discordant laugh. That laugh was hideous.

"Aha!" it said in effect. "So that's all you've got, my fine fellow, after all, for all your pains and care and trouble!"

I shut my eyes and waited. My turn would come next. He would rend me in his rage for the nastiness of the taste. I stood still and shuddered. But, alas, he meant only to eat the moon flower.

When I opened my eyes again, the brute had turned his back without one word of apology and was walking off at a leisurely pace in contemptuous triumph, shrugging his shoulders as he went, and chuckling low to himself in his vulgar dog in the manger joy and malignancy.

It was four days before I straggled alone, half dead, into Tulamba. I never came across another of those orchids. And that is why at Kew gardens they have still no moon flower.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

The following copyrighted stories by celebrated authors will shortly appear in THE SATURDAY POST:

THE HONOR OF BESSON
By Robert C. V. Meyers

MAM' SEPHNY'S QUEST
By Francis Lynde.

THE WAY OF THE TRESPASSER
By P. V. Banks

ONE TREE ISLAND
By John Bloundelle-Burton

THE TALK STICK
By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

A GATHERING OF LAVENDER
By Annie E. Holdsworth

THE LAST MARCHBANKS
By Viola Roseboro'

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT
By Carrie Blake Morgan

THE GRAY PARROT
By W. W. Jacobs

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES
By Wm. Murray Graydon

THE COUNT'S APOLOGY
By Robert Barr

TO CAPTURE AN HEIRESS
By Cutcliffe Hyne

ERACLIO SOLIS, HIGHWAYMAN
By John Heard, Jr.

AT THE PISTOL'S POINT
By E. W. Hornung

The Saturday Post will be sent by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for ***50 Cents Per Year.***

Address all communications and make all checks, drafts and money orders payable to

The Post Publishing Company,
401-402 Stimson Building,
Telephone Red 756. *Los Angeles, Cal.*

Sue In a Trap.

Eugene Sue, the French author, used to visit almost daily one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Mme. de D——, and hold forth in her richly fashioned boudoir on the conditions of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Mme. de D—— at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue, "but though my gifts are small they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

That afternoon, as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, poorly clad, came up to him and begged earnestly for charity. "Go away!" was the stern reply.

"But I am starving. Give me a single copper to buy bread with."

"I will give you in charge of the police if you continue to annoy me."

"You will," said the beggar, "and, M. Sue, you are the man who writes about the miseries of the poor. You are the workingman's champion, are you?"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Mme. de D——," was the reply, and the distinguished lady stepped into her carriage, which was waiting, and left the author to his reflections.

An Authority.

Willie—Mamma, what does making a bad break mean?

"You'd better ask your father, Willie." —Detroit Free Press

AMUSEMENTS.

THE LOS ANGELES THEATER.

Manager Frank Murray of the Frawley Company states that the organization is bigger and better than ever. "All the old favorites have been retained," he writes, "and we have several new members that I feel sure will become favorites in Los Angeles. The new leading lady, Miss Keith Wakeman, is a beautiful woman and a forceful actress. She has been E. S. Willard's leading lady in London for the past three years. Mr. Willard closed his tour last January, through illness, and we were enabled to secure Miss Wakeman. She returns to Mr. Willard when he resumes his tour next November. She will not play the leading role in our opening play, 'An Unconventional Honeymoon,' as it is a comedy part and more suited to Mary Van Buren, but she will play the leading part in 'The Charity Ball,' and Los Angeles theater-goers will then have an opportunity to judge her. The new people are Clarence Montaine one of the best character actors in America; Miss Christine Hill, a well-known character actress; Miss Minnette Barrett, Miss Margaret Smith and Charles Swift.

"Mary Van Buren is of course with us and she has advanced and improved wonderfully. I know all our old clientele will give her a welcome as well as Phosa McAllister, Marion Barney, Lillian Pearl Landers and Harington Reynolds, Frank Byrne, Frank Mathieu, Harry Duffield, Clarence Chase, J. R. Amory, George Gaston and other old members."

The Frawley season will open at the Los Angeles Theater Easter Sunday night. "An Unconventional Honeymoon," will be presented for the first half of the week and "The Charity Ball," for the last half. Frawley prices will prevail, 15c. to 50c. The "Unconventional Honeymoon" is new to our readers, and so we give the synopsis and plot, which is as follows:

"An Unconventional Honeymoon" is as clever a comedy as Daly ever adapted, and its is surprising that more has not been heard of it. It is a very interesting story of matrimonial difficulties which beset Eric Aubrey and his wife on the very night of their marriage, and the three acts of the piece tell of the winning over of Aubrey's wife by a very tactful method to which the husband resorts. The play is something of a modern "Taming of the Shrew," and the Petrucio part is full of great spirit and determination. The quarrel scene is quite exciting and has a sympathetic effect which always arouses an interest as to how it will end. The characters introduced include Eric Aubrey, a young Virginian of no wealth, who marries the daughter, Leo, of rich folks, and a young lady who has never been denied anything by her indulgent parents; Mr. and Mrs. Placid, her parents; Seba Barth, a painter who manages to win; Philip Manning, the young lawyer, who has a special practice in the divorce line and is at all times ready to assist friends out of matrimonial difficulties; Tom Raynor, the cousin of Aubrey, who has a singular faculty of always arriving too late to be of any avail; Mr. Rehberg, who tries to defraud the young husband out of the rights to an important invention, but is thwarted by Leo, and a dozen other interesting people.

———o———

THE ORPHEUM.

It has been the same old story at the Orpheum this week—a vast amusing bill, big crowds all the time and general satisfaction expressed with the novelties provided.

Next week there are big splashes of comedy promised, some magnificent singing, new biograph views, pretty girls in plenty, swift acrobats and the usual atmosphere of gayety in which an Orpheum performance always moves.

Matthews and Harris in a new skit by Will M. Cressy called "Adam the Second;" Guille, the famous tenor, formerly chief of Patti's male forces; Vashti Earle and Lulu, beautiful girls and clever comediennes and singers; the biograph with new views; Chas. Swift, the comedy pianist; Keno, Welch and Melrose, grotesque acrobats; Major Mite, the tiny man who imitates celebrities; Loney Haskell, the amusing story teller.

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM.

Los Angeles music lovers will have the privilege of hearing the celebrated musicians Alexander Petschnikoff, violiniste, and Mark Hambourg, the artistic and fiery virtuoso, who will appear at Simpson's auditorium on the evening of April 23d and the afternoon of the 25th. These musicians possess artistic ability of the highest order and they will be royally welcomed by music lovers.

ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF.

Petschnikoff is undoubtedly one of the few. None of us has heard Paganini, but most of us have heard Joachim, Saraste, Ysaye, Neruda and perhaps Wieniaswski, and, with the exception of Joachim, these are all easily outdistanced in genius, temperament and virtuosity by Alexander Petschnikoff. At times Petschnikoff has not the grand, broad tone of Joachim, but his playing is every whit as classical, his reading as noble. Petschnikoff, however, has ten times the sentiment, the sweetness of tone and the slavic depth of soul, and, above all, the grace and charm and delicacy always more or less lacking in Joachim's playing.—New York Home Journal, November 22, 1899.

MARK HAMBOURG.

It is no exaggeration to dub this young Siegfried of the piano a genius He has the sacred fire. He possesses musical sensibility in the highest degree. His tone is big, impressive—a veritable proclamation of power. Of his technic it will suffice for the present to say it is equal to any task that piano music may set for it. He played with superb dash and with a positive degree of authority, and roused the audience to genuine enthusiasm. It is safe to predict that he will create a furore.—Martinez, in New York World, November 9.

———o———

THE BURBANK.

"Sinbad," the great Henderson extravaganza, will be presented by the Morosco Opera Company at the Burbank Theater, commencing tomorrow evening.

The Morosco Company recently presented "Sinbad" in San Francisco for threo consecutive weeks to packed houses. All the special scenery and properties were shipped direct to this city and will be a special feature of the performance. The beautiful transformation scene which caused so much favorable comment by the San Francisco press is also here and will be shown at the close of the performance.

The principals will all have new and topical songs and Mr. William Wolff have an opportunity to further establish himself in the part of Snarleyow, in which he sings the famous "Bogie Man" song. The chorus has been greatly enlarged. There will be thirty pretty and graceful girls and fifteen men with good voices. The march which is introduced in the fourth act and called the "March of the Silver Knights," will bring into prominence all the girls of the company. Miss Edith Mason, the prima donna, will sing the title role, and will also introduce a number of pretty ballads and a couple of coon songs in which she will be assisted by two little pickaninnies and the entire chorus. The character of Fresco, which Eddie Foy made famous, will be in the keeping of Arthur Wooley. The production from a scenic and spectacular point of view will be the most elaborate ever witnessed in this city. The sale of seats is very large and indications point to another week of packed houses.

———o———

HOLLENBECK PARK.

Program for concert by Southern California Band, H. W. Coomber, director, Sunday, April 15, 1900:

Grand March — The Redemption (Gounod).
Spanish Waltz—Mercedes (Trinkhaus).
Selection from Les Huguenots (Meyerbeer).
Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhauser (Wagner).
Trohmbone Solo—The Holy City (S. Adams).
Song to the Evening Star (Wagner).
Selection from Maritana (Wallace).
Sword Dance (Voelker).
Medley—Popular songs (Horwitz & Marion).
Potporri—Irish Airs.
Hail Columbia.

Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to park.

———o———

Misplaced Sympathy.

A widow went to the office of the insurance company where her late husband had insured himself in order to receive payment of her claim.

During the conversation which ensued the clerk remarked sympathetically that he was very sorry to hear of her husband's death.

Whereupon she fairly staggered him by remarking, "You men are all the same—always sorry when a poor woman gets the chance of a little money."—Liverpool Mercury.

Jenny Lind Off the Stage.

Jenny Lind the woman was greater than Jenny Lind the singer. The bishop of Norwich's son, subsequently Dean Stanley, wrote that she had "the manners of a princess, with the simplicity of a child and the goodness of an angel." Her character showed itself, he added, "through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety."

At one of Dean Stanley's services in the cathedral she was moved to tears by the singing of the boy choristers and had places reserved for them at her concert the next morning. When she came on the platform, she greeted them with a smile of recognition, which the boys never forgot.

While she was singing in Copenhagen such was the excitement that court and town begged her to give them one more day of song. A gentleman of musical culture had, with his wife, anxiously looked forward to her visit. When she came, he was on a sick bed. Jenny Lind heard of his desire and found time to go to his house and sing to him and his wife.

When she went to London, Mendelssohn asked her to sing to a friend of his who had long lain upon a bed of sickness. She went and cheered him with songs, the remembrance of which is still cherished by the family.—Presbyterian.

A Terror to Publishers.

The business part of Balzac's literary life, says a writer in Self Culture, was not happy. He had many publishers and did not continue on good terms with them. This grew out of his methods of work. His handwriting was the despair of the printers, and his methods of handling his proofs was most laborious. He would erase, interline, cover the margins with whole paragraphs of fresh material, leaving hardly a trace of the original.

The second proof was handled similarly, and such was his desire for perfection in his work that he would repeat the process eight or ten times before he would give his order to print. His writings bear no evidence of haste. Every page is as highly finished as he could make it. He was his own severest critic. For corrections after the first proof he had to pay extra, and his "Pierrette" cost him 300 francs more than he received for the story.

Abdominal Supporters . . .

In the September, 1899, issue of "Good Health," pages 527 and 528, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the head of the great sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., says: "In the majority of neurasthenics (people suffering from nervous disorders) we find the chief source of waste of nervous energy to be the strain of prolapsed abdominal organs pulling upon the delicate fibres of the abdominal sympathetic. Pain through the shoulder blades, the back of the neck and the loins is often due to this cause. I have repeatedly seen patients at once relieved of a long list of nervous symptoms by the application of an efficient supporter." This is high authority for our claim that a perfect fitting supporter should be a part of every lady's wardrobe. The hand knit elastic is the ideal supporter. We are the only makers of these goods in the city. Lady fitter in attendance. Pamphlet mailed free.

Trusses, Elastic Hosiery and Supporters.

W. W. SWEENEY 213 W. FOURTH St., Between Spring and Broadway. Removed from Spring Street.

Four $1.50 Popular Books at 95c. Each

CHEAP BOOKS

To Have and To Hold. Richard Carvel.
David Haram. Janice Meredith.

We RENT LATE NOVELS, 10 cents First Week, 2 cents per day thereafter.

JONES' BOOK STORE
226 West First Street Los Angeles, Cal.

To Catalina and Seaside Resorts

THE LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY is

The only line selling tickets to SAN PEDRO, TERMINAL ISLAND and CATALINA ISLAND, giving stop-over privileges at Long Beach, the Chautauqua of Southern California, without extra charge. A ten-mile ride along the sea shore and first choice of steamer accommodations going to Catalina. For a fishing and sailing cruise on the Pacific Ocean, no better place can be found than at Terminal Island and Long Beach. Elegant Hotels, Golf Links, Charming Climate, Sea Bathing Year Around.

Trains leave 8.50 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m. daily, and 10.50 a.m., Saturdays and Sundays. Catalina train 8.50 a.m. daily.

Information and tickets TERMINAL OFFICE,
Telephone Main 960. 214 South Spring Street.

Los Angeles Hay Storage Co. WHOLESALE **HAY**

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE *TELEPHONE MAIN 1596*

Office, corner Third and Central Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

$33,000 for a Fountain.

The City of Los Angeles Has Paid the Water Company that Amount for the Little Fountain in the Plaza. Other Gigantic Rake-Offs of the City Water Company.

In the last thirty years the city of Los Angeles has paid the enormous sum of $33,000 for the fountain in the Plaza. This little fountain, which is in the center of the historic plaza at the junction of Main, Marchessault and Los Angeles streets, at one time furnished water for the small village or pueblo of Los Angeles, which was clustered round about it. At the time of the adoption of the thirty year lease with the city water company, thirty-three years ago, the fountain was intended to constitute a convenient means of procuring water as well as an ornament to the principal public square of the city. The city water company was to erect an ornamental fountain at that point as part of the lease consideration. The cost was not to exceed $1000. That part of the contract between the city and the water company which relates to the building of the lease reads as follows:

"* * * and (the Los Angeles City Water Company) shall within one year from the approval of this contract erect or cause to be erected an ornamental fountain upon the public plaza of said city of such design as the mayor and common council shall direct, at a cost not to exceed one thousand dollars * * * "

It is impossible to see how this passage can be construed as a permission to the water company to take $33,000 of the taxpayers' money. All the city has to show for all this is a piece of rusty water pipe.

This is one of the numerous outrageous evasions of its lease recorded in the history of the city water company. The amount, $33,000, is small compared to some of the other "profits" which the water company have illegitimately made from a misuse of their contract with the city. But it serves as an index of the unlawful course which has been pursued steadily by the water company ring. Ring is the proper term for the inside syndicate since some of the water company stockholders are honest men.

The water company should be compelled to refund this money.

The consideration for the water company's building the fountain was the granting of the lease by the city.

This stupendous fraud should not be permitted to pass unnoticed by city officials.

If the water company claim that their contract with the city is a good one and that the thirty years' franchise which was granted thirty-three years ago is still in operation, why do they not live up to its terms?

Why do they repudiate some portions of the contract and yet insist on others?

Judge McKinley in the case of Los Angeles City Water Company vs. La Sierra Water Company held that the contract expired April 22, 1888. The Supreme Court held that the provisions of the contract relating to the quantity of water which the water company might take from the Los Angeles river was void.

The water company claim, despite Judge McKinley's opinion, that the lease runs for thirty years and that the contract is a good one. The thirty years are past three years ago.

The city is being defrauded right and left. The water company ring continues to delay our municipal progress. The steals continue and yet $33,000 for a fountain (which was to be part of the consideration for granting the lease) is a small sum compared with other rates the taxpayers of Los Angeles are forced to pay the Los Angeles City Water Company for the privilege of being robbed.

The building of the fountain in the plaza was one of the considerations for which the city granted the lease to the city water company. The water company would never had entered into that portion of its contract which relates to the building of the fountain at all, if it had not desired to remove the reservoir of a rival concern which was located on the plaza. It never would have built the fountain or carried out the contract into which it had entered, unless forced to do so by the Mayor.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

The Advantageous New Quarters of Los Angeles' Splendid Commercial Body. Property Owners Contribute towards an Enviable Location. The New Site Will Tend to Build Up a Neglected Portion of the City.

The Chamber of Commerce has secured a new building!

The members of the Chamber and citizens of Los Angeles alike are to be congratulated upon the site which has been secured to exploit our products and entertain our visitors.

For a long time there has been a feeling of dissatisfaction over the inadequacy of the present quarters of the Chamber of Commerce.

They are too small. Their location is undesirable. Many other objectionable features exist.

Those interested in the Chamber of Commerce have felt that an entire building would be none too large in which to place the exhibits and to afford rooms for the various officers, committees, etc., which the growing importance of this representative Los Angeles body demands.

So again the Chamber is to be congratulated.

The new location is upon the junction of Aliso and Alameda streets.

It is to be furnished free by property owners. This is to be done so that the rich people who own property in the high-life district near by may be benefited by an increase in the value of their holdings. The president of the Chamber of Commerce as also many members are interested in this movement. The presence of the Chamber of Commerce in Little Paree will undoubtedly lend a high moral tone to the wicked and naughty surroundings. Their squalor will not appear so obvious. Certain persons have intimated that the Chamber of Commerce will be borne down by the muckiness of the neighborhood. You can't touch pitch, say they, and not be soiled. The Chamber of Commerce is no danger. The office of the Los Angeles City Water Company is at hand. At a moment's notice the company will furnish water at high pressure and high rates, and completely deluge the Chamber of Commerce, wiping away all the badness and muckiness and the Chamber of Commerce, too. The Water Company would like to 'clean up' such an organization. They are great on purity and cleaning up. That's why they have lived in the neighborhood aforesaid so long.

One objection which some of the barnacles to the city's progress have interposed is that the proposed site is so far from the Traction Street Railway Company's line, that it will deter many persons from visiting the Chamber of Commerce. This is a horrible mistake. There are lots of things in the attraction line down in Little Paree and a Traction line or two will not scale the balance when our visitors and tourists hear what is to be seen in the vicinity of Los Angeles' Chamber of Commerce building.

As for location!

The location is a very desirable one indeed. It will improve property values. It will improve these values at the expense of the general public. This is the only way to improve that district, for the wealthy owners will themselves do nothing. It will be very convenient for those visitors who have never studied Chinatown in all its mud puddle glory. The rack and ruin with which the Chamber of Commerce building is to be surrounded will lend an air of delightful romance. The low buildings, unkempt streets and dobe sheds will carry one back to old Spain on one side and old China on the other. It will be a proud moment when the president and members of the Chamber of Commerce can look out of the second story windows of the new building and see lying beneath them in picturesque panorama quaint hovels and narrow streets in and out of which crawl Chinamen, dagoes, rats, ragpickers and princesses of the demimonde. Faro players and Chinese lottery games and across the street the protecting influence of the Los Angeles City Water Company!

Of course values of surrounding property will be enhanced and the district greatly improved. Trade will be directed down into that portion of the city. That less desirable outgrown portion. So that although visitors to our Chamber of Commerce may at first gain a wrong impression of our pride in Los Angeles' institutions, a little explaining and showing; explaining why the Chamber of Commerce went to the junction of Aliso and Alameda streets and showing how nice and quaint Little Paree, the Chinamen and rats are after all.

The three advantages of this location for a building for the Chamber of Commerce are:

First. No part of the city needs regeneration more. Nowhere will more wealthy estates be benefited without cost to them.

Second. Partnership of location in the high moral atmosphere of the City Water Co.

Third. Exclusion of one of the city transportation lines to all access to the Chamber. This throws the monopoly of business to one line and is in harmony with the City Water Co. press policy. The Traction and its fine cars are prevented from bringing people to the Chamber. This will make the patronage more select.

Ocean Park.

THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.

T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P.O.

THE WONDERFUL

Maestro

A Beautiful Instrument that will play any Organ, any Piano equal to any Master

No previous knowledge required. You can play it and play it well. Call and see it and hear it, or write for particulars.

PRICE $40

L. B. VALK, Sole Agent

325 STIMSON BLOCK

Third and Spring *Los Angeles, Cal.*

Laundry

That is what we do, and we do it well. *No Shrinkage. No Fading.* Special Prices made to families where laundry is over $1.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Liberal terms to agents in outside towns.

Crystal Steam Laundry,

PHONE RED 1932

416-418-420 East First St.

Abbotsford Inn

The best first-class family hotel in the residence districts of Los Angeles—Convenient to all car lines — Social Centre of Los Angeles — Patronized by the most distinguished people — Everything done for the convenience of guests—Beautiful interior Court—Free Billiard-room —Best Cuisine in California—Advise your friends to stop at the

Abbotsford Inn,

801 South Hope Street,

Los Angeles, Cal.

TAKE IT AT HOME

The Lee Liquor Cure is essentially a home cure. One to two weeks is sufficient to rid oneself of the desire for alcoholic stimulant. Price $15. Write for testimonials. DE MOSS BOWERS, Manager, 354 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES.

Printed Stationery

Good Stock—Low Prices.

Mail Orders are Solicited

Letter Heads $2.75 to $3.50 per 1000.
Bill Heads, 4's, $2 to $2.75 per 1000.
" " 6's, $1.50 to $2.00 per 1000.
Business Cards, $1.50 to $2.50 per 1000.
Other work in proportion.

F. BLECH & CO.

258 South Main Street

LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at 306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.) SANTA MONICA

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*

Employment Agents

123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

The Great Credit House

BRENT'S

530-532 S. Spring St.

Furnish Your Homes

At small expense. We want your trade and your friends' and their friends' and their friends' friends'.

Low Prices == Easy Terms

Should surely obtain it. By our liberal credit system we make it possible for you to furnish a home. A small amount paid every week or month out of your earnings will soon accomplish it. Don't wait.

See BRENT About It

The Government is troubled over that

Open Port

And there are some people in Los Angeles troubled over

Old Port

If you haven't been getting just what you want in wines, it's your own fault—take the hint and deal with us.

Old Port from 50c to $1.50 per Gallon, According to Age. Free Samples.

Edward Germain Wine Co

397-9 Los Angeles St., Cor. 4th

No Bar. Open Evenings. Tel Main 919

The Rosslyn

MAIN STREET, OPP. POSTOFFICE

The best appointed hotel at moderate rates in California. Every modern convenience. Desirable rooms. Excellent table. Polite attention. Orchestral music during dinner hours. American plan $2 per day and up. European plan $1 per day and up.

Comforts of the Canyon

When you go to the canyon, be sure your Razor is ground and put in the best shape, or buy you a TRUE BLUE RAZOR, guaranteed at $3.50. You cannot enjoy the sights without them.

Hopperstead's

110 West Third Street Los Angeles, Cal.

I am curing Diseases of every nature without the use of drugs or medicine. I am teaching others to do the same by use of the : :

WELTMER

Method of Magnetic Healing.

If you doubt, write Mrs. Keeney enclosing stamp.

—Prof. Adams: For a considerable length of time I was a martyr to Sciatic Rheumatism, and tried many remedies without deriving any permanent benefit. I experienced great relief from your first treatment, and was permanently cured by the third.

Later, I contracted sympathetic whooping cough from my little grandchild, from which I was cured by one single treatment.

Again: I have been relieved of neuralgic headaches (from which I suffered as a result of La Grippe) by your Magnetic Treatment alone. For all this I desire to express my sincere thanks and words of appreciation.

MRS. E. P. KEENEY, 1147 Maple Ave., Los Angeles.

A Copy of MAGNETIC PROGRESS to any address for a Stamp.

California School of Magnetic Healing,

405½ South Broadway, LOS ANGELES

Opp. Chamber of Commerce.

Why the **Racycle** RUNS EASY

BECAUSE the Ball Bearings are in the Hubs of the cranks, allowing the sprocket and chain to run between the bearings, and also makes the distance from center of pedals to the ball bearings less than in the old style of crank hanger. This construction reduces the leverage and makes the pressure on the bearings of the Racycle 27 per cent less than on any other bicycle.

The Racycle is handsome and up-to-date. Prices $35, $40 and $50. Agents wanted in every town. Send for circular

The Racycle Agency, 831 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

TELEPHONE BLUE 3158 — P. O. BOX 601

FRANK HUSTON

GROWER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF ... Nurseyman and Florist

TREES AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTS

Take San Pedro St. Car — SIXTEENTH and SAN PEDRO STS., — LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Fine Tone is what makes the

Shoninger Piano

So Popular.

WILLIAMSON BROS.,

327 South Spring Street.

A beautiful picture below! But it takes good eyes to enjoy the same.

Where Nature Fails **F. DETMERS, the Optician** 354 South Broadway

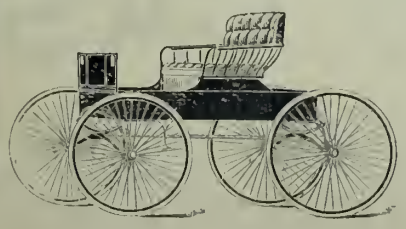
Can supply the proper glasses to give your eyes comfort forever.

Telephone James 1851

WINNEDUMAH, THE PIUTE MONUMENT, ONE OF INYO COUNTY'S WONDERS.

GUNS, Fishing Tackle and SPORTING GOODS

JOE SINGER, Proprietor **Southern California Arms Co.,** 113 W. FIRST STREET



For FINE ROAD WAGONS, BUGGIES AND SURREYS Go to

Newell, Mathews Co.

200 NORTH LOS ANGELES STREET.

Fine Ladies' Tailoring

HAZARD - FETSCH

322 South Broadway

OPPOSITE COULTER'S

B. F. GARDNER

DEALER IN

Books, News and Stationery

Office Supplies of all Kinds

Inks, Mucilage, Paste, Blank Books, Memorandums, Pocket Books, Purses, Etc.

New and Attractive Books and Souvenirs

Call and see a new 28-page California Souvenir for 20c. A smaller one for 10c. Sent post-paid for 25c and 12c.

305 SOUTH SPRING STREET

What 50 cents can do

Your choice of Fifty different Styles

ROCKERS

At Cash Prices on easy terms of

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Telephone Green 1829

Eastern Outfitting Co.,

536 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.

Not cheap but how good.

Satisfaction guaranteed

Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company

Studio and Art Rooms

351 SOUTH BROADWAY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES

When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices

Take Lunch at

The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE

128 West Third Street.

WALL PAPER . . .

The Spring Patterns and Designs in Wall Paper are handsomer this year than ever—the color schemes more dazzling—the effect most bewitching. What you want in your home is the effect—at a reasonable price. We can save you money.

. . THE BEST BICYCLE . .

We are also agents for the celebrated Napoleon and Josephine Bicycles, built of Thor parts throughout. The handsomest and strongest bicycle made.

—— Prices $40, $50, $55.——

The Magnet bicycle, a good wheel for $30 and $35.

New York Wall Paper Company

452 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

A NEW, MODERN

Department Store.

WE SELL EVERYTHING, AND CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER STORE OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

CALL AND SEE THE BARGAINS.

Chapin=Tibbot Commercial Co.

437=441 South Broadway.

Tailoring Establishment
IN CONNECTION FOR ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING AND ALTERING.

Mail and Express Orders Promptly Attended to.

HAVE YOUR GARMENTS CLEANED OR DYED AND RENOVATED AT THE

American Dye Works.

Our New Improved Dry Process
HAS NO EQUAL

Blankets, Curtains, Household and Merchants' Goods, Etc.

Office, 210 1-2 SOUTH SPRING ST. Telephone 850.
Works, 613-615 WEST SIXTH ST. Telephone 1016.

OSTRICH PLUMES
CLEANED, DYED AND CURLED.

Los Angeles, Cal.

"Puritas Coffee"

We'll swear by any of our Puritas Coffees, Teas, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, or Baking Powder—They are absolutely pure and genuine.

In less than two months we have built up a phenomenal coffee business—Why?

Because our Puritas Coffee is a superior grade of coffee—the best, in fact. Roasted fresh every day.

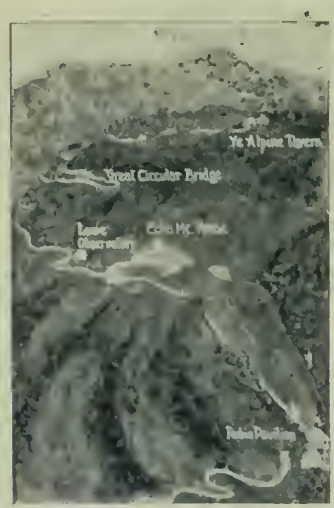
That's the reason why we supply such places as the Abbotsford Inn, and many of the other first class hotels and restaurants, as well as hundreds of private families with Puritas Coffee. Money back if you are not satisfied. "Always the Same."

Puritas Coffee and Tea Company

W. A. GLASSCOCK, Manager

TEL. JAMES 1791 — 108 WEST THIRD STREET.

Mount Lowe Railway.



OUTLINE MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY

Rubio Canyon, Echo Mountain,
Ye Alpine Tavern,

Summit of Mount Lowe,
6100 Feet Above Sea Level.

Grandest Trip on Earth

HOTELS ECHO MOUNTAIN CHALET YE ALPINE TAVERN

The Finest of All Mountain Resorts.

Special Excursions at Reduced Rates
Each SATURDAY and SUNDAY.

For information regarding hotel accommodations, rates, special excursion rates for parties, etc., call on or address:

CLARENCE A. WARNER
Traffic and Excursion Agt.,

Tel. Main 960. 214 S. Spring St., LOS ANGELES

Another Dry Season Means More Water Development

In this endeavor, and in order to attain maximum results at the least possible cost, you should first investigate the great .. ..

P. K. Wood Propeller Pump

The acknowledged leader among all the Pumps now on the market.

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.
ECONOMICAL IN OPERATION.
RELIABLE IN SERVICE AND RESULTS

Call and see it in operation at 209 North Main Street, or send for beautifully printed and illustrated Catalogue.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1236

P. K. WOOD, 209 North Main St., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Saturday Post's Accident Insurance.

$500.00 CASH

Will be paid by the Post Publishing Company to the one whom they shall decide to be the heirs or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting death by violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the Saturday Post is found. **The Saturday Post**—a sixteen page weekly family story paper, with its *Five Hundred Dollars Cash Accident Insurance*, will be sent to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for Fifty Cents per Year, payable in advance. On and after May 1st the price of the Saturday Post will be One Dollar per Year. SUBSCRIBE NOW.

Address all communications, make all checks, drafts and money orders payable to

THE POST PUBLISHING CO.

Telephone Red 756. — 401–402 Stimson Building, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. 50 Cents per Year. LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL 21, 1900. Single Copy 5 Cents. NUMBER 16.

Mam' Sephny's Quest

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

COPYRIGHTED 1900, BY FRANCIS LYNDE

"Is you all de cap'n of dishyer railroad, sah?"

Russell looked up from his desk. It was not the omnipr ent negro vender of persimmons or muscadines. It was a woman, gray, bent and wrinkled and with the pleadingest old eyes that ever looked out upon a masterful world. She were a knotted bandanna on her head, and her dress was of the coarsest, but Russell, whose glance was that of a trained summarist, remarked that everything about her was scrupulously neat and spotless.

"I am the passenger agent," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Yes, sur; dat's whut dey tole me, an I des climm up dem sta'rs ter see ef you all couldn' holp de po' ole niggah 'ooman git back ter ole Firginny. I'ze dis nigh home, mahsteh, but dese ole laigs dey ain' gwine cyar me dah—no, suh. Dey des mek out lak dey couldu'."

"Where are you from, aunty?" Russell was new to the south, and all negroes of a certain age were yet "aunties" and "uncles" to him.

"I'ze f'om Alabama, suh, dis las' time, yes, suh. Done tromp all de way f'om Montgomery, suh."

Now, a railway passenger agent, being stationed at a principal junction point of human desires and disabilities, must needs harden his heart, but it is a long walk from Montgomery to Chattanooga.

"What will you do when you get to Virginia? Have you relatives there?"

"Kinfolks? No, suh. But dah's wha' I'ze bo'u an rais'."

"How long have you been away?"

"Ain' been dah sence de wah time, suh."

"Since the war? Why, you won't find anybody there now that you know!"

"No, suh; I don't 'spect ter. But I'ze lak ter lay my ole bones en de ole manneh fahm wha' de mahsteh an de missis is sleepin; yes, suh, I would."

Russell put business aside and with it the stereotyped rule in such cases made and provided. An application for half fare "account charity" should have come from the proper official of the county court, but he waived the formality.

"What is your name, aunty?" he asked, dipping his pen.

"Sephuy Dickson, suh—yes, suh. T'ank you kin'ly, suh."

"Dickson?" It was a family name in which the passenger agent was deeply interested for cause.

"Yes, suh; Sephny Dickson."

Russell filled out the order for half rates, but when the money stage of the small transaction was reached the little heap of nickels and dimes which the old woman took from a knot in the corner of her kerchief was all too small, and the charitable causeway broke down in a new place.

"Is that all you have, aunty?"

"Yes, suh; cv'y las' picayune, suh."

"It isn't half enough, even for the half fare."

The dim, old eyes filled with tears. "Dat's—dat's des what I'ze skeered of, suh. 'Spect I'ze des got ter tromp it after all. How fur is it, mahsteh?"

Russell's hand sought his pocket, but something in the old woman's manner made him withdraw it empty. "It's too far for you to walk. Can't you stay here till you've earned money enough to pay the half fare?"

"Dat's whut I'ze layin off ter do twel I tried. yes, suh; but I'ze mighty ole an no 'count, an de white folks dey wants de young ones nowerdays—yes, suh, dey does."

Russell recalled something which had been said on the occasion of his latest visit to a certain hospitable household on the hither slope of old Lookout.

"Can you cook, aunty?" he queried.

"I kin dat, sho'ly, suh."

"Would you like to get a place in a good family here for awhile?"

"'Deed I would dat! Mo' 'speshully ef dar's any chillun."

Russell smiled under his mustache and wondered if a certain young lady he wotted of, a young woman who had recently attained to the dignity of being her father's housekeeper, would consent to pose as a child for Aunt Sephny's benefit. Then he took his courage in both hands and wrote a note:

"Dear Miss Lois—I heard you say the other evening that you would be glad to get one of the old time, before the war 'mammies' for a house servant. Here is one who stumbled into the office a few minutes ago, and I hope she will impress you as she has me. She will if you'll give her a chance to work upon your sympathies. Will you pardon the liberty I'm taking and send her back to town if you do not want her?"

When it was written and inclosed, he found his hat and closed his desk.

"Come with me, and I'll put you on the street car," he said. "I think I know of a place for you."

The shadow of Chattanooga's great sentinel mountain was marching out across the valley when Russell boarded the incline car at St. Elmo that evening. He was to be a dinner guest at the Dicksons', and when he dropped from the ascending car at the end of the white paved battlefield boulevard the major's daughter was there to meet him. She was a sweet faced young girl of the type known to our forbears as winsome, and to the young Illinoisan the four mile pilgrimage from Chattanooga to the mountains was long only in its retracing. None the less there was a fly in his pot of ointment in the shape of an old fashioned pearl ring worn on a suggestive finger of Miss Dickson's left hand, the gift, some one had told him, of a cousin gone to fight the Spaniards. The ring was in evidence when he shook hands.

"Thank you for coming to meet me," he said when they had faced about for the walk to the cottage.

She laughed softly, and Russell thought of gurgling brooks and whispering leaves and such like lyric similes. "Don't thank me. It was I who couldn't wait to thank you. You don't know what you've done for us. How did you ever happen to think of it?"

"If you'll tell me what 'it' is, perhaps I can explain."

"Why, Mam' Sephny, how did you ever come to send her up here, of all places in the world?"

"She got next to the sympathetic side of me, and I didn't know what else to do with her. And I happened to remember what you said the other evening about the old time negro women. What have I done?"

"If you had been our good angel, you couldn't have done a lovelier thing. Do you know who Mam' Sephny is? She is papa's own old 'black mammy.' She was a house servant in Grandfather Dickson's old home in Virginia."

"Well, I'll be blessed! You don't say! Why, it was the merest chance in the world! As I say, I didn't know what else to do with her."

"It was an—an inspiration, I think," declared Lois impulsively. "Papa can't make enough of her, and she—well, I just thought she would die with the sheer joy of it. Poor old woman! She has had such a dreadfully hard time of it."

"Has she? I guessed as much—from her eyes, you know."

"Then she didn't tell you her story?"

"No."

"It is fairly heartrending. She had a child, a little boy who was 3 years old when she lost him. It was in the last year of the war, and Wythe county was overrun with negro stealers, making the most of their opportunity while it lasted, papa says. They stole the boy, and Mam' Sephny could never learn anything more definite about him than that he was sold south with a lot of others, old and young. Wasn't it pitiful?"

The young man nodded. He had abolition blood in his veins, and it made him glad to the finger tips to know that a daughter of slaveholders could also sympathize with a black mother bereft.

"Of course there was nothing for her to do at the time," Lois went on, "but when grandfather and grandmother died and papa was reported killed at Petersburg she was free, and she started out to hunt for her baby. Did you ever hear of such a hopeless task?"

"Never," said Russell, trying to imagine himself seeking a loved one, say, a sweet faced young woman with starlike eyes, under like hopeless conditions. "Did she find the boy?"

"Oh, no; it wasn't to be expected. She has spent her whole life going from place to place all through the southern states, looking and asking and always hoping. But she has given it up at last, and she was trying to get back to the old home place in Virginia."

"Yes; to die and be buried beside her old master and mistress. She told me that. It's very pathetic, and—and, Miss Lois, you don't know how glad I am that you can sympathize with her." He said it because it was in him and clamoring for speech, but he was quite unprepared for her half reproachful protest.

"Glad, but surprised—is that it?" she queried, with a little note of antagonism in her voice.

"I suppose I ought to be polite and say 'No,' but I'm going to be truthful and say 'Yes.' I've always been led to believe that your attitude—that is, the attitude of the southern people—toward the—er—the negroes was—a"—He stumbled, not knowing just how to put it in the least offensive phrasing, but he needed not to go on.

"I know," she laughed, and the little whiff of antagonism was gone. "But after you've been here longer you will understand. They are men and women to you yet, I suppose, but to us they are simply good natured, overgrown children. And we are kinder to them than you will be until you know them as well as we do."

The young man suspected that he was getting upon thin ice and made haste to go back to Mam' Sephny and safety.

"Will you tell me what the old aunty's name is?" he asked. "It's been puzzling me all day."

"'Persephone,' of course," said Lois. "She cried when papa called her that; said she hadn't heard her 'chu'ch name' since her old mistress died. But you mustn't call her 'aunty.' That's only a brevet title, you know. She is a 'mammy.'"

Russell promised to remember and opened the gate for his companion. A moment later he was trying to explain to Major Dickson that his sending of Mam' Sephny was the purest bit of haphazard and so quite thankless.

"But our obligation is the same," said the major. "Why, bless my soul, seh, I couldn't feel mo' gratified if somebody had made me a present of the old home place in Virginia—I couldn't, for a fact! Being from the north, you cyahn't quite appreciate our feelings toward these old black mammies of ours; you'd have to be southern bawn for that. Will you walk out to youh dinner, seh?"

Under the circumstances the table talk was inevitably of faithful old servants and the patriarchal system of bygone days, but later, when they had all adjourned to the veranda, the major with his long stemmed pipe, and Russell with his camera, the young man made good his promise to induct Miss Dickson into the mysteries of the fad photographic. Lois proved an apt pupil, and when they had taken snap shots of the valley, of each other and of the negro man working on the lawn the young girl sighed for fresh subjects.

"I wish we could get Mam' Sephny. She's a type, you know, and one that

is nearly extinct. Is there light enough? Shall I call her?"

Before Russell could reply, and as if the wish had evoked her, the aged negress came around the corner of the house and stood with arms akimbo scanning the man at work on the lawn. Her pose was exceptionally good, and Russell made haste to adjust the camera.

"The light is exactly right on her face," he said. "Tell her to stand just as she is for a moment, please. It's a chance in a thousand."

Lois called to the unconscious poseuse: "Stand still, Mam' Sephny—don't move. Mr. Russell is going to take your picture."

The effect of the warning was altogether unexpected and not a little disconcerting. The old negress threw up her hands, shrieked and disappeared, and the man on the lawn caught up his scythe and made as if he would charge the group on the veranda. Lois laughed merrily.

"Dear me," she said, "I quite forgot that Mam' Sephny might object." And then in explanation, "It's a foolish superstition among the older ones; somehow connected with the 'evil eye,' I believe."

"She didn't object soon enough," said Russell, laughing. "I got her before she moved."

He said it in an ordinary tone, but the stalwart negro overheard. With a quick thrust of his boot heel he knocked the scythe blade from its socket, and it became a sword to slay. Catching up the weapon, he made a dash for the veranda.

Russell saw him coming and realized dimly that he might presently have to fight for his life with a superstition crazed maniac. But at the critical instant the artistic prompting was stronger than the self defensive. The man on the steps, with his weapon swung high, became for the moment a camera subject not to be duplicated in a lifetime. The rays of the setting sun, streaming over the shrugged shoulder of the mountain, fell full on his rage distorted face, and a livid scar, invisible at other times, gashed one black cheek from temple to jaw angle. If there had been certain death in the biting of the scythe blade, Russell could not have resisted the impulse to photograph the man as he stood.

The click of the camera shutter broke the spell for all of them. Lois shrieked, her father sprang from his chair and the negro dropped his weapon. It was the major who first found speech.

"Why, David, you black rascal, you! What are you about, eh? Put that scythe back on the snath and go to youh work! Do you heah me?"

The man turned and went back to his grass cutting without a word, and when he was out of earshot Russell laughed good naturedly.

"You've been telling me all along that I've a good bit to learn about the brother in black, major, and I'm beginning to take it in slowly. 'Pon my word, I believe that fellow really had it in mind to kill me!"

From that the talk drifted easily to obism and racial characteristics and things atavistic, and it was late when Russell rose to take his leave. Lois rose, too, and went around to the side veranda to look for the incline signal at the Point hotel. It had disappeared.

"The last car has gone down," she announced, going back to the two men at the steps, whereupon the hospitable major made instant offer of bed and breakfast, but the young man would not fray his welcome.

"I shan't mind the walk in the least," he protested. "It will do me good. I don't have enough exercise anyway."

So it was concluded, and Russell shook hands with his host. Lois walked to the gate with him, and, since there was now no car haste to be considered, the leave takings were prolonged until the light in the upper windows of the cottage warned Lois that her father had gone to bed.

"Really, I must go now," she said across the gate for the tenth time at least. "Do be careful, and be sure to take the road. It's longer than the path, but it's much safer."

The young man laughed and was glad. What he would fain have said could never dare say itself while she still wore the old fashioned pearl ring, but it was worth something to have her anxious for his safety.

"Don't borrow trouble on that score," he rejoined, slinging the camera over his shoulder. "I doubt if I could find the path in the dark if I should try. When may I come again?"

Her blush made him thrill with pleasure. He could not see it, but he knew it was there.

"When do you want to come?"

"Tomorrow and the next day and the day after that and"—

"Hush!" she commanded. And then by way of reprieve: "I'm glad you like our mountain. Come whenever you please. Papa is always glad to see you."

A sudden access of daring filled his soul. "And you?" he queried.

"Et moi aussi, toujours," was the laughing concession as the fluttering draperies disappeared up the path. The music of the words sang itself over and over as he went his way down the starlit lane making shift to forget the dull luster of the pearls on Miss Dickson's finger—temporarily, at least.

Lois stood at the edge of the porch until the shape of him was but a darker blur against the shadowy background of the forest at the lane's foot. Then she turned to go in. In the act she had a glimpse of a shadow darting quickly across the lawn. It disappeared in the blacker shadow of the cedar hedge, and something impelled her to go back to the gate. She was just in time to see the figure of a man glide through an opening in the cedars. It crouched for an instant, as one who gropes for a missile in the dark, and then ran swiftly down the lane. Lois saw and needed no explanation. It was the negro David, and his superstitious rage had again got the better of his fear of consequences. In the catching of her breath she understood that Henry Russell's life lay in her hand, and the next moment she, too, was flying down the starlit lane.

She came upon the two men at the first turn in the main road, and at the sight her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and her bones became as water. Russell was down, and the negro stood over him with a great stone uplifted.

"David!" Speech and strength came back to her in a tidal wave of conflicting emotions, and she flung herself between them.

The man dropped the stone, as he had the scythe blade, but he was loath to abandon his purpose.

"Doan' yo' git en de way, Miss Lois. I ain't gwine ter hu't him none. I'ze des aimin ter smash dat debhil's hoodoo box of his'n."

"You've killed him!" she sobbed, kneeling beside the felled one. Then, with a sudden nphlaze of authority: "Run—run to the house and call my father! Tell him what you've done and bring him quickly! Go!"

When Russell opened his eyes, he thought he was on a train which was roaring through an interminable tunnel. Not otherwise could the din and clamor drumming in his ears be accounted for. Then the imaginary train shot out into darkness and starlight and silence, and he remembered. None the less, there was a gap and things unaccountable in it. Something had struck him fairly between the shoulders, and he had fallen face downward. Now he was lying on his back, with his head pillowed. He groaned, and the hallucination returned. It was a train, after all, and he must be in a berth in the Pullman, with the roof of the car gone and the stars twinkling sleepily overhead. Undoubted stars they were, and in a clear sky, and yet it was raining. He felt a drop plash on his cheek and was vaguely conscious of a prompting to get up and seek shelter. But when he would have essayed it two soft arms went about his neck, and a pair of tremulous lips touched his forehead. As a half stunned man might, he said the first thing that suggested itself, "I don't care if it rains pitchforks!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" said a voice with a sob in it. "I was sure he had killed you! Where are you hurt?"

Russell came to his own in the matter of self possession with gratifying celerity.

"As long as I lie perfectly still I'm not hurt anywhere. Don't move, please. Was it the crazy headed negro?"

"Yes; it was David. He thought you had 'hoodooed' Mam' Sephny, and he was trying to smash the camera."

"Where is he now?"

"He has gone to the house for help. Oh, I do wish they'd hurry!"

"Don't. I'm quite comfortable." Then in a spasm of reluctant thoughtfulness, "But you'll take cold sitting on the ground."

He made a shameless pretense of rising, and the two arms held him down, as he had hoped they would. One of them was unsleeved for a little way, and he kissed it.

"Oh, I don't believe you are hurt at all!"

"Yes, I am—dreadfully. How did you come to be here?"

"I saw David following you."

"Then you were not in such a hurry to go in as you said you were."

"I—I was going in when I saw him."

"Oh! And then you ran after him and tried to save me, like the brave little girl that you are. Lois, my darling, I suppose you've got to be true to the other man, but I love you—love you a thousand times better than he ever could if he tries till doomsday!"

"The other?" There was a whole fusillade of queries in the two little words, and he lifted her hand, the one with the ring on the finger, and kissed it.

"Yes; the man who put this ring on your finger."

She bent above him till her eyes eclipsed the stars. "Do you think you love me better than he does?" she said softly. "You've known me only a few months, and he—he has known me all my life."

The young man groaned. "Don't tell me you love him, Lois; I couldn't stand that!"

"But I do." There were hurrying steps in the road above them, and the flickering light of a lantern cut yellow swaths in the starlight. She bent lower, and again her lips brushed his forehead. "You wouldn't want me not to love my own father, would you? It was mother's ring, and he gave it to me."

This was how it came about that the major, coming hastily with an improvised stretcher borne by an ashen hued David, found the young man on his feet with Lois in his arms, and when they had all gone back to the house it took the better half of a fresh cigar on Russell's part and two chargings of the long stemmed pipe on the major's to work out the explanation on the vine shadowed veranda. When it was made, the case of one David Jackson came up for trial and sentence. "He's youh man, my son," said the major. "Of course he's a grand rascal, and it's youh privilege to send him to the coal mines, but"—

"But a southern gentleman wouldn't invoke the law because an ignorant negro was terrified enough to knock him down, you would say. Well, neither shall I. Indirectly, he has been the means of making me the happiest man on top of the earth."

This may account for David's reappearance on the lawn three days later when Russell was again a guest at the Dickson cottage. They were waiting for Mam' Sephny to call them to dinner, and Russell was showing the major and Lois the pictures taken on the eventful evening of assaults and happinesses.

"He looks peaceful enough now," said the young man, with a glance at David. "You'd hardly recognize him as the fellow who posed for this."

The photograph was a study in ferocity, and the livid scar stood out on the pictured face like the welt of a broad whiplash.

"It's simply horrifying," said Lois, shuddering. "But that is a beautiful picture of Mam' Sephny. Come here, mammy, and see how you look to other people."

The ancient negress had just come out to announce dinner, and she vouchsafed no more than a single contemptuous eye sweep.

"Huh! Dat ole niggah wench me? No, ma'am! I ain't no-wha's nigh as ole an upgly as dat." Then she caught sight of the grotesque ferocity. "Faw de Lawd's sake, young mahsteh, gimme dat one, please! Wha'—wha' yo' git dat?"

Russell gave her the picture, and once more the old eyes filled with tears.

"Dat's my Geo'ge Washin'ton Alexzandah Dickson, growed up an come to be a man. Dat's de same scar whut he got ag'inst de ole hot stove in ole missis' kitchen! Oh, mahsteh, wha' you all git dat?"

The man on the lawn had dropped his rake and started toward the house. The major rose.

"I mistrust David's your own boy, sure enough, mammy. I recollect that scar myself," he declared. And when the old woman tottered down the steps, with her trembling arms spread wide, the soft hearted veteran seized upon the two young people and marched them to the farther end of the long veranda.

"I reckon the dinner'll have to wait awhile," he said. "She's been waiting thirty odd years, you know." After which, with an inclusive arm sweep, meant to cover a speedy retreat into generalities, "Do you have any mo' delightful prospect than this up yonder in youh country, Mr. Russell?"

And so they discussed the view and killed time with set purpose, while around on the front steps an old negro mother rocked herself back and forth, crying softly and trying to hold a stalwart giant in her arms, as she had long ago held her lost man-child.

Schoenbein and Gun Cotton.

On March 18, 1846, Schoenbein wrote to Faraday:

"I am enabled to prepare in any quantity a matter which, next to gunpowder, must be regarded as the most combustible substance known. So inflammable is this matter that on being brought in contact with the slightest spark it will instantly be set on fire, leaving hardly any trace of ashes, and if the combustion be caused within closed vessels a violent explosion takes place. What shall I do with that matter? Shall I offer it to your government?"

Having perfected his remarkable discovery, he visited England in August with the view of securing patent rights, and he then writes to Faraday as follows:

"The affair which has brought me over to England refers to my explosive cotton, which I have so much improved that it has all the appearance of becoming a dangerous rival to gunpowder. As to its explosive power, 'gun cotton,' as I call it, is very superior to powder. In given cases one part of it does the work of four parts of gunpowder, and under the most favorable circumstances the force of gun cotton is as two to one that of powder. In the course of the last two months I have made many experiments with cannons, mortars, rifles, etc., and obtained results which I am allowed to call highly satisfactory. The same may be said with regard to blasting rocks."—Letters of Farraday and Schoenbein.

He Fixed the Picture.

On one occasion when the well known English painter, Mr. Val Prinsep, R. A., was engaged at the Royal academy in varnishing a picture he unfortunately upset a high box on which he had been standing, with the result that the sharp corner made its way through a picture immediately below his own, causing a large and jagged hole in the canvas.

Horrified at what he had done and dreading to meet the artist to whom the damaged picture belonged, Mr. Prinsep sought the academy secretary and begged for permission to repair the canvas. His request was granted. The severed threads were stitched together, the seam was covered with paint, and so skillfully was the tear touched up that the picture was sold at the private view on the next day.

Fortunately the painter of the picture, when affairs were explained to him, was rather more amused than annoyed at what had happened.—London Chronicle.

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

THE RING OF THE MATTERHORN.

BY JOHN J. a'BECKET.

Copyright, 1900, by John J. a'Becket.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapter.

CHAPTER I. — The Countess of Carrington, dying, leaves the bulk of her fortune to her American niece, Florence Rodney, a Vassar graduate, on condition that she marry the countess' stepson the Earl of Carrington. The Rodney family are supported by Florence's uncle, Josiah Gardner, rich and crusty, who grudges every penny spent by them. The Earl of Carrington is a profligate. Florence's choice is to marry a man she detests or remain an incubus on her parsimonious uncle. Hearing that women have climbed the Alpine peak, the Matterborn, she expresses, in Gardner's presence, a desire to accomplish the feat, whereupon the uncle bets her $100,000 that she can't do it. He finally agrees that if she scales the Matterhorn within six weeks he will settle upon her sufficient property to insure her an income of $10,000.

CHAPTER II.

THE ASCENT OF THE ROCKY AUTOCRAT OF THE ALPS.

Miss Florence Rodney, having made up her mind as strongly as she could that she would scale the Matterhorn, set about it systematically from the beginning. Her feeling that she could do it was based on the fact that two or three women had done it. She was in perfect physical condition, her heart, lungs, legs and arms all that a healthy woman could desire, and she was not affected with vertigo from heights.

First, she bound her nncle to secrecy about the matter. A Vassar woman professor was going to chaperon three or four girls on a European trip, and Miss Rodney arranged to go with them. She took long walks, used to go to some of the towering buildings in New York and walk up the wearisome flights of stairs to the very top and practiced in a gymnasium two or three hours a day with dumbbells and on a trapeze.

She made a confidant of Dr. Kimball, who, after one professional duty protest against it, entered into the idea enongh to give her the full benefit of his experience, and advice. He suggested what guides she had best secure, which way to take np the lordly peak, where to stay and how mnch things would cost her. Uncle Josiah gave her abont the amount that he argned she wonld spend at home, and Miss Rodney borrowed some more from two or three friends.

When Miss Rodney got to Paris, she parted from the Vassar professor and party nnder the pretext that she had to meet a friend in Switzerland. The friend was the Matterhorn, bnt this Miss Rodney did not explain to her old teacher.

The young girl soon after found herself at Montrenx. From there she went to Visp and remained that night. The next day she took a mule and rode to St. Niklaus and from there in a carriage to Zermatt. At each advance her heart beat faster. She was approaching the rocky autocrat of the Alps, whose sharp peak, 14,000 feet in the air, seemed to await the coming of the adventnrons girl with silent disdain. Sometimes her heart misgave her. Then she had to fall back on such revivers of her determination as the thought of what Uncle Josiah's perennial scorn and delight in her discomfiture would be if she failed. She also fortified herself with the recollection of Miss Brevoort, a New York woman, like herself, who had glorified her sex by putting the top of the Matterhorn under her feet in 1871, and of Felicite Carrel, the daughter of a guide, to be sure, bnt a girl who had scaled the soaring crest of this redoubtable Mont Cervin. If they could do it, why not she?

Miss Rodney staid at the Hotel Mont Cervin in Zermatt. She secured the services of the two most celebrated and experienced guides for the attempt she conld get, paying them 100 francs for the ascent. Some delay was necessary waiting for weather that would be as propitious as possible. When such a day came and tne guides announced tneir readiness to start, Miss Rodney, although not a professedly religious girl, fell on her knees in her room and prayed with simple earnestness that the Lord who made the monntain wonld help her to scale it. Then with a rapidly beating heart she started on her attempt to get one more petticoat victory of the Matterhorn. Her rosy cheeks were slightly blanched, but the color of her will was not.

The party strnck up the monntain to the right of the Gorner glacier. Before long they reached a wild and rocky Alp, from which heathery upland sprang the triangnlar peak of the mighty Matterhorn. Off at the east was Monte Rosa. Miss Rodney was regaining her composure and her nerve. Her love of nature reveled in the beautifnl snblimity of this monntain tossed region.

When they reached the Schwarzsee, the lonely little lake sleeping darkly in its mountain bowl 8,000 feet above the sea, with the rongh stone chapel beside it, her eyes again rested on the heaven piercing peak which had for her a thrilling fascination. The night was passed in this spot. At 3 in the morning they resumed their conrse. Already Miss Rodney was realizing that climbing a dizzy Alpine height was no child's play. She thought of the gray haired lady with reverence, and she also recalled again Felicite Carrel, the mountain girl, and her own townswoman, Miss Brevoort. There was ever a stimnlus in the thought of these. The whole extent of the Gorner glacier stretched before her eye, whose vision extended to the Cima di Jazi toward the east. It was a glorions view.

In the afternoon the Hnt was reached, and there Miss Rodney and her adjutants passed the night. The conduct of the guides was perfectly correct and matter of fact. In the morning the last stage of the ascent was to be made. The Hut is some 2,000 feet above the Schwarzsee chapel, and from six to eight hours are necessary to pass from this point to the summit.

When Miss Rodney felt the rope tied abont her which bound her to the lusty guides, there was something of the feeling in her soul that one may experience as the halter is adjusted to his neck. But the die was cast. Go up she would if go up she could.

There is no need to dilate on the hardship, the terrors, the dangers of that final stage. As one after the other was surmounted her spirits rose The gnides were encouraging and sometimes complimentary, but Miss Rodney felt that those who had climbed the Matterhorn had not told the tale too vividly.

Toward the very top the last steps are comparatively easy, and it was with the strangest, most complex thrill of her life that Florence Rodney stood at last, a conqueror, on the absolute, gannt, icy and rime rifted top of the Matterhorn. She sat down and hurst into a fit of hysterical laughter. It was done! No matter what Josiah Gardner might do, there was a satisfaction in her achievement that in itself repaid her.

Never had she experienced such an overwhelming sense of isolation, of littleness, as when perched there, 14,000 feet in the air, on the Matterhorn. What a nothing she seemed in the awfnl solitnde of that inaccessible world! The sky above her was so pure a blue.

What was Miss Rodney's surprise after she had been about half an hour on the top to see another human being ascending thither! The climber in this case was a yonng Englishman, abont 23, ruddy, clear eyed and blond. This unexpected discovery of a girl on the Matterhorn was overwhelming enongh to disturb even British phlegm. He lifted his cap with a smile. Miss Rodney was glad enongh to see him to smile with cheerful camaraderie in retnrn. "This is somewhat startling," said the young fellow pleasantly. "It is novel enongh to find oneself on the Matterhorn for the first time, bnt to meet a young woman there is astonnding. Allow me to congratulate yon. It is something to be prond of." He lifted his cap with a gestnre of deference to her prowess.

"It only shows what a woman can do," replied Miss Rodney. "But I shonld not like everybody to know the agony of fright I have been through on the way np. I am glad to see you, for it may make me less frightened going down. The thing is not ended when one has arrived. Getting back is something too."

"Yes. It was going down that Lord Donglas"— Then the yonng fellow stopped. It had occurred to him that it was not the most opportnne moment to dwell on the horrible accident to Mr. Hndson, Mr. Hadow, Lord Frederick Donglas and Croz, the guide, who were destroyed in making the descent.

"I nnderstand," said Miss Rodney. "It's just as well to reserve that till we get to the Mont Cervin hotel. But how did you get np here so soon after myself and withont our meeting?"

"I got at the Schwarzsee after you. I did not stop at the Lower Hut at all, bnt pnshed right on."

"I wish you would get me a small fragment of rock from the very top if you can," said Miss Rodney. "I want to have it set in a ring, as a souvenir of this little walk."

"Certainly," said the young man. He managed to knock off two pieces of rock with his ice pick.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said as he approached Miss Rodney with them in his hand. "Let me have these set in two rings—a plain, simple setting—and then you have one and I'll keep the other. I wonld like some souvenir of a girl as plncky as you. It's a little unconventional. Bnt, then, meeting on the Matterhorn is rather nnconventional too. My name is Guy Stadley."

"And I am Miss Florence— Bnt you are going to be at the Mont Cervin some little time, aren't you?" asked Miss Rodney, interrupting herself.

"Yes; I shall be there a week."

"Then you can get the rings made there, perhaps, before I go. I don't know, thongh, that yon could. Of conrse there's no way when I reflect."

"No; there isn't. But you can give me yonr address, Miss Florence, and I can send one to yon."

Miss Rodney was about to correct him in his misapprehension as to her name when one of the guides suggested that it was time to begin the descent, and she concluded to let it go. She conld tell him later, when they were at the hotel.

It is needless to remark that the descent of the redoubtable Matterhorn was made as safely as the climb up had been. No pronder American girl lived than Florence Rodney when she reached the Hotel Mont Cervin.

The young fellow had been very charming. Coming down the Matterhorn is not as suited to conversational advances as a 5 o'clock tea, but it puts a man and a woman on infinitely more intimate and appreciative terms. A more tired mortal than Florence Rodney when she got back did not, to her mind, exist on the earth. Having done a deed which so few of her sex conld emulate, she felt that she had earned the right to be very good to herself. This tired, healthy girl was an heiress presnmptive to $10,000 a year. Why shouldn't she be good to herself?

She took to her bed as soon as possible and fell into slumber as quickly as if she had dropped into it down a precipice of the Matterhorn.

Without exaggeration she slept for 36 hours. She would wake only to turn over on the delicious rest of her pillow and the balmy delight of a cornhusk mattress and return to sleep with gratitnde for being able to again experience so delightful a sensation.

But at last she felt rested! She got nn and took a cold snonge bath, as invigorating as possible, and prepared her self for breakfast with a warm eagerness to meet Stadley. What a fresh, eager, keen, healthy boy he was! She liked a young fellow who scaled the Matterhorn in that careless, offhand fashion. He was a man after her heart. Incidentally he was a florid, handsome youth. If those cool blue eyes were to ever qniver to love's expectancy, what burning beacons they wonld be! But Miss Rodney pnlled herself np sharply at snch a ridicnlous thought. Nice way for a girl to feel toward a yonng man she had only known for a few honrs, and that with a rope around their waists most of the time and clinging breathlessly to the shaky points of the shelly snrface of the Matterhorn. Any little shopgirl could feel that way. And yet that is the way Miss Rodney felt. She was an honest girl, and she wasn't going to disgnise to herself how mnch she was interested in this charming fellow. He had been so manly and considerate on the way down. And he joined his easy, athletic ability with such delightful grace, that perfect simplicity and self possession and thoughtfulness which mark the ideal gentleman. Still, Miss Rodney checked herself np when she felt that enthusiasm was getting the better of judgment. She wonld he nothing if not her cool, dignified self, which did not prevent her arraying herself in her best gown, and, brushing her hair very carefnlly, Miss Rodney had a conviction that at least she was the best looking woman that had ever coqnetted with the Matterhorn, and in this she was not wrong.

She did not see anything of her comely, ingenuous companion of the mountain. At last she inquired where he was. To her regret, and it was really a keen disappointment that she felt, she was told that Mr. Stadley had left the day after his return from the Matterhorn. He had received a telegram that had snmmoned him to London in hot haste. Miss Rodney then asked for her mail. It would have been so natnral for him to leave some message for her. To her increased disgnst there was nothing for her. Well, she had climbed the Matterhorn! That was safe. Nothing could rob her of this magnificent vindication of her womanly prowess. She sighed to think she was not the first. It wonld have been no harder to have been the pioneer than to have stood third on the list or fourth. However, the company was small enongh to make it exclusive and a brilliant distinction to belong to it.

Having downed the Matterhorn, Miss Rodney felt an inclination to return home. It was not pleasant to be trotting around by herself. It was too bad that the young man had been telegraphed for. He might at least have left a message. Surely there was as much reason for his feeling an interest in her as for her having such a warm spot for him in her heart. She, a woman, and a girl at that, had done something that even he, a strong, vigorous, courageous man, had felt proud of achieving.

Miss Rodney headed straight for London. She ran across the Vassar professor and her small following in Paris.

"How did you find yonr friend?" she asked of Miss Rodney.

"Oh, I was received as well as I could have expected. Bnt this friend is rather cold and keeps very much apart," she answered smilingly. She certainly was not libeling the Matterhorn.

In London she went into Low's Exchange to see who was registered there, and while in that quaint trysting place for drifting Americans met a young man from New York. He was an old acqnaintance. He invited her to go to the Lyceum and promised to call for her at the Metropole that evening with his mother and sister.

He did so, and Miss Rodney enjoyed the evening thoronghly. After the theater the young fellow proposed a supper at the Savoy. Miss Rodney, who felt like a laborer after a hard day's work when she reflected on her weary climb np the Matterhorn, was bent on restful pleasure and gladly assented.

It was a gay little supper with champagne. The American palate is nowhere more pleasantly entertained than at a well ordered dinner or supper.

Near them at a table sat a man with

a handsome young woman. The girl was a fine type of the British female at its physical best. There was a suspicion of coarseness about her, though she was a sleek, well groomed animal creature. The man was red faced, with a blotchy complexion, large nose and a scraggly mustache. His hair was thin and his general appearance dissipated and blase. He did not pay much attention to the girl. Every now and then he felt of his mustache in an absentminded way that suggested the wandering mind of a shattered good liver. He stuck his monocle into his eye and inspected Miss Rodney with a cool air of appraisal that brought her American spirit to its legs in a moment. She gave one contemptuous glance at him, which did not have the effect of visibly disconcerting the man, although he transferred his attention for half a moment to the rest of the party.

"Who is that?" she asked in a low, indignant tone of Mr. Ramsay.

"That," he answered with a half sneering smile, "is the Earl of Carrington, one of the biggest blackguards in the United Kingdom. He had a stroke of something or other two weeks ago, and I am surprised to see him so much on deck again. But it is hard to kill that sort of a reptile."

"Who is the girl with him?" inquired Miss Rodney.

"That is a young woman from the Gaiety named Ethel Camperdown. She used to do a skirt dance there very badly. But she is, as you see, a very pretty girl. She is not doing the dance now."

"I shouldn't think they would let that sort of people in here," said Miss Rodney disgustedly.

"What! A lord and a well behaved young woman who acts like a perfect lady!" retorted Ramsay. "They are glad to have them. They add to the general attractiveness."

Miss Rodney could not refrain from stealing another glance at the man whom her aunt had proposed as her husband. Her detestation of him in the abstract, when she knew nothing of him but what rumor had to say, was considerably enhanced by the spectacle he presented. He was evidently a little the worse for liquor and was drinking champagne freely.

During the course of the conversation Mr. Ramsay spoke Miss Rodney's name clearly enough for the noble lord to hear it. He braced himself up and stared at her again with considerable interest. Miss Rodney chanced to look his way at the moment. He raised his champagne glass with a slightly unsteady hand, and, without withdrawing his glance, held it a moment and then raised it to his lips. He had the air of drinking to her.

With a curl of her lip Miss Rodney turned away her face with a fresh movement of disgust. They were through, to her relief, and Mrs. Ramsay rose. As they passed the table where the earl and his companion were sitting, Miss Rodney carried herself with a hauteur which seemed to afford the noble lord not a little amusement.

With some remark to the girl, he rose and followed them. He spoke to a man in the hall, and then returned and told his ruddy faced Gaiety girl something which he and she both found rather laughable.

The man to whom he had spoken took it on himself to open the carriage door for Mr. Ramsay's guests, and heard, naturally, the order he gave the driver to go to the Metropole.

The next morning at about 10 a servant brought Miss Rodney a card. She picked it up with that pleasant interest one feels in a caller when one is in a foreign land. Her cheek grew hot as she read it. Then, acting on an impulse, she tore the card in two and said coolly to the servant:

"You can take the card back. That is the only answer."

About 20 minutes later the servant brought her a note, written on the hotel paper. The address was in a loose, scrawling hand. She opened it and glanced at the name at the bottom. Her temper was not improved by seeing that it was once more the hated name of Carrington. Her first movement was to treat it as she had the card, but the curiosity of a woman led her to read it:

Dear Miss Rodney—Don't see why you are so devilish rude to a fellow. Your aunt put it in your way to make a tidy pot of money by marrying me. If I refuse, it is to go to you. I wanted to let you know that I don't refuse. I will marry you any time you like. You've got to make up your mind in the next six or seven months. If you refuse, I get it, so you see I'm only doing the decent thing in showing my willingness to take you. We don't have to do any lovemaking, you know, though I should be charmed to do a little of that too. You ought to let me know what you want to do. Yours, if you want me,

CARRINGTON.

Miss Rodney shook with passion as she read this low, insulting note. The man evidently realized that he would be no loser if he should be rejected. He would inherit then. This letter was an attempt to force her to repulse him. It was only too evident that he preferred the money without herself. The girl had never felt such a blinding rage as at this moment. She glanced around the room hopelessly, beating the ground impatiently with her foot. Oh, how Miss Rodney longed to be a man!

Her eye fell on her riding crop. For one moment an almost irresistible desire invaded her hotly beating heart to give the miserable cad who had with such studied insolence insulted her womanhood one lesson which should be a fitting answer as well. She discarded the wild idea almost instantly with a shudder that he could debase her to such a temptation.

She hurriedly rose and at once went down stairs to the waiting earl. The drawing room was empty, happily, save for the detestable figure sitting with long legs stretched out and hands thrust into pockets. With her head well in the air and her eyes fixed steadily on him Miss Rodney advanced quickly, but with a dignity all her own.

Carrington lounged to his feet and made a slight bow, but without removing his hands from his pockets.

"You are the Earl of Carrington?"

"At your service," he replied, with a mocking inclination.

"Then, when you have removed your hands from your pockets, there are a few words which, for my own sake, I wish to say to you."

"I am glad to see you are so much of a lady," he said sarcastically, slowly removing his hands.

"I have never fully realized the insulting nature of my aunt's proposition, revolting enough to me even had you been a gentleman, until I saw you. My answer the moment I heard her unseemly condition was 'No.' Even you must see that it is 'No' now more than ever. Never presume in any way to address me again. You are a libel on man."

She turned, and, without waiting to hear the words with which he resented her cool contempt, walked steadily from the room. As she disappeared Carrington sank suddenly into a chair, and, with a muttered oath, clasped his hand to his head. That strange whirling sensation in his brain, as if the top of his skull were off and his cerebrum was being flushed with a flux of icy liquid, had come upon him again. He staid there for a few moments, his teeth set and a horrible scowl on his face.

Then, with tight clinched hands, he rose, and, walking unsteadily out, got into the first hansom he saw and bade the driver hurry to his lodgings in Duke street, Piccadilly.

To be concluded next week.

Subscribe for The Saturday Post.

Charging For Pews.

Accounts which date back to 1533 show that in English churches the principle of allotting sittings to particular people and charging for the same was then in force. At St. Lawrence's church, Reading, there is an entry under date 1547 for reforming the mayor's seat, and at Rye the churchwardens expended 5 shillings for making a new pew for the magistrates' wives.

In 1736 the churchwardens decreed that women occupying seats in certain favored positions should pay fourpence each. For still better positions near the pulpit the charge was sixpence. At Dorchester, in 1625, Robert Polden's wife is noticed as paying 1s. 6d. for a seat in the "women's square." So there is reason for believing that originally pew rents were charges made every time particular seats were occupied.

A GATHERING OF LAVENDER.

By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

The postman coming down the road could see Miss Caroline in the garden picking lavender. This lavender Miss Jane would afterward make into scent bags for sale. A good summer added so much to their income, but this year there were rumors of a blight, and Miss Caroline's eyes were anxious as she peered among the bushes.

While she picked, Joseph purred and rubbed himself against her gown, thereby hindering the work. Every few minutes the old lady stooped to stroke and admire his tortoise shell sides. Next to Miss Jane, who was still a juvenile—being ten years younger than her sister—Joseph was Miss Caroline's ideal of youth and youthful spirits. To be sure, no one could remember when Joseph was a kitten, but to Miss Caroline he was still young and delightfully frisky.

She noticed now that his pur held a hoarse note, and her face became still more anxious. She put up her glasses and gazed at him in concern.

"Dear, dear!" she cried. "I do hope you are not going to be ill, Joseph. What should I do without you? If we were parted—if you died"—

Here speech failed, and the quick tears of age gathered in her eyes.

She was a tall, thin old woman, that looked not unlike a sprig of faded lavender. Her gray gown was faded and matched her gray eyes and her faded hair, but her sentiment, like the fresh lavender in her apron, had a fragrant pungency. Suddenly she wiped away her tears, and her face brightened. She had seen the postman coming down the road.

It was many years since he had stopped at Lavender cottage, but Miss Jane cherished a pleasant illusion that some day he would bring tidings of a fortune, and his passing along the road was the event of the day for the sisters. So strongly did Miss Jane believe in her hopes that she had infected Miss Caroline with her expectations. Miss Jane had a practical mind. No doubt she knew that it gave zest to spare meals to believe each one the last they would consume. Hunger could be borne when hope spoke of a letter on its way that would bar the door forever against hunger. It set a halo about the parlor to picture themselves in it undisturbed and safe until death called them.

As long as they believed in the fortune they did not see the skeleton that sat all day on the hearth—the dread of the union. Confidence in the letter hid from their eyes the bare boards of the workhouse coffin.

If it was Miss Caroline who every summer spared a dozen scent bags for the old women in the workhouse, it was Miss Jane who planted daisies on the paupers' graves and tended them all the year round. She was very pitiful for the multitude of dead that charity covered so grudgingly.

Miss Caroline glanced from the postman to the window. Then she smiled and nodded meaningly. Yes, Miss Jane was there sewing. She would see the postman.

The noise of the latch gave her a shock. She could not believe her eyes. The expected had happened. The postman had stopped at the gate. He was coming up the path.

The corners of the apron fell from her trembling fingers, and the lavender sprigs poured in fragrant rain to the ground. Miss Caroline tottered to the door, not to take the letter, but to call Miss Jane to take it.

It was the younger sister who ruled the house. Miss Caroline never even dreamed of opening her eyes in the morning till Miss Jane had said: "Now, sister, it is daybreak. We must be rising."

But Miss Jane was already at the door, and Miss Caroline trembled again to see that her composure was disturbed. For all that, Miss Jane took the letter from the postman in silent dignity. They did not speak till they were secluded in the little parlor; then Miss Jane said solemnly: "I don't know the writing. It must be the fortune—come at last."

She laid the letter on the table, and Miss Caroline sank into a chair greatly agitated.

"If that is the case, let us thank God," she said in awed tones. She fell on her knees, and Miss Jane, with an uncertain cough, knelt down also. But she remained silent until Miss Caroline murmured, surprised, "Sister, are we not thankful?"

Then, blushing faintly and recalling her confidence, Miss Jane thanked God for his mercy in promising them comfort and a home for the end of their days.

When they rose, their agitation had calmed, they could look at the letter with steady eyes. It lay on the table unopened, waiting Miss Jane's suggestion.

Miss Jane polished her spectacles, and her glance caressed the furniture that had grown old with them. "I was always afraid we might have to sell them," she whispered.

Miss Caroline lifted Joseph to her knee. "Now we can afford cats' meat for Joseph," she laughed, "and peppermints for the old people in the workhouse. And I should like to give them a little shawl each. We know what it is to miss warmth."

"Can we afford them for ourselves, yet?" said Miss Jane. She hated to cast doubt on Miss Caroline's confidence. "Ah, sister," she went on, "if we could purchase liberty!"

"Who knows?" said Miss Caroline, blithely. "We might have enough to build almshouses"—

"Or an infirmary!" cried Miss Jane, forgetting her doubts. "I should like the poor to have a strong young nurse when they are ill. I thought of that when I had bronchitis last year."

"I forget that I must seem very old to you, Jane," said Miss Caroline, humbly.

"Not old, sister, but aging," said Miss Jane briskly. "I wonder what is in that letter"—

"What can it be but the fortune?" asked Miss Caroline. "It is the gift of Providence; just now, too, when the lavender has failed. And we shall be able to put ribbons on the bags after all."

"Ah, sister, you are growing extravagant already," Miss Jane protested. "And you remember you did not believe in the fortune."

"But you taught me to believe in it," exclaimed Miss Caroline. Miss Jane colored again. She could not deny her guilt.

"I think we ought to open the letter," she said dryly.

Miss Caroline's excitement subsided. She settled herself in her chair and folded her hands meekly.

"I am ready," she said at last.

Miss Jane was a long time wiping and adjusting her glasses. Then she had to find her paper knife and insert it under the flap of the envelope. To cut the envelope required care and great deliberation, but at length it was done, and the sheet of note paper shook in Miss Jane's fingers.

She looked at the address, and then turned slowly to the signature. "It is from William," she said quietly.

"From William," echoed Miss Caroline, "and we thought him dead." She wondered how Miss Jane could speak so calmly with a letter from her old lover in her hand.

"He is dead," said Miss Jane, "but recently—there is a postscript"—

"And left you a fortune," quavered Miss Caroline joyfully.

"I will read the letter," said Miss Jane.

But when she had read it aloud the sisters stared at each other with stricken faces from which the life had died.

"His lame child—to love and protect," said Miss Jane very firmly and looked at Miss Caroline with defiant eyes. "A lame child—to support!" faltered Miss Caroline. She did not realize quite all that this meant. Her mind groped blindly about the thought. "We have barely enough for two—and a lame child!" she repeated.

"It is she who writes the postscript," said Miss Jane. "She comes tomorrow at 3."

"And if Joseph were not a good mouser he would often go without

meat,'" Miss Caroline continued her reflections, "and with barely enough! Jane, Jane, we expected a fortune, and it is a burden!" Miss Jane remained silent.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," sobbed Miss Caroline. "It's not the money, but the poor creatures in the workhouse. And this year we shall not have even scent bags to give.'

"It is a comfort that William's child need not go there," said Miss Jane, and her face worked.

"William's crippled child! Impossible!"

Before Miss Caroline's eye came the picture of lame Susan, who sat all day in the hard workhouse chair, and her tears rushed forth.

"That will never, never be!" she cried. "Where there's enough for two there's enough for three."

"Where there's enough for two there's certainly enough for three," repeated Miss Jane firmly. And silence fell.

After awhile Miss Jane rose. "I will go into the village to get muslin for the bags," she said composedly

Miss Caroline lifted her white face. "We must wait, Jane. The lavender is blighted. There will be very little to gather.'

Her voice failed; then courage returned. "But that is no reason why I should not gather what there is," she added with tremulous cheerfulness.

When Miss Jane, shawled and bonneted, hurried down the path, Miss Caroline was too busy over the lavender bushes to bid her hasten back.

The poor lady was still stunned by the disappointment. Her thoughts trembled like her limbs. They tottered about the subject. Life had been difficult enough before. How could she hope to meet the additional expense of the crippled child? And William had not treated Jane well in the old days. She looked despairingly at the stunted lavender sprigs. They made the future more hopeless.

She was afraid to utter her fears to Miss Jane, whose mouth, when she came back from her marketing, was set with a new firmness. Miss Caroline watched her furtively when she cut the loaf for tea. She could see Miss Jane making mental measurements of the slice. Instead of cutting it in half she divided it into three pieces, then frowned and glanced hastily at Miss Caroline, who, happily, was not looking

But Miss Caroline's knees were shaking, and she almost cried out when Miss Jane covertly helped herself to the smallest lump of sugar in the bowl. "And Jane always had a sweet tooth,' thought Miss Caroline. But she said nothing, for the tightness of Miss Jane's upper lip was something new and dreadful The rest of the day they spent rearranging their habits to suit the needs of the cripple.

"She will have to sleep in the parlor," said Miss Jane. "We are not strong enough to carry her up stairs."

"That will be pleasant company for Joseph," said Miss Caroline. She was bent on showing the cheerful side of the difficulty "I think she will be sure to like Joseph," she added confidently. But the words themselves lacked assurance.

For the first time in their lives the sisters were conscious of thoughts withheld from each other.

As the summer day drew to its close Miss Jane's sternness did not relax, but Miss Caroline's head shook with a palsy of uncertainty. The hours aged her. She crept about the parlor, touching the furniture lingeringly, and when she carried the loaf to the larder Miss Jane could hear her muttering, "Enough for two, three—enough for three, enough for two.'

Her manner was odd and broken. She even omitted to give Joseph the usual last caress. With the unspoken thing between them the sisters went sadly to bed.

* * * * * * *

"Now, sister, it is daybreak. We must be rising." Miss Jane turned on her pillow when she said the words. Then she raised herself and stared blankly at Miss Caroline's empty place. She could not believe that her sister had risen without waiting for the signal to rise.

Miss Caroline stopped in her dressing to explain.

"There is so much to do," she said nervously. "The child comes at 2."

"At 3, sister," Miss Jane corrected. "And you must meet the train."

"I? I had not thought of it," Miss Caroline stammered. "I expected—you—you will meet her, Jane."

Miss Jane reflected a moment "Well, I can manage it," she said, as if to herself.

Soon after 2 o'clock she made herself ready for going out. By this time there was an impassable barrier between the two sisters. They could not face each other's glance.

Miss Jane took up her umbrella and stepped sharply to the door There she stopped. "I have made enough bags for all the lavender we are likely to have,' she said, and there seemed to be whalebone ribs about her voice.

Miss Caroline, hidden behind the curtain, gazed after her, sobbing She wiped away her tears, and love and admiration mingled with the despair in her eyes. She was proud of the strength of that unbending figure She admired it again while she wondered what Miss Jane had forgotten that she turned at the corner and gazed so earnestly at the cottage.

When Miss Caroline could no longer persuade herself that Miss Jane was in sight, she turned slowly back into the room. "Jane is only 60," she murmured. "Her life is before her, and William's child might have been hers." A pathetic resoluteness conquered her fears. She moved quickly, though her limbs tottered. She hurried up stairs and put on her outdoor garments, tying her bonnet strings with uncertain fingers. "But I must learn to do it," she said to herself. "I must learn to do without Jane.' Sternly checking her emotion she went down stairs.

"I have never before acted without her," she whispered. "But I cannot. She is so generous. She would refuse.'

She found a sheet of note paper and wrote upon it "We have only enough for two, and the child is lame and helpless. I have acted for the best."

As she pinned the paper on the tablecloth, where it could not be missed, Joseph rubbed himself against her gown. A moan escaped her Not trusting herself to speak to him, she staggered from the house and down the garden path.

From long use her eyes wandered toward the lavender bushes. Yes, it was true. The blight was spreading.

"I am doing right. I am quite sure I am doing right," said Miss Caroline as the gate clicked behind her

Her lips pressed together in a firmness equal to Miss Jane's, and she trod the weary road with feet that did not fail.

* * * * * * *

The master of the workhouse was engaged. If she had come for admission, she must sit in the waiting room till he could see her

Miss Caroline stumbled after the porter, seeing nothing of the long, dark corridor they went through. Dazed and overcome, she had barely strength enough to drop on to a chair just inside the dim room. To her excited imagination the space seemed to be crowded with witnesses of her humiliation. In effect only one other person was there, and she sat with downcast face and took no notice of the newcomer Miss Caroline was bowed with misery and doubt and longing and regret Suddenly the silence was broken. Three strokes rang out from the workhouse bell.

Miss Caroline started up. "Three! Three!" she cried shrilly "Oh, there might have been enough for three! What if it is God speaking?"

She stood in the middle of the floor, her head bent a little forward listening for a voice again.

"Sister! Sister!'

The thin, strained cry came from the other end of the room and shook Miss Caroline. She fell into her chair

"Jane? You?" she faltered.

"Yes, sister," said Miss Jane, her mouth trembling, her voice strangely broken. "This is no place for you You ought not to be here. It is I who must make room for William's child."

"Neither of us ought to be here,' sobbed Miss Caroline. "Jane, you ought not to have come How could I live without you?"

"I couldn't live without you," said Miss Jane, and they wept together.

By and by Miss Jane rose. "Come, sister, the poor child will find the house empty."

"But"— Miss Caroline hesitated.

"The clock says 'Enough for three,'" Miss Jane answered firmly. "We must go."

"Yes, let us go," said Miss Caroline, all eagerness. "Think of that poor child in the empty house, if indeed she has found her way, and no one at the station either!"

"I gave the busman minute directions to take her to you," said Miss Jane, meekly accepting the reproach.

At the gate the porter stopped them.

"The master will see you soon."

"Thank you. We will not trouble him," said Miss Jane with sweet dignity.

She supported Miss Caroline along the road, and the silence was not broken at once.

When the cottage came in sight, "Sister, you will not do anything so foolish again," said Miss Jane sternly.

"Not unless you do it first, Jane," Miss Caroline answered. "I have always thought this a very beautiful road," said Miss Jane. And she spoke of the weather and the scenery and the crippled child.

"She will have a poor welcome—not even a cup of tea," sighed Miss Jane.

"Joseph will welcome her," said Miss Caroline cheerily. "Dear me, how very pleasant it is to think that there is some one at home waiting for us!"

"It is very pleasant, sister. It feels quite like a home coming. Ah! The fire is not out! I can see the smoke rising."

They hurried on toward the gate. Before Miss Caroline's eyes could turn toward the bushes some one ran down the path to meet them. The girl came so quickly they did not notice that she limped as she ran. They had not time even to see her bright face and the merry light in her eyes before her arms were round them and her kisses on their cheeks.

"Dear aunties, you have come at last! Come right in and have tea. It is all ready I was so hungry."

Miss Caroline turned to Miss Jane, who could only gasp out, "William's lame child!"

"Not so very lame!" the girl cried gayly. "Anyway I can run your errands for you."

She laughed into their astonished eyes.

"And not a child!" exclaimed Miss Caroline, fumbling for her glasses.

"Twenty past," said the girl, laughing again.

"My dear, what do they call you?' Miss Jane smiled at her.

"Lavender," the girl answered.

Miss Caroline turned a gratified face to her sister.

"You see, William did not forget the old days, though he never wrote."

"He never forgot," said the girl. "I know all about you and the cottage."

She led them into the parlor and took off their bonnets and settled them in their chairs, enjoying the surprise that made them dumb.

Miss Caroline was looking uneasily for the note she had pinned to the table. It was hidden under the white cloth.

But the sight of Joseph lapping milk and the spread table restored speech.

"Eggs and butter! My dear, my dear!" protested Miss Jane.

"We are very, very poor," quavered Miss Caroline.

"Poor? Not a bit of it!" The girl's laugh tinkled like bells through the house. "We are quite rich. You don't know how much money my lacemaking brings in. Father used to say it was fortune enough for two."

Miss Jane glanced at Miss Caroline, and a quick thought chased the doubt and bewilderment from her face.

"Fortune?" she echoed, a smile softening her lips.

"Yes," Miss Caroline added with her tender eyes on the girl, "enough for three."

Keep this Copy of the SATURDAY POST. It is Your Accident Insurance For the Next Week.

THE LAST MARCHBANKS.

By VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

[Copyright, 1900, by The Century Company.]

"If you will just step over there to Miss Addington's desk, she will talk with you, madam," I heard the managing editor say in tones a little more gentle than were usual to him.

I looked up from my half finished sentence and saw coming toward me, as if propelled by the wave of the editorial hand, a little, shabby, dainty, delicate old lady. Her white, withered face was charmingly pretty in those fundamental lines upon which time has least effect.

Resentment swelled within me. The managing editor always put it off on me to deal with the piteous feminine noncompetents continually trickling in and out of the office.

"I'm afraid I'm taking up your time when you are very busy," said the lady, with a gracious little "society" manner, in which, nevertheless, a tremor of timidity and anxiety was all too evident.

Lo, she was a southerner! There was no mistaking that gentle drawl on the vowels and suppression of the consonants. I shall not try to reproduce the peculiarity of her speech. The written letters cannot convey what it was except as you know it already, and they seem to coarsen it.

She had a manuscript with her that she hoped might be adapted to the columns of The Evening Appeal; she always enjoyed The Appeal so very much.

Her manuscript was devoted to picturing details of life on a southern plantation in the autumn. She had tried to make it timely; she had heard that that was desirable for daily papers. It was not about the far south, but told of things as they might be in Tennessee or Kentucky—the sorghum pressing and sweet potato digging and hog killing.

"Oh, I know it all so well," I broke forth.

"You? Do you? Why, my dear child, are you from the south?"

When she found I was from Tennessee and that my name was Addington, we were straightway launched on a tide of interchange and reminiscence.

I was not surprised to find we knew all about each other's family. I had dimly supposed we did when I heard her speak. All southerners do know or know of all the rest, and I had been given of late years rather to escaping than seeking those kindly intimacies they establish as a matter of course when they meet away from home. The exigencies of life had forced me to appreciate them more in the abstract than in the concrete.

But only a brute could have withheld a cordial response from this little gentlewoman, and, moreover, her name stood for a good deal to my imagination. It was, she told me, Fanny Marchbanks Overman.

I suppose she had been Mrs. Overman nearly 40 years; but, being a southerner, she was still to herself and her friends Fanny Marchbanks as well.

The Marchbanks part was what interested me. My grandfather's most intimate friend and his partner for many years had been Judge Marchbanks, and even in my half foreign bringing up I had learned the traditions of that stout old Whig's loyalty and shrewdness and eccentricity. I had heard, too, of his daughter—had heard of her as the brilliant young belle who had been my mother's childish ideal of beauty—and now, after all these years and generations and upheavals, here were Fanny Marchbanks and I meeting in the office of the New York Evening Appeal, and she was a poor old woman wanting to sell an unmarketable manuscript.

That manuscript! The thought of it fell upon me like a pall. The worst was her confidence in me, in my acceptance of it. I had been stealing glances at it while she told me what a "polished gentleman" my grandfather was and how smooth my mother wore

her hair when she was a little girl.

I saw it would be as much as my position was worth to hand it to the managing editor.

I asked her if she had been doing much writing in New York.

Yes, she had been writing here for a year and a half. She had written some stories for one of the dying, old fashioned magazines; she had had a southern sketch in a good weekly; she had sent some letters to her church paper in the south; she had even had some negro anecdotes published in one of the "comic" journals.

I could guess what that dear, simple, girlilke old thing had gone through—the struggle and the poverty and the heart straining anxiety it had cost to achieve this much. Now she wanted to do more. She wanted to get into other lines of writing, and she thought there must be a great field in the daily papers. And she looked up at me with the light of hope and the waver of fear in her faded, pretty old eyes.

A bright thought came to save me from despair—if only she could be made to share it. A Tennessee senator had just made some kind of sensation in congress. I said: "You know Senator Lawton, don't you? Then why can't you take this paper and fix it all up as happening on Senator Lawton's place? You've been there. You can easily make it accurate, then. You see, if you can make it fit in with something that is going on that the papers are full of just now it will go. It is hardly enough to make it simply about the present season, though that is well, but if you show what the Lawtons' home is like I am sure you can sell it to The Earth, and they will pay you better than this paper will."

She looked pitifully dubious. "You don't think it would be infringing on the laws of hospitality?" she said.

"You don't need to be personal and Jenkinsy," I hastened to assure her, "and you might write to Colonel Lawton for permission to tell about his sorghum presses."

"I know what you mean," she said, "about the new, curt, quick way of writing. I have noticed it in the papers, only I thought perhaps it was because they couldn't write any other way. But I can try to do it, too, if that is what they like up here in the north. And I'll tell anything about the Lawton place that seems unobjectionable. I'm glad you think he won't dislike it. And now, my dear, I'll take myself away. I am sure you are giving me far too much time, but you can just tell them, my child, that you don't see one every day up here who knows all about you for three generations. Dear, dear, it does seem too bad to leave you here all by yourself so, and you so young! What would your grandfather th— But, then, your grandfather would be very proud of your talents, Adeline, and he was a man who knew that we have to adapt ourselves to circumstances, and I'm sure these—gentlemen all seem very—very inoffensive." And she overlooked the hardworking, scribbling crowd bent over their desks.

Softly fluttering over me in this fashion to the very elevator door, she finally took her leave.

I soon learned what seemed all the main facts of her little story—her great, tragic, human story—filled, as everybody's story is, with experiences at once terrible and commonplace.

She had been left a widow with two little children while still a young woman. The children, boys, had both died only a few years later, and she had spent most of her life as a childless widow in her widowed father's house. She was his only child. He had died near the beginning of the war. Most of their property had been lost. Mrs. Overman had since then made what shift she could, and now in her old age, with a courage rooted in inborn gallantry of soul and also in ignorance of this rough world, she had come to this strange land, "the north," to try to make her living by writing.

How foreign and far away this part of our common country seemed to her probably only a southerner can realize. Fundamental ideas affect many ramifications of feeling as well as thought, and the weakness of the idea of nationality at the south sharpens many a homesick pang in many a traveler and exile still in his own country.

That Mrs. Overman succeeded as well as she did was a continual marvel to me. There was a dauntlessness about the frail, delicate, lady bred old woman that made me proud of the civilization—if you will permit the word—that had produced her.

I sympathize with the point of view that finds southern aristocratic pretensions humorous. They certainly had far less basis of material splendor than the simple minded aristocrats themselves imagined, and I doubt not that there is and will be in the future something better in this world than any kind of aristocracy, but for the blessings of a commercial democracy we pay a good deal, and my provincial little old woman exemplified the high hearted virtues of the old regime in her union of fine pride, courage, cheerfulness and gentleness as nobly as if her claims to blue blood were based on something more imposing than an ancestry of two or three generations of backwoods dignitaries. The obligations of an aristocracy were strong upon her.

I a little dreaded visiting her in her boarding house. I thought I knew what it would be like, and I felt it would be rather wretched to see her in the midst of its cheap frivolities and poor pretensions, but I found she had discovered for herself a place very different from my imagination—not vulgar, though offering hardships enough to such a one as Miss Fanny, as we must now in common friendliness begin to call her.

"It is a woman's boarding house, dear, a business woman's house," she explained to me as we sat side by side on an immense haircloth sofa in the clean, mournful, self respecting parlor.

"Miss Mary Barnwell told me about it before I came on here. You never saw Miss Mary, did you? Your mother knew her. She is a lovely woman. She was Timothy Barnwell's daughter, that endowed the college in Wexville, and Miss Mary teaches there. She comes on to New York in the summer sometimes, and she stops here. It made me feel so much more at home to come to a place I'd heard Mary tell about, and I think it is very sheltered and protected to be in a house without gentlemen when one is quite alone so."

It was a big, old fashioned house, and the rooms were divided up into long and narrow ones by wooden partitions, and each contained two little iron bedsteads. The inhabitants of the business woman's boarding house were united as roommates without reference to anything but a rigidly inspected respectability all around (surely none but the most respectable of women ever wanted to live there), but each was given a bed to herself.

Miss Fanny found it a little painful to explain these things to me, and a faint red spot came in each withered, delicate old cheek as she said: "It seems a little like what they call an institution up here, doesn't it? But it isn't. The landlady is a New England woman; her name is Martin, and, you see, she has planned to have the cheapest place that—that—a nice person can live in, and, you see, it isn't so bad, for it is clean, and it is quite comfortable, I assure you, and you know you are sure that your roommate is respectable, and everything is arranged for it, so you have a great deal more privacy than you would think. I must take you to my room," she went on, "to show you my father's portrait. Oh, yes, I always have that with me, and you must be able to say you know how Judge Marchbanks looked."

"Of course," she said on the stairs, "these northerners are very strange. The lady I am with is named Miss Boggs. You'd think she was—well, rather a common sort of person, from very plain people, you know, on first meeting her, but she is very highly educated; she is studying medicine. She hasn't the polish one finds in our people, but I am sure she has a very fine character, and she is religious and—and settled in her views; not in the least like we used to be apt to imagine at the south."

She was interrupted by arriving at her door. Miss Boggs was not in. Looking very large upon the walls of the cell-like little place hung the portrait in its dingy gilt frame—you know the kind—the clothing looking like solidified smoke, the linen as if molded out of vapor and the flesh suggesting painted wood. Yet the creature who painted it had not succeeded in evading his subject altogether, ample as were his incapacities, and something of the man—the large minded, able, romantic man that I had heard of—was in it. I even thought I could see in it qualities I already knew in Miss Fanny, especially the receptivity, the openness to new ideas that made her seem so young and made it possible for her to wage such battle as she had entered upon.

I could imagine as I looked at the picture that the judge, if put down alive in the queer room, would make some sort of intelligent effort to comprehend the conditions around him.

Miss Fanny flecked at the frame with her pocket handkerchief, she carried me to one side and the other to see the picture, and she impressively told me the name of the poor soul who painted it. Then she sat herself down in front of it and told me about the Polk and Clay campaign in which Judge Marchbanks and my grandfather had "stumped" the state together, trying politely but fruitlessly to remember as many instances of triumph and adulation for my ancestors as for hers. That both gentlemen were on the losing side in that contest had never occurred to her as dimming their honors.

I always remember her as she looked that day, like some quaint little priestess before a shrine. She sat in a chair close against the wall that in the narrow room she might be able to see the picture opposite. Her white hair was crimped a little and drawn softly back in a very good compromise between old styles and new—Miss Fanny was not the person to cling to the old for its own sake—and at her wrists and neck were, of all things, bits of "thread" lace. Her figure was girlish rather than otherwise and pretty, too, with its nice flat back. But the old black gown made me sorry, because I knew the little woman was not and never would be indifferent to her dress. As she talked away so proudly, so feelingly, of "my father," I wondered what place in memory had all the rest of her long past—the wifehood and widowhood and motherhood, the common, blessed warm joys and common, crushing griefs that fate had bestowed upon her, and which, good and ill alike, she, so little and tender still, had survived. All seemed to have sunk out of sight, to be buried, and only the first ties to be still active and operative despite time and death.

I reflected that after all she had spent most of her life with her father, that it was as his daughter she had chiefly found her title to existence, but I did not know at that time the thing that really explained her special devotion to him—the fact that she was then spending herself in his service, for his good name. The filial tie was re-enforced now by one yet stronger, by perhaps the firmest of human bonds, that which binds the server to the served, and at last something like a mother's love mingled with the daughter's loyal adoration of the long dead man.

I staid to dinner with her—supper, she called it, and in fact the paid little meal might as well be termed the one as the other, but she was unapologetically hospitable and graceful over it.

It was not till I came to go home that Miss Fanny's adaptability failed her. "Oh, my child, I cannot let you go out into the street alone. It is bad enough for me, but you—I can't think of it at all."

"Very well, then, Miss Fanny, I'll ring for a messenger boy."

"What for, dear?"

"To go home with me."

"A messenger boy?"

"Why, yes; that is what we do when we are too proper to go alone."

"Mercy on me! My lamb, it is to save you from messenger boys and their like that I'm going with you myself."

"It is perfectly safe anywhere in this part of the town," volunteered Miss Boggs, a big boned, dust colored young woman reading a calf bound volume at a drop light.

"Yes, Miss Boggs, I know; I suppose it is, and I think it is lovely to see you northern girls so strong minded and independent. You could go anywhere; but, you see, Adeline was not brought up to take care of herself as you were, and I feel a sense of responsibility for her. I ought to be a fairy godmother to her, but I can at least take care of her when she is my guest." And she went on getting out her shawl and settling her bonnet with the cheery decision of a dear, damaged old canary

AMUSEMENTS.

Los Angeles Theatre C. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, Lessees

The More Opposition the Bigger the Crowds.

FRAWLEY COMPANY

All the Old Favorites and several new members. Bigger, Better, Stronger than ever

April 22, 23, 24, 25—IN PARADISE. April 26, 27, 28—Belasco and De Milles Masterpiece, THE WIFE.
Special Wednesday Matinee—THE DANCING GIRL.

SEATS NOW ON SALE POPULAR PRICES: 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

To Catalina and Seaside Resorts

THE LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY is

The only line selling tickets to SAN PEDRO, TERMINAL ISLAND and CATALINA ISLAND, giving stop-over privileges at Long Beach, the Chautauqua of Southern California, without extra charge. A ten-mile ride along the sea shore and first choice of steamer accommodations going to Catalina. For a fishing and sailing cruise on the Pacific Ocean, no better place can be found than at Terminal Island and Long Beach. Elegant Hotels, Golf Links, Charming Climate, Sea Bathing Year Around.

Trains leave 8.50 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m. daily, and 10.50 a.m., Saturdays and Sundays. Catalina train 8.50 a.m. daily.

Information and tickets TERMINAL OFFICE, 214 South Spring Street.
Telephone Main 960.

The Saturday Post Insurance Against Death by Accident.

$500 Cash

Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.

The Cheapest Accident Insurance.
No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

ctic.

Miss Boggs looked at me with curiosity. She had not recognized me as a fragile young southern blossom before.

Let me give myself the pleasure of saying that I sent my protectress home in a cab, a form of luxury which in the course of our acquaintance I found she particularly appreciated. She never became accustomed to the city streets. She went about always in a flutter of fear and nervousness, yet she must have done a deal of "going" to get together her little articles and sell them. I saw her down town sometimes, picking her way about among the rushing crowds and cars and trucks, going through the great buildings, with their incoming and outgoing streams of humanity eddying around the rows of elevator doors, and in the grimy newspaper offices, where the air was tense with silent activities, and as I looked at the quaint figure, the gentle, half frightened, high bred old face, I wondered why she was there. She must have lived some way since the war. Why did she not go on now as she had before and satisfy her ambitions,if she had them, by such ladylike efforts with genteel journals as she had made in the past, which had brought her much neighborhood consideration and a little money and which did not tear her away from the dingy, dignified, green old home where she was born and the simple, fixed, old time life in which she was surrounded by friendliness, albeit most of the friends were gone?

It was gallant—yes, surely there was something to stir the blood in seeing so frail, so unarmed a creature take up the gage of battle against such odds—but it was painful too. I all but resented the pangs she gave me. One day I said to myself, "This is worse than living one's own struggle over again," and that was a bitter saying. I was standing in one room of a newspaper office when I saw her enter an adjoining one. She went up to the managing editor's desk with her little, soft, unbusinesslike manner and seemed to be asking something. The man did not look up. If he had, he surely would have spoken differently. But he was desperately busy, and he simply put his hand in a pigeonhole and drew out a package of manuscript, saying irritably as he gave it a shove along the desk, "Not a thing there that's worth a cent to us."

Oh, just the most ordinary business incident in the world, but poor little Fanny Marchbanks Overman! She took up her papers—I noticed again how old her hands looked—and moved away as if she did not quite see where she was going. I drew back out of sight. There are some pains that sympathy can only double.

I often had Miss Fanny at the little flat I kept with a friend, a girl who painted and taught. She never came to regard our establishment as a normal one, and she always hovered about me with a futile overflow of maternal care that was not in the least checked because it reversed the facts of our relationship.

"My baby child," she exclaimed beneath her breath as she first sat down in our microscopic reception room and looked about her, "to think of your trying to live in all these Yankee ways. I hope you take good care of her," she said to Amy, patting me softly. Amy looked blank for an instant.

She had an air of relief as well as pleasure when she found me one night dressing for a reception. All her innate love of the decorative and romantic came bubbling forth. "Ah, how becoming that is to you!" she exclaimed. "My father used to say that it was a test of blood and raising for people to dress up—that if there was anything common in them it would come out when they were in their best clothes. And shall you see any of the gentlemen of your office?" she asked in an elaborately incidental way, and disappointment was in her face when I said I hardly thought I should.

"And they don't any of them come to see you?" she went on. "I suppose you don't let them."

"Dear Miss Fanny, it has never come, up. I don't think any of them ever thought of coming to see me."

"Dear me! Well, these northern men are beyond me. I never knew of any gentlemen before who did not think of paying some attention to a charming girl whom they had the privilege of knowing."

Amy, who was standing behind Miss Fanny's chair, turned her eyes and hands to heaven and then for one instant placed her palms in an attitude of benediction above Miss Fanny's infantine old head.

"I suppose you have to have your meals according to these New York ways, with your dinner in the evening, on Miss Amy's account," she said.

"Yes," I replied, "Amy prefers it so." It was a safe assertion, though I had never heard her express herself on the subject. Like the true southerner she was, Miss Fanny never ceased to regard New York as the outside phenomenal thing and the standards of Wexville as the normal and accepted ones, although in her writing she flexibly enough assumed the other tone. That was mental; the maintenance of ancient standards personally was inarticulately felt to be a matter of loyalty and character.

Miss Fanny and I each experienced some good luck about the same time.

The Evening Appeal found occasion to send me abroad, and Miss Fanny obtained a little regular work, the superintendence of the correspondents' column on a weekly paper. This brought her in only the most trivial sum, $4 or $5 a week, but it did not take much time, and I knew from experience how happy was the change from total uncertainty to even this sum assured.

I hoped to see her make herself a little more comfortable and treat herself to a new gown. But when I sailed she came to see me off in the same overbrushed little outfit of rusty black that she had worn the day I first saw her.

A number of people visited me at the dock that day, and it has been a bitterly intruding thought since that I did not give Miss Fanny all the attention that God knows was in my heart for her, and it does not soften that reflection, but brings the keener pang, to remember that she was too much absorbed and delighted by my momentary social importance to have any thought of herself.

She went about giving my acquaintances disjointed bits of my history, personal and ancestral, and telling them, with tears in her eyes, how brave I was living here in New York, away from everything I'd been used to and starting off now all alone on this voyage, though I was naturally of the most shrinking and feminine disposition. Dear Miss Fanny!

I did very little letter writing during the eight months I was gone. I heard from Miss Fanny only once, but she was one of those who had urged that I spend none of my precious time reading or writing letters, so I was not surprised at her silence.

When I came back, I went to the "business woman's boarding house" the day after landing to look her up. Amy had just returned from a four months' absence herself—this was in September—and could give me no news of her.

The square was dusty and deserted. The house as I went in seemed peculiarly desolate in its orderly gloom. The servant was a new one. She had never heard of Mrs. Overman, and an indefinite dread began to gather around me. I sent for Mrs. Martin.

She came in colorless, sad dignity and stood silently before me.

"Tell me," I said.

"She died in this house three months ago."

She sat down.

"I am sorry you were not here. It was a beautiful, easy death. She was not sick. We just found her lying on her bed one day with a letter in her hand, dead."

In the midst of all the formless thoughts and feelings crowding upon me I was pierced by a foolish grief that my little woman should die on one of those prisonlike cots, so strange and unhomely to her.

"The letter," Mrs. Martin went steadily on after a moment's silence, "I had buried with her, but I kept a copy of it. This is it."

I half hesitated.

"I don't think you need mind reading it," she said.

It was very brief. In half a dozen lines Anthony Stottman acknowledged the receipt of a final payment of $50 as wiping out the principal and interest of a debt of $3,000 left unpaid in the settling up of Judge Marchbanks' estate.

Ah, it was brief, but to what years of pinching and struggle and high and tender purpose that awkward paper testified! I saw all those years in a heart bursting moment's glance. It was love as much as honor that had sustained little Fanny Marchbanks through that long task, so little in itself, so titanic for her. No stain must rest on the great name her father left behind him. Through more years than I had lived every hour must have been colored to her by this heroic resolution. It had become her reason for living. When she had accomplished this end, the shock of revolution in her outlook, the withdrawal of the great motive, had been too much; the light that had been sustained so long ceased. Mrs. Martin told me that Mrs. Overman had been restless, had almost ceased to write, for two weeks before her death, although she seemed well.

Yes, I knew, I knew how, as with a child, the thought of her great achievement had absorbed her and how she could not be at ease till the sensible testimony of it was in her hand. That brought her ease indeed. Truly it was a beautiful way to die.

"Where—where did you bury her?" I forced myself to ask.

"I was at my wits' end, Miss Addington. Those I might have learned something from about her relatives were out of town, and I didn't know which way to turn, but at last I put her in my own plot, where I shall lie some day myself. I thought you would come after awhile and tell me what to do. She left nothing but a few dollars, seven or eight, but I had things done decently. I know Mrs. Overman was a lady, and that letter showed she was something more, Miss Addington. I was glad to pay her respect," Mrs. Martin concluded with firm, downright reflections—God bless her!

Miss Fanny had won for herself in her last strange need hospitality instead of charity, and with her letter on her bosom she might well be an honored guest.

One of Sothern's Fits.

"The late E. A. Sothern was an inveterate joker," said a man who knew the actor. "He would go to any amount of personal inconvenience and trouble to carry out one of his jokes, and I remember his telling me once with great glee how he had got into an empty stage in the lower part of Fifth avenue and succeeded in riding the length of the route and return without any one getting aboard or the company receiving any fares except his own. The manner in which he accomplished this he explained to be as follows:

"The stage had proceeded some three blocks when it stopped to pick up a couple of women who had signaled it, whereupon Sothern, who could not of course be seen by the driver, began to dance up and down the interior of the stage, wave his arms about and grin and chatter in idiotic and expansive manner. The women decided that they would have none of that particular stage, as they did not consider riding with a lunatic as conducive to either health or quiet of nerves. With every subsequent would be passenger this maneuver was successfully repeated until the stage had returned to the original point where Sothern had boarded it, when, luckily for the receipts of the company, an important engagement compelled him reluctantly to leave it."—New York Tribune.

What We Are Worrying About.

A problem that is now stirring the literary centers of Boston to their base is whether a woman who is engaged in the manufacture of penwipers is a real "literary person" and entitled to membership in the Authors' club. After Boston decides this question she may proceed to relieve the anxiety of a waiting world by deciding whether a quilting bee ought to be classed as a literary function.—Baltimore News.

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST

California Oil Co.

We own 1035 acres in the San Fernando district, the richest oil territory in California. Well No. 1 is drilling on the same strike as the successful wells of the Pacific Coast Oil Co., the wealthiest and most successful company in the great west. There are 100 barrel wells near us and we are on the same strike.

In addition, we have a CROSS STRIKE. The double strike will give us immense wells.

At 360 feet well No. 1 is passing through sand and shale,both heavily impregnated with oil. From present indications the drillers expect to strike oil at any time.

Stock Will Be Advanced

On or before May 10th without notice. Shares now selling at 25 cents.

OFFICES
223 Douglas Building
COR. THIRD AND SPRING.
Phone John 1831
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Abbotsford Inn

The best first-class family hotel in the residence districts of Los Angeles—Convenient to all car lines — Social Centre of Los Angeles — Patronized by the most distinguished people — Everything done for the convenience of guests—Beautiful interior Court—Free Billiard-room —Best Cuisine in California—Advise your friends to stop at the

Abbotsford Inn,
801 South Hope Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.
Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company
Studio and Art Rooms
351 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The attention of the public is called to the neat appearance of THE SATURDAY POST which is printed for the Post Publishing Co. by F. BLECH & CO., 258 South Main Street, who are equipped for all kinds of printing.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

The Post Publishing Company

ABBOT KINNEY.

S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,
401-402 STIMSON BUILDING
Telephone Red 756. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, Fifty Cents per Year. Payable in Advance.

On and after May 1st, 1900, $1.00 per Year.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1900.

FIRE BILLS.

Bills without audit and bills without number have come to light since the hay crisis. Some date back into the misty past and others have just laid around in drawers. No one knows whether the city had value for these bills. No one seems to have cared enough about the accounts to try and collect them. The bills young and old were just found. It is a curious situation. Mathus has been pushed into the breach on this back-pay deal. This gentleman introduced a resolution to waive all irregularities and all lack of knowledge as to the validity of the supposed claims. His resolution orders all bills paid without even an examination of the supposed claimants or a search for the property said to have been purchased. It is not certain, as far as the open record goes, that there are any claimants. There is no proof that such antique bills were legitimately made. Mathus is the good man of the fire hoard. He was once in the Council, where he played milk and germia politics. He is like McKinley, a good man, but run by men not so good. The crazy quilt covering of this broad pay-all resolution, it is supposed, will cover everything and allow fire matters to drop out of sight. The people are only to remember that the Fire Department can burn money and taxes. Jim Ashman, a professional patriot and a constitutional office-holder, is one of the fire bill passers. He was a neophyte of the corrupt Board of Education in which he was one of the highbinders. Ashman is also a graduate of the City Council. He is the quietest and smoothest man in the Fire Commission. The attempt to cover things up suggests the action proposed by several impartial citizens when the hay revelation was made. What these men said was that there was a general opinion about the city that the Fire Department was not honestly conducted. Charges and suspicion as to purchase of lots, construction of buildings, rents, supplies, stuffed payrolls, etc., have been recurrent for years. These citizens said that the conditions demanded a cleaning up and thorough investigation. What they proposed was an entirely new Fire Board to do this work. They did not think that the Board under whose gross neglect of duty the city was allowed to be robbed should be trusted to do the cleaning. The proper and effective thing to do in the line suggested is to put out the Fire Board that has done or allowed to be done those things that ought not to have been done. The next thing is to put in a new Fire Board. And the best of all is to abolish the Fire Commission and substitute one responsible head.

INCOMPETENCY OF BOARDS AND COMMISSIONS

The Fire Board in Los Angeles, the State Board of Pharmacy scandals in San Francisco and the history of Boards like the old City Board of Education or of commissions like that of the Yosemite demonstrate that as a rule the system of board and commission government lacks force, responsibility and often sinks into incompetency or corruption. It is a costly and inefficient system. In California both cities and State are incumbered with this unsatisfactory method. The State Railroad Commission is rubbish. If we had one man elected by the State as a Railroad Commissioner there would be a chance for results in curbing the railroads' excesses both for their own ultimate good and for the people. The Bank Commission is a plain waste of money on talented politicians. That commission has been useless. The Road Commission and endless Insane Commissions, Prison Commissions, etc., are all either fifth wheels for the registry of political deals on secretaries, managers or other patronage or they are like the Board of Pharmacy that sells the questions for examinations at $100 per set or like our Fire Board that pays for hay it never gets. We believe that there is not a board or a commission in this State today that the people would not be better off without. We believe that from education and fire to asylums and prisons the entire business of the State and of the cities in it would be improved by the abolition of this cumbersome and costly method of "How-not-to-do-it."

STREET TREES OR SEWERS.

Some time before the flood a man in South Carolina started the doctrine that street shade trees produced yellow fever. Professional Patriots took up the cry with other thoughtless people. The result was the destruction of the beauty and comfort of many of the Carolina towns and villages. The folly had more or less vogue in all parts of the State. This piece of history comes to mind apropos of the outcry against trees not only for street shade but for yards or parks in Santa Ana and Berkeley. The Outlook in Santa Monica has a spite against trees and cites the action of these towns against trees with a chuckle. If the two handsomest cities of the world, Paris and Washington, have planted and now keep street and park trees without sewer trouble so can Berkeley and Santa Ana. Cleveland, Ohio, has one of the best sewer systems in the United States. It is also noted for its beautiful shade trees. Euclid avenue is celebrated for its superb trees the world over. The law requires property owners to plant and keep up the shade trees. The trees do not trouble the sewers. If the sewers in these towns or anywhere else are so loosely constructed that roots can penetrate them they are unsafe. Such sewers are leaky. They must be leaky. From a sanitary point of view it would be far better to have the trees to absorb the corrupt moisture from such leaks than to allow the soil to remain infected. In the case of cesspools it has been demonstrated in various parts of the world from the isle of Corsica to Orange county that the eucalyptus is the most powerful absorber of cesspools and the most effective disinfecter of soils that can be obtained. Our friends in Santa Ana and Berkeley can rely on two things on the tree destroying proposals: First, Beauty is a valuable asset for any town. It is of special value in a tourist country. Street trees are an element of attraction to a town.

Second, Roots in sewers demonstrate the fact that the sewers are improperly constructed and that they are unsafe.

Cutting down street, yard or park trees can only render a town less attractive and less sanitary. If the sewers leak the one thing to do is to stop the leaks. The only other thing to do is to stop using them and to go back to cesspools. A leaky or an ill-ventilated sewer or a sewer system with an inadequate water supply to keep it clean is a nuisance and a menace. The Santa Monica Outlook might better interest itself to secure a supply of water to flush its town's dirty and noisome sewer than to enter a fool's crusade against trees. The stench of the sewers in Santa Monica is unequaled. It is simply awful. The Outlook might call up Mr. Robert Jones or his partner, Robert Gillis, who are credited with running the town, sewers, saloons and all, up to the last election, and ask what is the matter with the sewers that they smell so terribly? In relation to this sewer question, we call attention to the following letter, which claims that tree roots can be prevented from entering a leaky or ill built sewer by saturating the ground with crude oil.

Hon. Abbot Kinney—

Dear Sir: I note with deep regret the destruction of the sidewalk shade trees at Santa Ana because of injury to the city sewers by roots.

I know that you feel keenly the loss of these "our friends," so I venture to call your attention to a remedy—thinking that you will bring it before the proper authorities.

If the soil surrounding the sewer-pipes for a distance of 12 to 18 inches be saturated with crude oil no roots will penetrate it to the pipes.

The aversion of all root growth to crude petroleum is well known, and the application will cost but little.

If the efficacy of the application wears out after several years the cost of renewal will be very slight.

Respectfully,
HARVEY C. STILES,
Manager Barton Land and Water Co.
Redlands, Cal.

COL. GEO. H. SMITH.

This distinguished attorney has been appointed a Supreme Court Commissioner. This is equivalent to the position of Justice. Col. Smith is a very talented man. He is an author of works of distinguished merit. No one has a more complete command of the principles of law and no one has any higher integrity to use this knowledge than Col. Smith. The people of the State are to be congratulated at this appointment.

THE PRESIDENT LOSES A LION.

Sunshine Lummis, otherwise the Lion of the Den, revolts at the Puerto Rico tariff. He says that he cannot stand that raw piece of injustice. He does not abandon the President so much as he abandons those who advise or control the President. Lummis claims that the party managers and party press who have supported the President's change of face on the Puerto Rican tariff and on other important matters of State have in reality supported Hanna et al. and have betrayed the President. Lummis' position is interesting as being that of an intelligent and independent writer and an intense Republican. The first intention of President McKinley and his natural tendencies seem to be, as Lion Lummis says, popular and right, but he also evidently lacks the backbone power to stand up to his own better nature. The campaign-contributors are too much for him. De Lome in the private letter seized and opened and curiously enough published by the McKinley government gives the President's measure exactly. The administration has lost its Sunshine and the Lion of the Southland will support it no more.

HAY DIPLOMACY.

The diplomacy of the present administration has been incompetent. From the sending of the Maine into a hostile port and to a city of excitable people and to anchor in a mined harbor to the weak Alaska boundary convention and the canal treaty every piece of administration diplomacy has been a feeble or shifty opportunism. If anything could exceed the folly and extravagance of the Philippine treaty we do not know where to find it. Twenty millions for islands Spain had lost! Well it was a high-priced piece of incompetency which the twenty millions did not commence to pay the cost of. Three hundred millions gone already for an Asiatic fight, a dose of the plague and two Major-Generals Otis. Three hundred millions intelligently spent on our arid lands would have annexed something for the American people and the money would have come back in short order. All we are getting from Manila is a return of boatloads of invalids and dead bodies of the richer soldiers killed by bullet or disease. The paying of twenty millions for a pig in a poke that the seller did not own and could not deliver is hard to exceed for original Diplomatic Depravity. Still the weak-kneed Alaska boundary convention in which Hay abandons what even the British official maps concede and the proposed abandonment of any control of the Isthmian canal, an extension of our coast line, are as astounding and as inexplicable. Hay seems to be a soft green diplomat. He is an alfalfa Hay and an uncured very green cut at that.

EXTRAORDINARY NEWS PERVERSION.

An Associated news dispatch recently stated that Mr. Sturtevant, an assistant in the office of the Attorney-General of California, had furnished a legal opinion to the Railroad Commission. This opinion was reported to be that the Railroad Commission could do nothing about the violation of the State Constitution committed by the railroad combine in raising rates in the San Joaquin valley and as far south as Los Angeles. The State Constitution provides that where a railroad rate is lowered to meet competition it cannot be again raised without the consent of the State Railroad Commission. Mr. Sturtevant was interviewed by the Examiner. He denied absolutely ever having rendered such an opinion. It appeared that no such opinion has been given or even asked for. Where did the dispatch come from? In whose interest was the fake gotten up? The Associated Press that gave it out took no trouble to correct the gross error and misrepresentation. Another case in political line was the Washington dispatch of April 13th on a private pension session of the House. Congressman Talbert has been holding this dangerous and extremely unfair special pension business down in Washington. He will not allow constructive quorums nor allow the claims and private bills to be rushed through without being read as has so long been the case. Talbert is really the friend of the legitimate and regular pensioner. All this special pension business by favor and political influence is against the interests of the pensioner who arrives by the regular and broad pension road furnished by the government. The dispatch sneers at Talbert. It repeats insults aimed at him by claim-agent Congressmen, one of whom, it reports, said that he would not believe Talbert on oath. It reports no attempt to curtail such a breach of rule and decency, but does report that Talbert was called to order by the chair for resenting the insult. The report winds up by naming the two Capron widows granted special pensions at that session. An analysis of the report suggests the similar one on the Bull Pen Committee alluded to a short time ago by the Post. The report is a garbled and gross perversion of the facts and a deliberate deception of the people. The special pension business is partial, unfair and improper from the most extravagant pension point of view. The dispatch alluded to seeks to create a prejudice against the only man in Congress who dares to even ask that the special pensions be read or that a quorum be present. Naming the two widows was an evident attempt to create sympathy, but how about the other 51 special acts for pensions passed in a few minutes at this same session? Why should the two Capron widows, excellent and deserving as they doubtless are, have any different treatment or any higher pensions than the widows of any other Captains who fell in the Spanish war? One of the professional patriots appealed to Talbert to let things slide on the ground that Congress was costing over seven thousand dollars an hour and that it was cheaper to let a few rake-offs go through rather than to spend such costly time to stop them. This was a queer claim for a Congressman to make. Cleveland was right when he tried to stop the special pension business. It is an uncheckable system congenitally subject to abuse and fraud. There should be no special pensions. Every one should receive the same treatment. Every pension for the same service and for the same disability should be of the same amount. If one person has to go to and pass the Pension Commissioner to secure a pension all applicants for pensions should be obliged to do the same. There should be no favoritism, no secret and irresponsible Congressional methods. Equal justice to all is the only safe or right way to deal with pensions..

Larger Politics.

All countries now have the world for a field of politics. Every country today is affected by the combinations of the great civilized nations. Important events are of interest to all wherever they occur. Occurences whether the result of deliberate planning or merely growing out of the drift of destiny deserve study, and here in America as much as anywhere else. In all life there is growth or decay. Human societies are forever undergoing these processes. When societies at the opposites of growth or decay meet, the movement is accentuated in both directions. Growth is more rapid on the one hand and decay more rapid on the other. The decaying society offers itself as food to the growing society. These forces are practically irresistable. The politician must reckon with them, provide for them, direct them, but not try the impossible, which is to prevent them. In the world we have today several strong growing societies and several disintegrating ones. The prominent growing societies are Russia, Germany and England in Europe, the United States in America and Japan in Asia. In a smaller way the Boer in Africa belongs to the aggressors. There are in a middle class a number of societies with rather tempting possessions. Of these Holland is the strongest and Portugal the weakest. Both survive by sufferance of the Continental powers. France is in a class by itself. It has an official and political expanding action, but this is without supporting force by the growth of the French population. French aggression as compared to Russian aggression is artificial; a hot house political plant. The Russian while government supported is natural. It is a forced result of the present silently expanding Slav race. In South America Chile is an organized or political aggressive society, while the Argentine is expanding because it cannot help itself. The weak or disintegrating societies in America are the Republics of South and Central America, except the Argentine and Chile. Of these two the Argentine is so far superior in resources that it must be expected to finally dominate South America. This it is certain to do if no outside interference occurs. China, Siam, Persia and Turkey of the Asiatic powers are in various stages of disintegration.

Africa is now divided up except Morocco in the West and Abyssinia in the East. These two stand out of the partition because of being broken and difficult country and occupied by fighters. Morocco also has the protection of the jealousies of the aggressive powers. In Asia exists the great field for partitions, the field of disintegration tempting to aggression. Along the entire north is Russia. The growth of the Slav out into the great empire of practically unoccupied land of Siberia is a tremendous phenomenon. All of the other aggressors on Asia are mere outside exploiters. French or Dutch, English, German or American have and can have no supporting population of their own race in their Asiatic colonies. Even Japan is confined in this respect to its islands. Russia, however, with a large birth rate and growing population occupies that half of Asia suited to its race and people. If Russia holds together it will be the dominating power of Asia. It is very near if not actually in that position now. The political menace of the world is pent-up Russia. Russia is getting out on the Pacific. It is threatening via Persia to go to the Indian Ocean, and it is pressing hard from north and east upon the Turkish wreck. Constantinople and Asia Minor are almost in its grasp. The allied Slav races of Prussian Poland, of Bohemia, Gallicia, Servia, Bulgaria, Basnia, etc., are all likely to drift to Russia. A large part of the Austrian population is Slav. Even Hungary is a country of Slavs governed by the Magyar Turks.

An examination of the political situation indicates clearly enough that statesmen have much to consider for the general interest. Austria is less united today than ever before. She can only exist by the support of either Russia or Prussia. Austria now has her alliance with Germany. This is the sound and safe position for both Austria and Germany. The sole serious danger to Germany is Russia. The enormous possibilities of Slav growth eastward into Siberia have no offset in Germany. The aggressive growth of Germany in Europe is limited to seizing Holland and Denmark. An attempt on Austria would be at present too dangerous. Germany needs an Austria as strong as possible to stand off Russia all around. France leans to Russia first, because of the German war and the resentments due to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and second because of a dislike of the English. These French politics are at daggers' points with French interests. French trade and commerce with Russia is small compared to its enormous commerce with Germany and England. If France in alliance with Russia should destroy England and Germany, she would find herself at once living by the good will of the Cossack Colosus. The real political and economic interest of France is not with Russia but with England and Germany. So also these two last have clearly a common interest mutually deserving of support. The German army is a check to Russian growth in Europe and the English navy a check to Chinese, Persian or Mediterranean designs or drifts of Russia. It is, however, doubtful whether both combined can stop Russia. The real interests of all was suggested by the Hague peace conference. The difficulty about that fine scheme was the question of present practibility. The economic and political interests of the United States are for peace and not for aggression. But as an expanding power we find ourselves following the policy of the other aggressors and this too in spite of ourselves. Our interests, whether in peace or war, are with the central powers of Europe. In a division of these our first interest both from trade, our northern border and general world access to markets is with England and English colonies, next with Germany and then with France. Our business is small with Russia, and we have no political interest with that great power.

Russia, however, is not the same menace to America that it is to Germany, Austria and England. If we could only mind our own business and use our energies at home, say in annexing arid America by irrigation works, we would be happy, prosperous and safe for an indefinite period but we see what has happened. Without any deliberate design we have come into an empire in far Asia on the west in both cases to the painful distress and rule great islands on the south. of the natives.

The first and most important act of statesmanship for the United States is to remove the friction between Canada and ourselves. Neither Canada or the United States can be served by having a hostile feeling between the two countries. The cause of the friction is the trade war between the United States and Canada. This war is of the United States creation and maintainance. Canada does not want any trade war any more than Puerto Rico wants a trade war. The injurious results of a trade war are more apparent in Canada than in the United States. This is merely because Canada has less wealth and population, but not because it suffers more from the economic and political folly than does the United States. The result of this trade war has been to drive Canada and the United States apart and to cause costly troubles over fisheries, seals, mining, boundaries and what not. People of sympathies and ideals largely held in common are thus divided by an imaginary line through lake and woods and plain and prevented from trading. Whatever indulgence may be ordinarily given to the economic fallacies of ignorant or foolish persons for the sake of creating or maintaining our gigantic and unequalled American trusts, the time has come now to adopt a policy of horse sense as to the Canadian tariff. That irritating and expensive mistake must be corrected. Especially under expansion must we avoid making an enemy at our borders. If we are in wars and benevolent assimilations abroad in the corners of the earth we want to have friends at home. Without an artificial economic barrier there would be a practical identity of interest between the people on the North American continent above the Mexican line. A trade union would be next to a political union. Trade war creates hostile interests and prevents the natural union of interest from becoming manifest. We do not have to depend on alfalfa Hay to do this. Congress can pass an act for trade union with Canada to go into effect when Canada passes a similar act. A statesman would be a handy thing to have in our business just now.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring.

Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

4 pkgs. Libby's Mince Meat.....25c
3 pkgs. Nonesuch Mince Meat.....25c
1 pkg. Nonesuch Prep. Pumpkin....10c
1 15c pkg. Pancake Flour.....10c
3 pkgs. Hecker's Farina 25c
1 pkg. Baking Soda..... 5c
2 pkgs. Instantaneous Tapioca 25c
3 cans Van Camp's Soups.....25c

---o---

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IS FINANCIALLY ABLE TO SUPPORT THE SEPARATE STATE GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH CALFORNIA.

The proposed new State of South California is financially able to support a separate State government. This is clearly proven by the following figures taken from the last annual report of the State Controller, for 1899. The counties named are those in the territory set apart by the Pico law, Statutes of California, 1859, pages 310 and 311, as the area of the new State. This law is on the California Statute books unrepealed. It was accepted by a vote of the people, after being passed by the legislature, and, under the Federal Constitution, the practice of Congress, and the decision of the United States Supreme Court, only the consent of Congress is needed to erect the new State. That it would be a great saving to the taxpayers of South California these figures will show. They are official:

Counties.	Assessment.
Los Angeles	$ 98,505,207
Orange	10,588,464
Riverside	11,965,729
San Bernardino	15,931,629
San Diego	19,722,510
San Luis Obispo	11,647,086
Santa Barbara	12,967,390
Ventura	7,569,057
Kern	14,582,933
Total	$203,480,005

The State rate of taxation is 60.1 cents on each $100. This shows that South California contributed last year the sum of $1,222,614 to the State treasury. When it is considered that the State of Oregon, with approximately no greater area, population and wealth than South California, manages to get along on $300,000 per year; Minnesota, $500,000; Vermont, Illinois, Iowa, Georgia, Florida and many other States on sums seldom exceeding a million, it seems that if South California kept this $1,222,614 south of Tehachapi she could run a separate State government as well as the States named. Besides, the money would be kept at home, and the Pacific coast would have two more Senators at Washington. Why not?—Bascom A. Stephens in Citrograph.

---o---

A Twice Fallen Idol.

There are to be seen in Munich and Vienna and probably in many other places fragments of a meteorite that has had a rather curious history during its comparatively brief residence on this planet.

It fell in 1853 at Duruma, in east Africa. The natives regarded it as a message from heaven and hastened to pay it appropriate honors. With great solemnity it was anointed with oil, wrapped in costly fabrics, adorned with pearls and installed in a temple, which had been specially constructed for it. Thenceforth it was looked upon as the palladium of the tribe, lent to it by heaven, according to the priests.

In vain did European missionaries offer tempting sums for the stone. It was not to be had at any price.

But three years later the tribe was attacked and almost wiped out by the warlike Massal. Thereupon the eyes of the survivors were opened to the impotence of their idol, they lost faith in its divinity and soon parted with it for cash.

Its fate was identical with that of a great many gods and idols which have been promptly deserted by their worshipers as soon as their uselessness was proved.

An Uncommunicative Flagman.

Did you ever ask a flagman a question about some other subject than one connected with the railroad? The flagman, always smoking a pipe, will set his teeth hard on the stem, will look up the road, then down the road, then up the road again. He will not look at you. For two full minutes he will not give any indication that he has heard your question or that you are in existence. He will then look up the road and down the road again. This time he may take his pipe from his mouth, but he will not look at you. He will work the tobacco down into his pipe with his forefinger and look up the road again. Still he will not look at you. He begins, however, to give a faint sign that he has heard your question. A minute later, looking down the track, he may ask you to repeat your question. You want to know where John Brown lives. He looks up the road again, takes several strong pulls on the pipe and gazes long and earnestly down the road. He has not as yet looked at you.

"Phat Brown is it?" the flagman may then ask.

"John Brown."

"It's Jerry Brown you want?"

"No; John."

"Is he wid the Big Four?"

"No."

Still the flagman continues to look up the road and down the road. He takes the pipe from his mouth, never looking at you, never giving a sign that you are in existence, and says, "If he isn't wid the Big Four, how the mischief should I know 'im?"—Indianapolis News.

Sacredness of Work.

All true work is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine. Oh, brother, if this is not "worship," then I say the more the pity for worship, for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not Look up, my wearied brother See thy fellow workmen there, in God's eternity, surviving there, they alone surviving, sacred band of immortals, celestial bodyguard of the empire of mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods, they alone surviving, peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of time.

To thee heaven, though severe, is not unkind. Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it." Thou, too, shalt return home in honor to thy far distant home in honor Doubt it not —if in the battle thou keep thy shield. Thou in the eternities and deepest death kingdoms art not an alien, thou everywhere art a denizen. Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.—Thomas Carlyle.

He Didn't Know.

At Devonport some years ago a soldier was brought before the commanding officer for selling part of his kit, when the following dialogue took place:

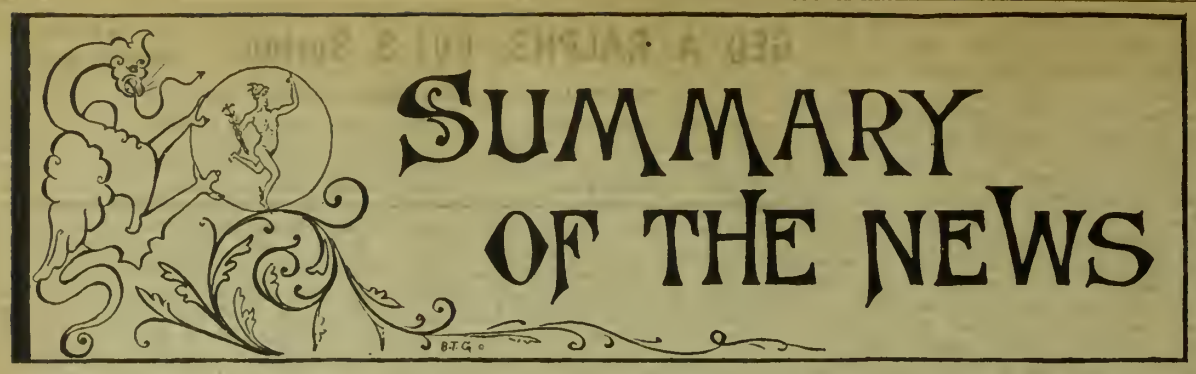
Colonel—Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?

Private Murphy—I'd worn 'em for two years, sorr, and thought they were my own property.

Colonel—Nothing of the sort, sir. These boots belong to the queen.

Private Murphy—I'm sure I'm sorry, sorr, but I didn't know the lady took twelves. (Collapse of colonel.)—London Standard.

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*



The object of the Post in affording its readers a summary of the weekly news, is to place the events in such manner that they may easily be remembered. In tracing the growth of an important event throughout the week those occurrences which have contributed to make up the world's history for the week past are recalled to the reader's mind.

BOER WAR.

On Saturday last it was reported that Col. Dalgety was besieged by the Boer forces at Wepener. He put up a stubborn resistance and British troops were moved to the support of the garrison; the brunt of the fighting and also of the loss was borne by the Cape mounted riflemen. The Boers were repulsed with heavy loss, although they subjected the garrison to the continuous and heavy rifle fire which is said to be their strongest method of warfare. Lord Roberts' present plan is to first check the Boer advance, not by fighting but by barring their way to vulnerable points in the long line of British communications; later he will begin a steady and irresistable advance, which will include the relief of Mafeking. On Sunday it was given forth that the Boers were manufacturing large quantities of shells at the Begbie foundry in Johannesburg. The actual Boer losses to the end of March, including prisoners, is put at 12,000. At present there are several thousand Boers in Natal and 35,000 in the Free State. Rumors were given out on Monday that the British under Brabant had won a victory over the Boer forces at Wepener. As these rumors were unconfirmed it probably meant that Brabant had come to the assistance of Col. Dalgety and had inflicted severe punishment on the besieging Boers without raising the siege. The Boers retreat from Biggarsburg blowing up three big collieries. On Tuesday and Wednesday it was reported that the great British advance through the Boer territory and towards Pretoria was about to begin; 75,000 of Queen Victoria's soldiers will join in ahe movement, although War Correspondent Winston Churchill says it will require 250,000 more British troops to subjugate South Africa. The British claim that their apparent inactivity up to date has demoralized the Boer forces and caused many desertions. On the other hand it is claimed tht the Dutch have had an opportunity to recuperate and to cultivate their farms between times. On Wednesday reports of Lord Robers' severe criticism of the indecision of his subordinate officers was given out. The recall of Generals Warren and Buller is rumored. London papers criticise the incapacity of some of the British officers. On Thursday the British were said to have been overcome at the garrison at Wepener, so that Brabant's "great victory" near Wepener had little lasting effect. The Boers are said to be preparing to blow up the mines at Johannesburg.

ORIENT.

The news from the Orient this week has not been of signal importance. The most important event in the week's news for the Philippines was the sailing of the new commission from San Francisco on Tuesday on the transport Hancock. This commission goes to Manila with almost unlimited powers and is practically superior to the military government of the islands. On Saturday the plague at Honolulu was reported to have been practically swept away and the suspects may once more mingle with the rest of the islanders. On Sunday and Monday reports were that Canadian officials had become greatly exercised over the great influx of Japanese laborers into British Columbia, active measures will at once be taken to prevent their immigration. On Tuesday news was received that twelve hundred Tagalos had swooped down in a howling mass upon Case's battalion at Cagayen at daybreak; the American boys put the enemy to rout in twenty minutes. On Tuesday a bundle of letters relating to the Philippine insurrection was submitted to the Senate by the President. These letters are taken as proof that the Filipinos acted in bad faith in all their dealings with the Americans. The Filipinos plotted to burn the houses about the American barracks when an attack was to be made by the U. S. soldiers. The annual commerce of the Orient is stated at the Trans-Mississippi Congress to amount to $450,000,000; of this amount United States trade equals only $87,000,000; the opening of the Nicaragua canal will create a gigantic export trade. That three Filipinos are tried by courtmartial as guerrillas and are sentenced to long terms of imprisonment is part of the budget received in Friday's news. The Navy Department has secured a 5000-ton steamer to carry supplies to plague sufferers in India.

EUROPE.

The exposition in Paris opened on Saturday, but not a building was completed either inside or out; there are crowds of Americans visiting the exposition, but few people of other nations. The London Times says there will be few Boer sympathizers in the United States if Lord Roberts wins a victory before the Republican convention. On Sunday and Monday there were said to be vast numbers of foreigners and provincials gazing at the uncompleted Paris exposition, but few Parisians or English people. Russia is said to be making warlike preparations on an extensive scale. On Tuesday it was reported that a sharp hint was given by the United States to Turkey to pay up the $90,000 indemnity promised sixteen months ago for destruction of American missionary property during the riots of 1895; Turkey will also be reminded of the indemnity due for the murder of Frank Lenz, the American wheelman. News of bubonic plague in Persia was reported on Wednesday. Also the fact that Mme. Melba was to marry the playwright Chambers. The wives and widows of Irish soldiers in South Africa present Queen Victoria with a bouquet during her visit in Dublin. The Queen's visit to Ireland has worked a very friendly change in Ireland's disposition towards England. Earl Russell, who married "Mollie" Cooke at Reno, Nevada, is a bigamist under the laws of England. His first wife, the Countess Russell, is an actress in London. This is the scant budget of European news on Thursday. Yesterday it was reported that England was taking great interest in the American-Turkish dispute arising out of the Porte's neglect to pay indemnities.

NATIONAL.

The adoption by the House of Representatives at Washington of a resolution for a constitutional amendment providing for the election of members of the Senate by the people, was the very important news which was given forth by the press on Saturday. The San Francisco Examiner says that Dewey's political confabs and the anti-Bryanites will make a strong effort to head off Bryan at the Kansas City Convention; Dewey is understood to be a gold Democrat; favoring a protectorate over the Philippines and regarding the silver question as politically buried. There was little news of National import on Sunday. On Monday the Alaskan Code bill and the Quay case begin to occupy a week's attention in the Senate, while the naval appropriation bill is to be discussed in the house. The Eleventh session of the trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress convenes at Houston, Texas. On Tuesday it is announced that Mr. Allen, the newly chosen governor of Puerto Rico, will be ushered into his office with all military pomp by the United States troops on the island and the North Atlantic squadron. This is regarded by some persons as an indication of approaching militarism in the island. On Wednesday the United States authorities were said to be ready to give Turkey a sharp jolt in regard to overdue indemnities mentioned above. Thursday. That the owners of the big tree groves in Calaveras county desire to sell the timber to the government at so much per thousand feet, amounting to about a million dollars, is regarded by Secretary Hitchcock as a big hold-up. President McKinley expresses himself as waiting for a report on the Nicaragua canal bill, but he is evidently in no haste to secure its passage. The appraisal of the Vanderbilt estate at $60,000,000, or at about one-fifth its value, is news which surprised many people yesterday. McKinley advises the Senate to provide for the pending change of government in Puerto Rico.

LOCAL.

Little news of local importance occurred during the past week. The Post's handsomely illustrated edition on the Grand Canyon of the Colorado on Saturday was the source of much favorable comment. Easter day was an occasion of general observance. The Bannings are said to have granted free camping privileges at the Isthmus on Catalina Island. Property owners at Avalon agree to leave the Bannings in full power. George Wilson, the 18 year old burglar, as to whose insanity many prominent physicians testified, nevertheless receives a sentence of twelve years in State's prison on Monday. The finance committee recommends to the City Council that the city proceed to recover money of which it was defrauded on the hay deal, and that a secretary of the Fire Department be appointed. Tuesday's news impart to the public that the Terminal Railway company will spend a million dollars in improvements. A new line between Terminal Island and Redondo Beach is said to be in contemplation. On Wednesday the Bar Association pays honor to the late Judge Gardner. The annual meeting of the Los Angeles Fire and Water Association and the Elks' parade were features in Thursday's news. The cloudy weather on Friday raised the hopes of all who were anxious for rain.

City News in Brief.

Dr. F. M. Parker. Dentist. 129½ West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

.Eucalyptus.

By Abbot Kinney

THE ONLY BOOK published in America on this valuable genus, setting forth the importance of the various species of Eucalyptus as producers of kino oils, timber, fuel, bee feed, for ornament, wind breaks, and the reclamation of waste places, sanitary value, and their frost and drought resistance.

How to plant Eucalyptus with drawings of seedlings; also contains Gray's Botanical Glossary.

This Work is Profusely Illustrated.

PRICES: CLOTH : : : : : : $1.50
PAPER : : : : : : 1.00

Can be purchased from the following Book-stores in Los Angeles:

STOLL & THAYER
OLIVER & HAINES
FOWLER BROS.
C. C. PARKER
B. F. GARDNER

Be Independent.

Non-trust Paint $1.50 gal.; Lead 7½c Non-trust Wallpaper 4½c; Ingrains 8½c; Ingrain Borders 2½c; 7-foot Opaque shades 35c; Mouldings 2c per foot. Walter Bros., 627 South Spring. Tel. M. 1055.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED.—Ten men to join us in good oil proposition—$100.00 required. This money is for the purpose of driving a well. Call at 322 South Broadway.

PIPE. — Wanted two-inch iron screw pipe. Send bids by the thousand feet to C. A. Sumner & Co., 134 S. Broadway. This pipe will be paid for in cash and is for a large West Adams street tract.

FOR SALE. — 20 Horse-power Westinghouse Automatic Engine and a 200-light Edison 110 volt Dynamo, both in good condition, worth $580.00, will sell for $350.00.
TUFTS-PALMER ELECLRIC WORKS, 701 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

Prefer Abuse to Silence.

"That there is an actor on earth who does not peruse the articles and newspaper criticisms concerning him is past belief," writes Franklin Fyles in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Only here and there one makes any such pretense. An estimable and conspicuous actress said publicly that she never, never looked at anything printed about herself. Privately, on that very same day, she wrote to a journalist to protest against something he had published. However, the attitude of the majority is dignified in this matter. A minority send mutual friends to ask for kindness, employ so called 'press agents' and do not flinch at notoriety if they cannot have fame. The excuse put forward for such conduct is that publicity is the actor's breath of life. Dion Boucicault once wrote to a critic, 'Praise me if you can, but abuse me rather than let me alone.' He once owned up to the authorship of a published letter violently assailing his own drama of 'Formosa.' His aim was to stir up an interest."

The Fortune Teller.

"It's wonderful," said the credulous man, "simply marvelous."

"Have you been to see that fortune teller again?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think most of those people are animated by purely mercenary motives?"

"This one isn't. Just think of his being willing to go on telling fortunes at $1 apiece when he could give himself a tip on a horse race or a lottery drawing and get everlastingly rich inside of 24 hours!"—Washington Star.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE LOS ANGELES THEATRE.

The second week of the Frawley's spring season at the Los Angeles Theater will open on Sunday evening with the first performance in this city of the famous French farce, "In Paradise," which will be presented for the first half of the week. "In Paradise" was the hit of the Frawley season in San Francisco, where it ran for two weeks. It is a translation from the French of Hennequin Billhand and Barre, by B. B. Vallentine, and is still running at the Odeon Theater, Paris. It was originally produced in this country at the Bijou Theater, New York, and scored an instantaneous hit. It ran as long as time could be secured at the Bijou and was then transferred to the Fourteenth Street Theater, where it finished out its season.

"In Paradise" is purely Parisian. The scenes, incidents and characters could only be found in that paradise of frivolous life, Paris. Mons. Pontbichot, a provincial from Chambord, comes to Paris, with his wife and daughter, to throw himself into the whirl of dissipation, of fast life. He is rich, and of course, becomes the dupe of all whom he encounters. His intended son-in-law brings him under the spell of Clara Taupin, whose blandishments bewitch him. Many complications result from his infatuation. With his friend, Mons. Cresillon, and his daughter's intended, they are at the chambers of Clara, when Mons. Picol, a lion tamer at the Grand Circus, entraps the three and gives them severe punishment. Mons. Pontbichot and Mons. Cresillon, much injured by their severe punishment, are carried home to their wives, and are reconciled in what may be regarded as French justice.

There will be a special matinee on Wednesday afternoon of Henry Arthur Jones' powerful and fascinating play, "The Dancing Girl." This will be the only performance of this play here this season. There will be much interest to see Miss Wakeman as Drusilla Ives, and everybody will be glad to see Mr. Frawley again as the Duke of Guisebury.

On Thursday evening and for the balance of the week David Balasco and Henry C. DeMille's famous play, "The Wife," will be presented. This is said to be the strongest ensemble performance given by the Frawley Company. "The Wife" is the companion piece to "The Charity Ball," the scene, however, being changed from New York to Washington and the atmosphere being that of politics instead of society. In this play Miss Wakeman will make her reappearance, and Mr. Frawley will play Senator Rutherford. Captain Reynolds and Francis Byrne have particularly strong roles. "The Wife" will be a remarkably strong matinee bill.

THE BURBANK THEATER.

Beginning Sunday evening the Morosco Opera Company, at the Burbank Theater, will revive Millocker's "Beggar Student," on the complete and perfect scale for which they are famous. The opera is one of the prettiest and most popular that has been written, and can always rely on an enthusiastic reception. It has a romantic story, as most people may know.

General Ollendorf is desperately in love with Laura, the beautiful daughter of the Countess Palmatica, who rejects his suit. Carried away with his feelings he so far forgets himself as to kiss the young lady on the shoulder and is repaid by her with a stinging blow on the face. He resolves upon a bitter revenge and selects as its instrument, Symon Symonovitz, a handsome beggar student, who is incarcerated for debt. He dresses him in fine clothes and introduces him to Laura as a wealthy prince. Dazzled by his rank and riches, she marries him, only to immediately discover that she has been made the dupe of a cruel imposter. Ollendorf throws Symonvitz into the streets and enjoys his triumps; only for a brief period, for Symon, assisted by Janitsky, a young Polish officer, who is in love with Laura's sister Eroslava, contrives to obtain valuable information and money to permit the Grand Duke Stanislaus to capture Cracow, and place it under Polish dominion. For this service, Symon is created a Count, but not before he discovers that Laura loves him for himself alone.

All the principal singers in the Morosco Opera Company will be given their first real opportunity in this opera. The chorus, which has been greatly enlarged, will be a special feature of the performance, and thirty of the prettiest girls will participate in a pretty and novel march which has been especially designed by Stage Manager Bonville for the occasion. The scenery will be all new having recently been painted by Mr. George Bell, one of the best scenic artists in the country.

THE ORPHEUM.

Novelties galore are again to be the portion next week of those who attend the Orpheum regularly—and who, pray, among the amusement loving part of the city's population does not thus attend?

The DeForrests, whirlwind dancers, of a sort that London has raved over, will make their coast debut at the Orpheum on Monday night. They are alone in their peculiar specialty which is one of surpassing beauty and grace. They are certain to create a sensation at the Orpheum with the novel terpsichorean movements they affect.

Bobby Gaylor, an Irish comedian and funmaker, whose name is almost as familiar as household words from end to end of the country, will be seen for the first time in vaudeville here next week. His fund of comicalities, songs and stories and dances is said to be inexhaustible.

Si Stebbins, a "hay seed conjurer," will amuse with his clever feats and grotesque make up.

The Empire Comedy Four, considered the best singing quartette in the world, and comedians of excellent reputation, will appear at the Orpheum after an absence of several years.

Mathews and Harris, the burlesque stars, will have a new skit to exploit; Vashti Earle and Lulu Shepperd, the beautiful girls from Broadway; Carrie Behr, singing star; Guille, the famous comedian, and the Biograph with new views, will round out a splendid bill.

HOLLENBECK PARK.

Program of concert by the Southern California Band, H. W. Coomber, manager, Sunday, April 22, 1900:

Wedding March (Mendelssohn).
Waltz—La Fleur de Alsace (Stainer).
Selection—Bohemian Girl (Balfe).
Patrol—Industrial Army (Orth).
Musical Tour thro' Europe (Conradi).
Baritone Sole—The Palms (Faure).
Overture—Jolly Fellows (Suppe).
Medley—The Winners (Mackie).
Rainbow Dance (Rosey).
Promenade Waltz (Gungl).
Home, Sweet Home.

Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to park.

MR. VETTER AT HOME.

Alderman Louis Vetter, the affable and distinguished statesman of South Broadway, says the stories woven from the ingenious brain of Tom Garrett of the Record as to Mr. Vetter's being a candidate for mayor are the merest fiction.

"I am not a candidate for mayor," said Mr. Vetter. "Of course that's all bosh. Neither am I an aspirant, as stated in the Record, for grand opera. I don't sing at all in public. Sometimes I croon a little love ditty to myself, but that's neither here nor there."

Mr. Vetter stated that the report in the Post that he had condoned the offenses of the Fire Chief Moore, because the chief was a good fellow about town was not so.

"I couldn't put my finger on the flea," said Mr. Vetter. "I knew there were some strange things going on but so did lots of other people."

Mr. Vetter says the prospects of Los Angeles are better than ever. The tourist crop was well headed out this year and a thousand seeds were dropped in the ground for a full crop next winter. From what he saw about town during the past winter, Mr. Vetter concludes the tourist crop was well irrigated, and so will doubtless be much larger next season.

Art Criticism.

The critic stood with scornful eye
Before a picture on the wall.
"You call this art? Now, see that fly;
It is not natural at all.

"It has too many legs; its head
Is far too large. Who ever saw
A fly like that, so limp and dead,
And wings that look as if they—pshaw!"

And with a gesture of disgust
He waved his hand, when, lo! the fly
Flew from the picture. "Ah, some dust,"
The critic said, "was in my eye!"

—Henry Coyle in Critic.

The Kisses of the Frost.

Don't you feel your spirits tingling with a new and grateful thrill,
Every nerve within you jingling with a ring that fills the bill,
Every muscle keen for action, every sinew strung anew,
And your active brain expelling every shade of saddening blue,
As you rise these lovely mornings from a bed of dreamless sleep,
When the stars are getting drowsy and the day begins to peep,
When the grasses and the bushes are with sparkling gems embossed
And you feel the stinging kisses of the saucy autumn frost?

All the lassitude of summer hides its head in lazy shame
And, no longer being winner, indolently jumps the game;
In the eyes there comes a sparkle of resuscitated light,
Putting all the listless glances full of sleepiness to flight,
And the brain gets up an action full of 'vigorated snap,
And the feet ring on the pavement with an energetic rap
As the hair by playful breezes of vitality is tossed
And we feel the stinging kisses of the saucy autumn frost.

How it tints the fresh young faces of the maidens with a flush
That outrivals e'en the softness of the ripened peach's blush,
Gives their eyes a healthful glinting and their step a graceful spring
As it gallantly salutes them with the sweetness of its sting!
Summer has its ripe attractions, spring its floral beauties rare,
And the winter is entrancing when with gems it studs the air,
But to other seasons' beauties admiration soon is lost,
And we feel the stinging kisses of the saucy autumn frost.

Take the slowest good for nothing ever fetched a lazy yawn,
Drag him from his bed of slumber when the day begins to dawn,
And you'll see a strange awakening in his dull and slothful eyes,
And the freshness of the morning treats him to a new surprise.
There is life in every zephyr, there is tonic in the breeze
As it whispers words of comfort to the slowly dying trees,
And we say that life's worth living at whatever be the cost,
And we feel the stinging kisses of the saucy autumn frost.

—Denver Post.

Boers' National Hymn.

Wave, four-color of our precious land,
Again o'er all Transvaal!
Woe be to God forsaken hand
Who thee e'er down would haul!
Wave on, on high, in our clear air,
Transvaal's own banner free!
Our enemy has fled afar;
Break, day of joy for thee!

Through many storms you did endure,
To us the token true,
Again a storm's gone by secure,
And we are pledged anew!
Assailed by Kaffir, brute and Brit,
It waved o'er head of ire;
To their despite may they see it
Rise with our love the higher!

On high, wave on in our clear air,
Transvaal's own banner free!
Our enemy has fled afar!
Break, day of joy for thee!
On high, o'er all our precious land,
Wave, four-color of Transvaal!
Woe be to God forsaken hand
Who thee e'er down would haul!

What Counts.

This is the maxim they swear most by,
And the young reporter may take the hint:
"It isn't the stuff you write that counts,
But what gets into print."

Reams and reams of paper are filled
Each day by scratchy pen
With burning thoughts and eloquent words
From the teeming brains of men,
And the editor sits with his pencil blue
And winnows the wheat from the chaff,
And what survives of the stuff writ down
Is a good bit less than half.

Men who win are men who find
The shortest way the best;
They write no more than they have to write,
And the desk man does the rest.
And this should the adjective worshiper know:
The reporter wins renown
As much by the stuff he doesn't write
As that which he writeth down.

Mark, then, the maxim they swear most by,
It's a rule of the office, hard as flint,
"It isn't the stuff you write that counts,
But what gets into print."

—Philadelphia North American.

E. H. Loveland

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Hay, Grain, Potatoes,

Beans, Salt, Honey and Dried Fruits

AGENT FOR

Colwell's Flavoring Extracts

Choice Northern Potatoes Always on Hand

Hay in Car Lots a Specialty

Oil Stock and Oil Lands for Sale

OFFICE:

1910 Chester Ave.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Telephone Block 264

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Catarrh of the Stomach — USE

YOSEMITE MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

W. C. WEAVER

SOLE AGENT FOR PACIFIC COAST.

216 South Spring, Los Angeles, Cal.

Telephone Main 26

FROM HARMLESS HERBS

Is the Lee Liquor Cure compounded. Invigorates and builds up the system. A sure for inebriety. Many cures effected. Best of references. Price $15. Write for pamphlet of testimonials. DE MOSS BOWERS, Manager, 354 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES.

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.

For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,

401-2 STIMSON BLDG.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Vernondale Rabbitry

4203 Central Ave.

A few bargains in Does bred and with litters; Young Sir Styles, Britains, Dexters, English Sovereigns, etc.

Judge Britain by Lord Britain, and Lord Lorenzo; Service $5 and $2.

Take Central Avenue Car Direct to Rabbittry Corner of 42nd Street.

LOTS FOR SALE.

Block of 24 lots for sal on West Adams Street Mesa. A chance to treble your money in six months. Also 21 lots in Ela Hills Tract, with good oil indications. Price of this valuable group of lots $1500. Address Box "K", THE SATURDAY POST, 401-403 Stimson.

FINE LOTS TO LEASE.

Lots to lease on Spring and Main streets, between Eighth and Ninth. One of these lots runs through from Main to Spring in the Junction Block. Address or call on C. A. Jeffers, 432 Stimson Building.

Eraclio Solis, Highwayman.

By JOHN HEARD, JR.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

Among the many odd trifles which I have brought home from my travels is a little gold bell, on the table before me now. It was given to me some years ago as a souvenir by the only highwayman it has been my chance to meet, and often since then I have wondered what had become of the interesting rascal to whom it belonged.

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend in Mexico telling of his death. How vividly it recalled our interview! In the spring of 1884 I was obliged to take the tedious journey from Alamos to Mazatlan, in the traditional stagecoach—a picturesque experience to remember, but an agony of five nights and four days to endure. At the time I chafed over the slow progress of our civilization which forced me to travel in a restless, tin sheathed wooden box, but today the perspective has changed, and I look upon the geographical limitations of Yankee enterprise with a decided feeling of satisfaction. There are still some things to do that everybody has not done; some sights that cannot be had for the price of a ticket; some men to meet outside of offices and clubs.

Eraclio Solis was one of these men. He belonged to a species unknown to the railroad freighted Philistine who naively believes that he is traveling two generations; hence the race of such men as Eraclio will be extinct.

I had heard much about him, for in those years he was a more important factor in the government of northwestern Mexico than all the state governors combined. In spite of a detachment of cavalry stationed in the neighborhood of Los Hornitos, Eraclio held up every alternate stagecoach within a mile, more or less, of the same place. The soldiers always arrived upon the scene a few minutes after his band had disappeared, and whenever they escorted the coach it was sure to be attacked as soon as their protection was deemed no longer necessary.

When he left Alamos, Ben Hill, the gambler, called out to me as we drove past his house, "Here's good luck to Eraclio; tell him I'm all right," whereupon my neighbor asked if I were going beyond Fuertie. I answered that I intended to, and then he assured me that I should certainly make the bandit's acquaintance, as this was the regular marked trip. Shortly after leaving Fuertie my last companion got out, and I was left alone. The certainty of being stopped by the brigand had gradually grown upon me during the past 36 hours, and as I sat there suspiciously scanning the cactus brush on either side of the coach, my rifle between my knees, and my revolver ready for immediate use, I debated with myself what course I ought to pursue.

Beyond my arms I had really nothing to lose, and it seemed foolhardy to attempt to resist, single handed, the attacks of a band of trained highwaymen merely because my Anglo-Saxon prejudices forbade me to yield without a struggle. I did not wish to risk my life for the sake of a mere prejudice, but I rebelled at the idea of holding up my hands without making use of them.

While I was thus undecided, the driver settled the question by calling to me to take off my shooting irons and climb up beside him. "Don Juan," he said to me as I braced myself to the box at his side, "you've got nerve enough, so I may as well tell you that Eraclio will stop us in a few minutes. When we reach the top of this grade, you will see the arroyo hondo, and on the rise beyond probably the horsemen, too, but perhaps only Eraclio himself. Now, for heaven's sake, don't go shooting. There will be 30 rifle sights leveled at us from behind the cactus bush, and the minute you pull the trigger we shall be riddled.

"Did you ever hear how Ben Hill was filled with lead? Well, I can tell you, for I was driving. Eraclio appeared in the usual way, and I stopped, of course, as soon as he waved his rifle, but Hill jumped out and fired. Whew! How the bullets began to come in—a perfect hailstorm! Two minutes later it was all over. Three of the mules were dead beside the whipper and one of the passengers. As for Hill, he was lying on the road with six bullets under his skin—enough to kill any ordinary man but there he lay, firing away at the cactus, with the blood running down over his forehead and as mad as though he had been eating papashes all the morning. Eraclio had a hard time preventing his men from finishing him, but the gambler was an old friend of his, and he kept the coyotes off.

"'Ben,' said he, 'why did you shoot? Are you drunk?'

"'Quien sabe?' the other answered. 'I'm pickled now anyway. Look here, Eraclio, be generous with me. There are 6,000 pesos in my valise, and that ought to satisfy you. But there's my wife, she has all her jewelry along, and now that I am laid up I think you might look after her. Can't you take her down to Culiacan? I can scrape up a couple of thousand more when I get home, and if you'll do that I'll send them to you and welcome. Is it a bargain?'

"'Bah!' the other answered, laughing. 'Friend Ben, between thieves the shortest accounts are best. I'll take your money for the men, but the senora shall reach Culiacan safely I'll see to that myself.' And he did it, Don Juan. He put three of his men inside, made me do the whipping and drove himself right up to the hotel, though he knew well enough that there was a big placard on the door—'Two thousand (2,000) pesos for the body of Eraclio Solis dead or alive.'

"You never saw him? Well, senor, he's a caballero, you will see, and I say we ought to have just such a man for governor. He knows what the poor people need and what is good for them. Vaya, if he were governor for only one year, they would make him president the next. The greatest man in Mexico, senor, and they are trying to kill him."

But in spite of Martin's predictions and apparently much to his disappointment we drove off unmolested across the arroyo hondo and into Los Hornitos.

The little rancho was crowded, and I ordered my dinner served outside under the porch, where I sat down alone to wait. The view from my seat was hot, desolate and depressing, typical of our dreary life west of the Sierra Madre. To the left stood a broken row of low, flat roofed adobe huts, joined together by irregular cactus hedges, and on the tops of the fluted gray green columns three or four buzzards perched motionless. On the right by the roadside lay odd looking piles of rusty mining machinery, relics of some abandoned enterprise, and far, far away, above the faintly purple level of dry bush, the blue sierra stretched along the horizon.

While I sat there, waiting and wondering wherein lay the undeniable charm of this dreary landscape, a horseman rode up, tied his animal to one of the posts and started to enter the house, but catching sight of me he stopped, touched his hat and came toward me smiling.

"Don Juan of the Rochin mine?" he asked pleasantly. I rose, answered that I was Don Juan, but the man's face was totally unfamiliar to me, and my perplexity was evident, for he said:

"You are wondering who I am, Don Juan? It is true, we have not met before, yet we are hardly strangers." He drew a chair up to the table and said:

"I am Eraclio, the outlaw."

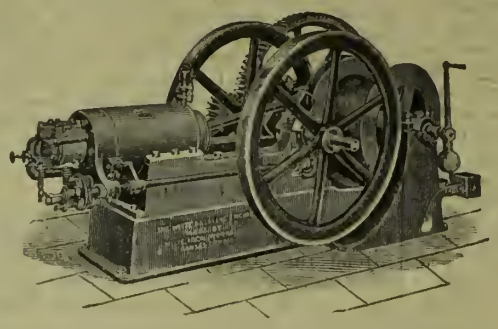
"Eraclio!"

"At your service, senor," he answered, amazed at my astonishment. "You expected to meet me yonder on the road, yes? But really it would not have been worth while. I knew that you were the only passenger and that you do not travel with more than a few dollars in your pocket. Gracia's draft on Mazatlan is of no use to me, for unfortunately circumstances do not allow me to go there. As for your rifle and your pistol—you might have been tempted to use them, and—I bear you no ill will. But, caramba! Why don't they bring us something to eat?" and springing up with an oath he went to the house and gave some orders, which were obeyed with eager alacrity.

As he stood by the door, one of his men came up and spoke to him, a huge, swaggering desperado, and it delighted me to note the superiority of

Machinery

C. B. BOOTHE & CO.
126 S. Los Angeles Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines
COMPLETE
IRRIGATING PLANTS
Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE
Gasoline Engines
—ARE—
Simple
Reliable
Durable
FULLY GUARANTEED.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891
—SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.—
Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical
A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets
Polished oak floors $1.25 per Sq. Yard. Will last a life-time. Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.
JOHN A. SMITH . 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.
There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from
JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street
Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS
Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.
ROBT. JORDAN
Telephone Main 217
641 South Broadway

Notice. Notice.

On and after May 1st, 1900, the subscription price of THE SATURDAY POST will be $1.00 per year, payable in advance. Until May 1st THE SATURDAY POST will be sent for one year to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico, on receipt of the present subscription price, Fifty Cents.

SUBSCRIBE NOW and finish the thrilling story entitled "The Ring of the Matterhorn."

Address all communications and make all checks and money orders payable to

THE POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,

401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ocean Park.

THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.

T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P.O.

the graceful, agile and youthful captain over his bulky lieutenant. Eraclio looked so simple and thoroughbred beside the melodramatic bandit—he was unmistakably the commander.

When he came back, he unbuckled his pistol belt and threw it down on the bench between us, so as to be much nearer me than him, and as he did so, he looked at me meaningly. It might have been merely a trick, and so I prudently refrained from following his example, though I liked the man's appearance, and instinctively felt that I had nothing to fear. He noticed my hesitation at once, and said, with a short, hard laugh:

"Do you distrust me, Don Juan? Well, I don't wonder! I have a bad name, and perhaps if you knew as much about me as I do myself you would trust me still less. It is not altogether my fault, though." Then changing the subject suddenly, he continued: "I suppose you keep pretty well armed up at the Rochin mine? Oh, don't fancy I am trying to get any information. I know you keep a large amount of silver there and have about 20 white men on whom you can depend. Now, suppose I were to pay you a visit—how would you receive me?"

"Why, about as roughly as we know how!"

"Even if I had 50 men behind me?"

"Unless you came with a whole army behind you," I answered. "I don't know that the number would make much difference. If you attacked the Rochin mine, we should defend it."

"Good! That is one thing I like about English and Americans. Odds don't frighten them. Now a little while since I went up to the Rosario and had an interview with Schmidt, their superintendent. 'How many are you?' I asked. 'Oh,' he answered, 'I have only 24, so walk in and help yourselves.' Schmidt is not a coward, but once he was an officer in the German army, and there he learned that two men always beat one. Two units always beat one, that's true, and in large armies the average manliness is at its lowest. However, I'll get even with him," he added with a somewhat cynical laugh. "I shall take good care to have fewer men than he and force a fight, for I don't like robbing without some danger or excitement. It is too much like thieving."

"You draw rather nice distinctions," I said. He frowned, and for a moment seemed annoyed, then he went on. "Oh, let us talk of something else; it is so rare nowadays out here to have a chance of passing an hour or two with a man of education that I must make the most of it. You have been in Europe, of course? Well, then, let us get as far away from Los Hornitos as possible. Ah, Don Juan, I hate this life," he added passionately, and in an instant the whole expression of his face changed. His fists were clutched on the table before him, and his lips were drawn back over his teeth until he looked more like an animal about to spring forward than like the handsome, good humored young fellow he had hitherto seemed to be. But this expression vanished again as quietly as it had come. He drank off a tumblerful of wine and lighted a cigar, while I reflected on the danger of irritating such a fearful temper. For an hour or two we chatted very pleasantly. He was especially interested in French affairs and begged me to give him a bundle of papers which I had just been reviewing and happened to have with me. I had heard that he was of good education and that he had traveled for a number of years, but I was not prepared to meet one so familiar with French, English and even German books as his conversation proved Solis to be.

Eventually I expressed my surprise at his unusual knowledge, and I asked him how he managed to keep so well informed out in the wilderness.

"Do you know anything of my past life, Don Juan?" he asked in return.

"Gracia has told me something," I answered, "but not much, after all. He was a friend of yours once, was he not?"

"He is now, for the matter of that," Solis answered, "at least as far as circumstances will allow him to be."

For some minutes the outlaw remained silent, looking blankly at the table before him, while his thoughts were evidently far away. When he spoke again, he did so with unmistakable diffidence and hesitation.

"Our conversation has recalled my student days—the best period of my life—so vividly—and the contrast between then and now." He did not finish the sentence, and again for some minutes he smoked on silently, while I sat equally silent and waiting.

"Perhaps you do not know, senor," he began presently. "I came of good family. My ancestors came over from Spain about the beginning of the last century, which may or may not be true. At any rate my father was an intimate friend of General Calzado, whom the Juarez government outlawed, and about the time I was 10 years old both were captured, executed side by side and all the property confiscated by the state. Nothing except my mother's hacienda, La Perla, was saved from the wreck, and there I was allowed to grow up without education or restraint of any kind. You know what life is on a Mexican rancho and what qualities of human nature are most likely to be developed in such an atmosphere. Well, as a boy, I was perhaps worse than the average. I am extremely passionate, and when I am aroused I lose all control over myself to such an extent that I am not much better than a wild animal. I ought to have been shot or put out of the way long ago, and sooner or later that is the fate I expect to meet.

"I was only 17 when I had a quarrel with a friend over a girl we both fancied. We had a fight, of course, and I killed him. I can't say that I felt much remorse at the time. On the contrary, I was rather proud of my victory. No one had seen us together, so I was not afraid of it being discovered. My rival was out of the way, and I profited by it. Then a few days later, satiated and disenchanted, I realized what I had done. So, between fear and remorse and shame, I determined to leave the country.

"Ah, Europe! Don Juan, that was a revelation to me. I had never seen anything of civilization. I saw it first in Paris. For a few months I lived the reckless, profitless life of most Spanish-Americans abroad, but at last its shallowness palled upon me. I saw that whenever our people came in touch with intelligent foreigners our inferiority was painfully evident and it made me angry to be only second rate. The remedy was obvious. I made up my mind to work instead of play. I was as good as they, and if work could prove it they should know it. I set my teeth and I worked like a horse. Now and then the wild animal in my nature got the better of me and I had to let him loose, but not as before, for education had given me a strong bridle, and after each outbreak I pulled up and went back to my books with new ardor."

Eraclio stopped, and for the first time since he began to talk he looked at me.

"You wouldn't own up to all this, would you? Would you have catalogued your virtues and left out the vices? That is an Anglo-Saxon trait and one of the meanest of its characteristics. You all think a man can't have his failings known and still be a man. Hypocrites! Shakespeare and Fielding painted their men naked, part good and part bad, true human beings—their men will live while all the sawdust manikins you put up today will be forgotten tomorrow.

"I have seen a good many English and Americans, Don Juan, and if I have found them perhaps stronger and more generous as a whole than men of other nationalities I have found them not a whit less human. The men in your newspapers and the men in your novels are not the same species. You smile? Of course—of course—the theories and criticisms of a Mexican bandit are only fit to be laughed at. But yet you cannot honestly deny the truth of what I say. However, that is neither here nor there. So, senor, I worked hard and learned something. I traveled and studied both in England and Germany; then one day I awoke as from a dream, and I came home to Mexico.

"We love our country, Don Juan, in our unintelligent, passionate way, and the jico to me means perhaps even more than the union does to you. With my knowledge, my fortune and my will I felt strong. I felt that I should become a great leader and that my name would be known and loved throughout my

Dry Seasons When the Wind IS DEAD YOUR WIND MILL Stands Still. If You Need WATER We can Sell You a Small GASOLINE ENGINE and PUMP that will run 24 hours a day and bring the water, and so cheap you will be astonished. Call and see them in operation.

S. W. LUITWIELER CO.
405-7 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

Don't Throw Away Those Old Magazines

Those Favorite Pieces of Music.
—You'll Miss Them—
Better have them bound.
It don't cost much if done by

HENRY J. PAULY,
Tel. Brown 312,
115½ N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Laux California Perfumes
—ARE THE LEADERS.—
Huyler's New York Candies Fresh all the Time.
C. LAUX Co., Druggists,
231 South Broadway

BUY YOUR SHOES AT THE Queen Shoe Store
162-164 North Main Street

Buy Your Roll Paper and Twine
FROM.....
Blake, Moffitt & Towne,
146 North Los Angeles St.

Ring up Main 52
For Choice Buffalo Lager, $1.25 per dozen
Or STEAM BEER, 5 gals., $1.60
10 gals., $3.00
NAPA SODA delivered at your home.
H. BRAUN, Agent,
Junction North Main and Alameda Sts.

Palace Market
EVERHARDY & WREDEN, Props.
Dealers in Fresh Meats,
Poultry, Game, Oysters,
Cor. 3rd & Spring Sts. Tel. Main 415

Western Fish Co.,
BARACUDA, SMELTS AND
SURF FISH
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. Telephone Main 561.

THE Rosslyn
Main Street, Opp. Postoffice
The best appointed hotel at moderate rates in California.
Every modern convenience, desirable rooms, excellent table, polite attention, orchestral music during dinner hours.
American plan, $2 per day and up.
European plan, $1 per day and up.
ABNER L. ROSS, Prop'r

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO JAN. 16, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
8:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
8:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
8:00 am	East via ElPaso Wednesday and Saturday Sunset Limited.	7:45 pm
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:45 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:45 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:45 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:45 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:45 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5.25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:30 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:30 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	*7:28 am
|||1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	**11:35 am
5:45 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	..Port Los Angeles..	
|||1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
3:45 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	**2:57 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only. |||On Sundays and "steamer days" (P. C. S. S. Co.) only.

SANTA FE ROUTE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect Nov. 10, 1899.

CITY TICKET Office, Corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angeles		Arrive Los Angeles
7:00 p.m. Sunday Tuesday Thursday Saturday	California Limited The Fastest Train Across the Continent	1:50 p.m. Friday Saturday Sunday Tuesday
10:10 a.m. Daily	Ov'ld Express For Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:25 a.m. Daily
8:50 a.m. 2:00 p.m.	San Diego San Diego	12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m. A 6:00 p.m.	San Bernardino via Pasadena	8:25 a.m. 9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	San Bernardino via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Redlands via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m.	Redlands via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 a.m. 5:47 p.m.
*8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m.	Riverside via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	Riverside via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Pasadena Monrovia and Azusa	8:25 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
8:50 a.m. 2:00 p.m. 5:05 p.m.	Santa Ana Santa Ana Santa Ana	8:45 a.m. 12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m. O*10:00 a.m.	San Jacinto and Elsinore	O*10:55 a.m.
*2:00 p.m.	Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
9:55 a.m. 5:34 p.m.	Redondo Beach Redondo Beach	8:25 a.m. 4:25 p.m.
*9:55 a.m.	Santa Monica	*4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sundays; O, via Orange; P, via Pasadena; S, Sundays; A, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday; B, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday. All other trains daily.

ACROSS THE TUGELA.

Written for the Saturday Post by LLEWELLEN HABST.

I.

"Did you get him, Corporal?"

"I think I did, sir. I think I seen 'im drop."

"He may be fooling you; you hetter make sure."

The corporal put his cap on the end of his rifle. Then he took off his coat and put a cleaning rod through it crosswise so as to make the empty sleeves stand out. Then he tied the cleaning rod and the coat to the rifle so that it resembled a scarecrow. Very slowly he lifted this above the summit of the boulder.

A bullet came shrieking through the air. It left a little hole in the coat and hit the earth a long way behind them, raising a puff of dust where it fell.

The corporal pulled the scarecrow back quickly.

"I think we ought to get 'im this time, sir," he said.

"There's more wind over there across the river," replied the officer. "You want to allow for that. Look through this glass and you'll see the grass is waving."

The corporal looked through the glass. He lifted his Lee-Metford slowly and leveled it across the river, keeping low down. He looked through the glass again. Then they waited.

A small black figure like an ant in the distance crawled from the rock across the river. It was still for a moment. The corporal took a careful aim. He was very calm and deliberate. A report sounded from his rifle and the ant across the river doubled up and became smaller on the earth. It didn't move.

"We've got 'im this time, sir," he said. "Shall I try 'im again, sir?"

"No; wait a minute," answered the other.

II.

All through the hot afternoon the little heap across the river remained on the blazing veldt. The hot sun beat down in a flame and made the earth a very hell. The soldier's coat was soaked red and hard with blood. The blood oozed slowly, but when he moved in his delirium it came with a gush, trickling through his clothes to the hungry dust. His mouth was choked and dry. His tongue was hot. A sharp pain cut him like a knife in his wound. His temples throbbed. Red blood passed before his eyes and he suffered terribly.

Toward night it grew a little cooler and his head became clear. He was too weak and his life too far spent to feel any great pain. He wondered how it had all happened.

Then he remembered. He had been on outpost duty. What had become of the scouts and riflemen who were with him? They were brave fellows. Perhaps they had been able to get back to headquarters as he had ordered them. He was very young. His forehad was white and he looked little more than a boy. Inside his watch he carried the picture of his sweetheart. He wished some one would come. He wanted water and help in a vague way. He was too weak to want much but he hated to die. He was an impetuous young fellow; this Frenchman. And he couldn't remember now why he had ever come way down into Africa to fight. His sweetheart's brother was in the English army; perhaps he would have run across him somewhere if he could only live. Ah! but he wanted a drink. Then he lost his head again and passed into a state of unconsciousness.

III.

At nightfall the British army crossed the Tugela. The officers and the corporal were in advance. They were weary, but strangely happy. They had done much that day. They had been victorious in a decisive move in the campaign. The Boers were retreating. Soon they would go back to dear old England again. The officer became jolly at the prospect. Suddenly his mood changed. He saw the boulder near the roadside where the corporal had shot the Boer rifleman in the morning. He remembered the place.

"Corporal!" he called.

"Yes, sir."

"Go over and see if that poor devil you shot today across the river is living still. Do what you can for him. If he is dead have your detachment bury him.

The corporal reported that the wounded man was a French captain commanding the Boer forces, and he didn't have long to live. Some liquor might brighten his up.

"Poor fellow," said the officer. "I thought there were sharpshooters behind that rock. Here give him this. I'll be right over."

"Lift him carefully, corporal, and have him put in the hospital ambulance. Easy there, men, he can't lose any more blood."

The officer held the young fellow's head; his eyes were full of tears. A great sob choked his throat. The brave man was weeping. The corporal wondered strangely.

The liquor revived the dying man. His great brown eyes looked at the English officer as he pressed the other's hand. He motioned feebly to his watch. The officer opened it. His sister's face looked at him ,fair and sweet and true from the watch case—

"Henry, dear Henry," the officer said, "you will get well. I will look after you. Get well and come back to Alice. Come back to old England and Alice with me."

But Henry was dead.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT

What's the use worrying about how much paper it's going to take to cover your walls, or which paper will cut to the best advantage? All you have to do is to select the prettiest thing we've got—the paper you know will make you enjoy living in your home—then give us your address—we'll take all the worry off your shoulders—we'll send out and measure your rooms, select the proper ceiling and moldings, then we'll send you an estimate. And let us say right here, our work is allright! and our prices are allright! Come in and let us help you make home more attractive to you.

T. FRANK McGRATH,

414 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

Youth In Politics.

Young men ought to go into politics. They can do themselves and their country good. If they want office they are entitled to have it. If they are clever enough to beat their elders it will be a salutary event for all persons concerned. Most of the elders of politics need to be beaten once in a while. It freshens them and it ventilates the offices, taking the mold out and exposing the disorganization.

Youth is indiscreet, if the textbook of the aged may be believed. But indiscretion is frequently the beginning of new and approved conventionalities. It is the iconoclast that loosens the world from its fetiches. When it isn't a reality, it is a bogy, and the raillery of old men against it need not deter any young man from taking a turn at it if he conscientiously thinks the old men mistaken. A thousand youthful indiscretions in municipal and district government could scarcely be worse than the thousand and ten mistakes which the elders constantly are making. The young men can do at least as much as the older ones—and that is, they can try.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Shocks of Explosions.

Mr. Charles Davison finds that when Kurtz's alkali works at St. Helens were blown up by the explosion of 80 tons of chlorate of potash the noise was heard at Marple, 28 miles away. The doors, windows and chimneys of workmen's cottages within a few hundred yards of the works were dismantled, and within the radius of a mile hardly a window escaped. At the battle of Coruna 1,500 barrels of gunpowder blew up, causing the ground to rock for miles.

The blast at Hell Gate, New York (130 tons of dynamite), was perceived 183 miles away by the vibrations of mercury. The shock of the dynamite explosion (50 tons) at Johannesburg was felt at Pretoria, 33 miles distant. The naval magazine of Lagouban, Toulon, which blew up 50,000 kilograms of black powder, was heard at Nice, 84 miles distant, and even at Ventimiglia, in Italy, 100 miles distant. The country for a radius of nearly two miles was blown bare, houses knocked to pieces and trees uprooted or bent into fantastic shapes.

America the Most Apt Nation.

Anglo-Saxons are considered the best colonists, the most tolerant of violent changes in climate and environment of all races, because they have the strongest power of self control. Of all nationalities of mankind they have the most universal adaptive aptitude, because they possess in the highest degree the mastery of mind over matter. The American in time will outdo the native of every clime in his own national game. He throws a lasso better than the Mexican and trails a deer better than the Comanche.—Jacksonville Pioneer-Union.

Our First Restaurant.

Until 1830 restaurants were unknown. The first one established in America was started on Park row, New York, by Edward Windust, whose place became the resort of all the famous personages of the earlier part of this century who resided in the Knickerbocker city. Delmonico I started his cafe on William street, and the furnishings consisted of a half dozen pine tables, with chairs to match. Cups and saucers of earthenware, two tined forks, buck bone handled knives and an imposing tin coffeepot completed his outfit. Delmonico waited upon his patrons himself, arrayed in white cap and apron.—Kansas City Independent.

Peppermint on a Sewage Farm.

A modern application of Samson's parable, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness," is provided by the district council of Sutton, in the county of Surrey, England. That body carries on a singular industry. It grows peppermint on its sewage farm and manufactures peppermint oil. About four and a half acres of the farm are given up to the cultivation of peppermint plants, an grow luxuriant crops. The yield of oil is nearly $150 per acre, and the price last realized was $6.12 per pound.

A Piano for Every Home.

Every home in this city might have a piano if advantage were taken of the liberal terms we offer to those who do not care to pay cash. Just paying a little every month and having the use of the piano while you are paying for it. Don't deny yourself a piano any longer.

Southern California Music Co.

216-218 West Third Street, Bradbury Building.

Printed Stationery

Good Stock—Low Prices.

Mail Orders are Solicited

Letter Heads $2.75 to $3.50 per 1000.
Bill Heads, 4's, $2 to $2.75 per 1000.
" " 6's, $1.50 to $2.00 per 1000.
Business Cards, $1.50 to $2.50 per 1000.
Other work in proportion.

F. BLECH & CO.

258 South Main Street
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

"To Have and to Hold"
"Janice Meredith"
"Richard Carvel"
"David Harum"

95c EACH

Four of the most popular books of the day, bound in cloth, Regular price $1.50

We Rent all the latest novels at 10c first week, 2c per day thereafter. Why wait weeks and sometimes months for a book at the public library when you can get it from us at once.

Jones' Book Store

226 W. FIRST ST. LOS ANGELES

"PURITAS"

The "Puritas" coffee is a superior grade of coffee—fresh roasted every day—absolutely pure and genuine. Puritas coffee is what you want—money back if you are not satisfied.

Puritas Coffee and Tea Co.,

W. A. GLASSCOCK, Manager

Tel. James 1791 108 W. 3rd Street

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES

When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices

Take Lunch at

The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE

128 West Third Street.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at 306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.) SANTA MONICA

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau

223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*

Employment Agents

123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *50 Cents per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL 28, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 17.

The Gray Parrot

By W. W. JACOBS

COPYRIGHTED 1900, BY W. W. JACOBS

The chief engineer and the third sat at tea on the S. S. Curlew in the East India docks. The small and not overclean steward, having placed everything he could think of upon the table and then added everything the chief could think of, had assiduously poured out two cups of tea and withdrawn by request. The two men ate steadily, conversing between bites and interrupted occasionally by a hoarse and sepulchral voice, the owner of which, being much exercised by the sight of the food, asked for it, prettily at first and afterward in a way which at least compelled attention.

"That's pretty good for a parrot," said the third critically. "Seems to know what he's saying too. No, don't give it anything. It'll stop if you do."

"There's no pleasure to me in listening to coarse language," said the chief with dignity.

He absently dipped a piece of bread and butter in the third's tea and, losing it, chased it round and round the bottom of the cup with his finger, the third regarding the operation with an interest and emotion which he was at first unable to understand.

"You'd better pour yourself out another cup," he said thoughtfully as he caught the third's eye.

"I'm going to," said the other dryly.

"The man I bought it of," said the chief, giving the bird the sop, "said that it was a perfectly respectable parrot and wouldn't know a bad word if it heard it. I hardly like to give it to my wife now."

"It's no good being too particular," said the third, regarding the other with an ill concealed grin. "That's the worst of all you married fellows. Seem to think your wife has got to be wrapped up in brown paper. Ten chances to one she'll be amused."

The chief shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. "I bought the bird to be company for her," he said slowly. "She'll be very lonesome without me, Rogers."

"How do you know?" inquired the other.

"She said so," was the reply.

"When you've been married as long as I have," said the third, who, having been married some 15 years, felt that their usual positions were somewhat reversed, "you'll know that, generally speaking, they're glad to get rid of you."

"What for?" demanded the chief in a voice that Othello might have envied.

"Well, you get in the way a bit," said Rogers, with secret enjoyment. "You see, you upset the arrangements. Housecleaning and all that sort of thing gets interrupted. They're glad to see you back at first and then glad to see the back of you."

"There's wives and wives," said the bridegroom tenderly.

"And mine's a good one," said the third, "registered A1 at Lloyd's, but she don't worry about me going away. Your wife's 30 years younger than you, isn't she?"

"Twenty-five," corrected the other shortly. "You see, what I'm afraid of is that she'll get too much attention."

"Well, women like that," remarked the third."

"But I don't, dash it!" cried the chief hotly. "When I think of it, I go hot all over—boiling hot."

"That won't last," said the other reassuredly. "You won't care twopence this time next year."

"We're not all alike," growled the chief. "Some of us have got finer feelings than others have. I saw the chap next door looking at her as we passed him this morning."

"Good heavens!" said the third wildly.

"I don't want any of your blanked impudence," said the chief sharply. "He put his hat on straighter when he passed us. What do you think of that?"

"Can't say," replied the other, with commendable gravity. "It might mean anything."

"If he has any of his nonsense while I'm away, I'll break his neck," said the chief passionately. "I shall know of it."

The other raised his eyebrows.

"I've asked the landlady to keep her eyes open a bit," said the chief. "My wife is very young and simple, so that it is quite right and proper for her to have a motherly old body to look after her."

"Told your wife?" queried Rogers.

"No," said the other. "Fact is, Rogers, I've got an idea about that parrot. I'm going to tell her it's a magic bird and will tell me everything she does while I'm away. Anything the landlady tells me I shall tell her I got from the parrot. For one thing, I don't want her to go out after 7 of an evening, and she's promised me she won't. If she does, I shall know and pretend that I know through the parrot. What do you think of it?"

"Think of it," said the third, staring at him, think of it? Fancy a man telling a grown up woman a yarn like that!"

"She believes in warnings and death watches and all that sort of thing," said the chief, "so why shouldn't she?"

"Well, you'll know whether she believes in it or not when you come back," said Rogers, "and it'll be a great pity, because it's a beautiful talker and the best swearer I ever heard."

"What do you mean?" said the other.

"I mean it'll get its little neck wrung," said the third.

"Well, we'll see," said Gannett. "I shall know what to think if it does die."

"I shall never see that bird again," said Rogers, shaking his head as the chief took up the cage and handed it to the steward, who was to accompany him home with it.

The couple left the ship and proceeded down the East India dock road side by side, the only incident being a hot argument between a constable and the engineer as to whether he could or could not be held responsible for the language in which the parrot saw fit to indulge when the steward happened to drop it.

The engineer took the cage at his door and, not without some misgivings, took it up stairs into the parlor and set it on the table. Mrs. Gannett, a simple looking woman with sleepy brown eyes and a docile manner, clapped her hands with joy.

"Isn't it a beauty?" said Mr. Gannett, looking at it. "I bought it to be company for you while I'm away."

"You're too good to me, Jem," said his wife. She walked all round the cage admiring it, the parrot, which was of a highly suspicious and nervous disposition, having had boys at its last place, turning with her. After she had walked round him five times, he got sick of it and in a simple, sailorly fashion said so.

"Oh, Jem!" said his wife.

"It's a beautiful talker," said Gannett hastily, "and it's so clever that it picks up everything it hears, but it'll soon forget it."

"It looks as though it knows what you are saying," said his wife. "Just look at it, the artful thing!"

The opportunity was too good to be missed, and in a few straightforward lies the engineer acquainted Mrs. Gannett of the miraculous powers with which he had chosen to endow it.

"But you don't believe it?" said his wife, staring at him open mouthed.

"I do," said the engineer firmly.

"But how can it know what I'm doing when I'm away?" persisted Mrs. Gannett.

"Ah, that's its secret," said the engineer. "A good many people would like to know that, but nobody has found out yet. It's a magic bird, and when you've said that you've said all there is to say about it."

Mrs. Gannett, wrinkling her forehead, eyed the marvelous bird curiously.

"You'll find it's quite true," said Gannett. "When I come back, that bird'll be able to tell me how you've been and all about you. Everything you've done during my absence."

"Good gracious!" said the astonished Mrs. Gannett.

"If you stay out after 7 of an evening or do anything else that I shouldn't like, that bird'll tell me," continued the engineer impressively. "It'll tell me who comes to see you, and, in fact, it will tell me everything you do while I'm away."

"Well, it won't have anything bad to tell of me," said Mrs. Gannett composedly, "unless it tells lies."

"It can't tell lies," said her husband confidently, "and now if you will go and put your bonnet on we'll drop in at the theater for half an hour."

It was a prophetic utterance, for he made such a fuss over the man next to his wife offering her his opera glasses that they left, at the urgent request of the management, in almost exactly that space of time.

"You'd better carry me about in a bandbox," said Mrs. Gannett wearily as the outraged engineer stalked home beside her. "What harm was the man doing?"

"You must have given him some encouragement," said Mr. Gannett fiercely; "made eyes at him or something. A man wouldn't offer to lend a lady his opera glasses without"—

Mrs. Gannett tossed her head, and that so decidedly that a passing stranger turned his head and looked at her. Mr. Gannett accelerated his pace and, taking his wife's arm, led her swiftly home with a passion too great for words.

By the morning his anger had evaporated, but the misgivings remained. He left after breakfast for the Curlew, which was to sail in the afternoon, leaving behind him copious instructions, by following which his wife would be enabled to come down and see him off with the minimum exposure of her fatal charms.

Left to herself, Mrs. Gannett dusted the room until, coming to the parrot's cage, she put down the duster and eyed its occupant curiously. She fancied that she saw an evil glitter in the creature's eye, and the knowing way in which it drew the film over it was as near an approach to a wink as a bird could get.

She was still looking at it when there was a knock at the door, and a bright little woman, rather smartly dressed, bustled into the room and greeted her effusively.

"I just came to see you, my dear, because I thought a little outing would do me good," she said briskly, "and if you've no objection I'll come down to the docks with you to see the boat off."

Mrs. Gannett assented readily. It would ease the engineer's mind, she thought, if he saw her with a chaperon.

"Nice bird," said Mrs. Cluffins, mechanically bringing her parasol to the charge.

"Don't do that," said her friend hastily.

"Why not?" said the other.

"Language!" said Mrs. Gannett solemnly.

"Well, I must do something to it," said Mrs. Cluffins restlessly.

She held the parasol near the cage and suddenly opened it. It was a flaming scarlet, and for the moment the shock took the parrot's breath away.

"He don't mind that," said Mrs. Gannett.

The parrot, hopping to the farther corner of the bottom of his cage, said something feebly. Finding that nothing dreadful happened, he repeated his remark somewhat more boldly and, being convinced after all that the apparition was quite harmless and that he had displayed his craven spirit for nothing, hopped back on his perch and raved wickedly.

"If that was my bird," said Mrs. Cluffius, almost as scarlet as her parasol, "I should wriug its neck."

"No, you wouldn't," said Mrs. Gannett solemuly and, having quieted the bird by throwing a cloth over its cage, explained its properties.

"What?" said Mrs. Cluffius, unable to sit still iu her chair. "You mean to tell me that your husband said that?"

Mrs. Gannett nodded. "He's awfully jealous of me," she said, with a slight simper.

"I wish he was my husband," said Mrs. Cluffins in a thin, hard voice. "I wish C. would talk to me like that. I wish somebody would. try and persuade C. to talk to me like that."

"It shows he's fond of me," said Mrs. Gannett, looking down.

Mrs. Cluffins jumped up and, snatching the cover off the cage, endeavored, but in valu, to get the parasol through the bars.

"And you believe that rubbish?" she said scathingly. "Bah, you wretch!"

"I don't believe it," said her friend, taking her gently away and covering the cage hastily just as the bird was recovering, "but I let him think I do."

"I call it an outrage," said Mrs. Cluffins, waving the parasol wildly. "I never heard of such a thing. I'd like to give Mr. Gannett a piece of my mind. Just about half an hour of it. He wouldn't be the same man afterward. I'd parrot him."

Mrs. Gaunett, soothing her agitated friend as well as she was able, led her gently to a chair and removed her bonnet and, finding that complete recovery was impossible while the parrot remained in the room, took that wonder working bird outside.

By the time they had reached the docks and boarded the Curlew Mrs. Cluffins had quite recovered her spirits. She roamed about the steamer asking questions which savored more of idle curiosity than a genuine thirst for knowledge and was at no pains to conceal her opiniou of those who were unable to furnish her with satisfactory replies.

"I shall think of you every day, Jem," said Mrs. Gannett tenderly.

"I shall think of you every minute," said the engineer reproachfully.

He sighed gently and gazed in a scandalized fashion at Mrs. Cluffins, who was carrying on a desperate flirtation with one of the apprentices.

"She's very light hearted," said his wife, following the direction of his eyes.

"She is," said Mr. Gannett curtly as the unconscious Mrs. Cluffins shortened her parasol and rapped the apprentice playfully with the handle.

"She seems to be on very good terms with Jenkins, laughiug and carrying on. I don't suppose she's ever seeu him before," said the engineer.

"Poor young thing," said Mrs. Cluffins solemuly, as she came up to them. "Don't you worry, Mr. Ganuett. I'll look after her and keep her from moping."

"You're very kind," said the engineer slowly.

"We'll have a jolly time," said Mrs. Cluffins. "I ofteu wish my husband was a seafaring man. A wife does have more freedom, doesn't she?"

"More what?" inquired Mr. Gannett huskily.

"More freedom," said Mrs. Cluffins gravely. "I always envy sailors' wives. They can do as they like. No husband to look after them for nine or ten months in the year."

Before the unhappy eugineer could put his indignant thoughts into words there was a warning cry from the gangway, and with a hasty farewell he hurried below. The visitors went ashore, the gangway was shipped, and in response to the clang of the telegraph the Curlew drifted slowly away from the quay and headed for the swing bridge slowly opeuing in front of her.

The two ladies hurried to the pierhead and watched the steamer down the river until a bend hid it from view. Then Mrs. Gannett, with a sensation of having lost something, due, her friend assured her, to the want of a cup of tea, went slowly back to her lonely home.

In the period of grass widowhood which ensued. Mrs. Cluffins' visits formed almost the sole relief to the bare monotony of existeuce. As a companion the parrot was an utter failure, its language being so irredeemably bad that it spent most of its time in the spare room with a cloth over its cage wondering when the days were going to lengthen a bit.

Mrs. Cluffins suggested selling it, but her friend repelled the suggestion with horror and refused to entertain it at any price, even that of the publican at the corner, who had heard of the bird's command of language and was bent upon buying it.

"I wonder what that beauty will have to tell your husband," said Mrs. Cluffius as they sat together one day some four months after the Curlew's departure.

"I should hope that he has forgotten that uonsense," said Mrs. Gannett, reddening. "He never alludes to it in his letters."

"Sell it," said Mrs. Cluffins peremptorily. "It's no good to you, and Jimsou would give anything for it almost."

Mrs. Gannett shook her head. "The house wouldn't hold my husband if I did," she remarked, with a shiver.

"Oh, yes, it would!" said Mrs. Cluffins. "You do as I tell you, and a much smaller house than this would hold him. I told C. to tell Jimson he should have it for £5."

"But he mustn't," said her friend in alarm.

"Leave yourself right in my hands," said Mrs. Cluffins, spreadiug out two small palms and regarding them complaceutly. "It'll be all right, I promise you."

She put her arm around her friend's waist and led her to the window, talking earnestly. In five minutes Mrs. Gannett was wavering, in ten she had given away, and in 15 the energetic Mrs. Cluffins was en route for Jimsou's, swinging the cage so violently in her excitement that the parrot was reduced to holding on to its perch with claws and bill and could only think. Mrs. Gannett watched their progress from the window aud with a queer look on her face sat down to think out the points of attack and defense in the approaching fray.

A week later a four wheeler drove up to the door, and the engineer, darting up stairs three steps at a time, dropped an armful of parcels on the floor and caught his wife in an embrace which would have done credit to a bear. Mrs. Gannett, for reasons, of which lack of muscle was only one, respouded less ardently.

"Ha, it's good to be home again!" said Gannett. sinking into an easy chair and pulling his wife on his knee. "Aud how have you been? Lonely?"

"I got used to it," said Mrs. Gannett softly.

The engineer coughed. "You had the parrot," he remarked.

"Yes, I had the magic parrot," said Mrs. Gannett.

"How's it getting on?" said her husband, looking round. "Where is it?"

"Part of it is on the mantelpiece," said Mrs. Gannett, trying to speak calmly, "part of it is in a bonnet box up stairs, some of it's in my pocket, and here is the remainder."

She fumbled in her pocket and placed in his haud a cheap two bladed clasp knife.

"On the mantelpiece?" repeated the engiueer, staring at the knife. "In a bonnet box?"

"Those blue vases," said his wife.

Mr. Gannett put his hand to his head. If he had heard aright, one parrot had changed into a pair of blue vases, a bonnet and a knife. A magic bird with a vengeance!

"I sold it," said Mrs. Gannett suddeuly.

The engineer's knee stiffened inhospitably, and his arm dropped from his wife's waist. She rose quietly and took a chair opposite.

"Sold it!" said Mr. Gannett in awful toues. "Sold my parrot!"

"I didn't like it, Jem," said his wife. "I didn't want that bird watching me, and I did want the vases and the bonnet aud the little present for you."

Mr. Gannett pitched the little present to the other end of the room.

"You see, it mightn't have told the truth, Jem," continued Mrs. Gannett. "It might have told all sorts of lies about me and made no end of mischief."

"It couldn't lie," shouted the engineer passionately, rising from his chair and pacing the room. "It's your guilty conscience that's made a coward of you. How dare you sell my parrot?"

"Because it wasn't truthful, Jem," said his wife, who was somewhat pale.

"If you were half as truthful, you'd do," vociferated the engineer, standing over her. "You, you deceitful woman."

Mrs. Gannett fumbled in her pocket again and producing a small handkerchief applied it delicately to her eyes.

"I—I got rid of it for your sake," she stammered. "It used to tell such lies about you I couldn't bear to listen to it."

"About me?" said Mr. Gannett, sinking into his seat and staring at his wife with very natural amazement. "Tell lies about me? Nonsense. How could it?"

"I suppose it could tell me about you as easily as it could you about me," said Mrs. Gannett. "There was more magic in that bird than you thought, Jem. It used to say shocking things about you. I couldn't bear it."

"Do you think you're talking to a child or a fool?" demanded the engineer hotly.

Mrs. Gannett shook her head feebly. She still kept the handkerchief to her eyes, but allowed a portion to drop over her mouth.

"I should like to hear some of the lies it told about me," said the engineer, with bitter sarcasm, "if you can remember them."

"The first lie," said Mrs. Gannett in a feeble but ready voice, "was about the time you were at Genoa. The parrot said you were at some concert gardens at the upper end of the town."

One moist eye came mildly from behind the handkerchief just in time to see the engineer stiffen suddenly in his chair.

"I don't suppose there even is such a place," she continued.

"I—b'lieve—there—is," said her husband jerkily. "I've heard our chaps talk of it."

"But you haven't been there?" said his wife anxiously.

"Never!" said the engineer, with extraordinary vehemence.

"That wicked bird said that you got intoxicated there," said Mrs. Gannett, in solemn accents, "that you smashed a little marble topped table and knocked down two waiters and that if it hadn't have been for the captain of the Pursuit, who was in there and who got you away, you'd have been locked up. Wasn't it a wicked bird?"

"Horrible!" said the engineer huskily.

"I don't suppose there ever was a ship called the Pursuit," continued Mrs. Gannett.

"Doesn't sound like a ship's name," murmured Mr. Gannett.

"Well, then a few days later it said the Curlew was at Naples."

"I never went ashore all the time we were at Naples," remarked the engineer casually.

"The parrot said you did," said Mrs. Gannett.

"I suppose you'll believe your own lawful husband before that dashed bird!" shouted Gannett, starting up.

"Of course I didn't believe it, Jem," said his wife. "I'm trying to prove to you that the bird was not truthful, but you're so hard to persuade."

Mr. Gannett took a pipe from his pocket and with a small knife dug, with much severity and determination, a hardened plug from the bowl and blew noisily through the stem.

"There was a girl kept a fruit stall just by the harbor," said Mrs. Gannett, "and on this evening. on the strength of having bought three pennyworth of green figs, you put your arm round her waist and tried to kiss her, and her sweetheart, who was standing close by, tried to stab you. The parrot said that you were in such a state of terror that you jumped into the harbor and was nearly drowned."

Mr. Gannett, having loaded his pipe, lit it slowly and carefully and with tidy precision got up and deposited the match in the fireplace.

"It used to frighten me so with its stories that I hardly knew what to do with myself," continued Mrs. Gannett, "when you were at Snez."

The engineer waved his hand imperiously.

"That's enough," he said stiffly.

"I'm sure I don't want to have to repeat what it told me about Suez," said his wife. "I thought you'd like to hear it, that's all."

"Not at all," said the engineer, puffing at his pipe. "Not at all."

"But you see why I got rid of the bird, don't you?" said Mrs. Gannett. "If it had told you untruths about me, you would have believed them, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Gannett took his pipe from his mouth and took his wife in his extended arms. "No, my dear," he said brokenly; "no more than you believed all this stuff about me."

"And I did quite right to sell it, didn't I, Jem?"

"Quite right," said Mr. Gannett. with a great assumption of heartiness. "Best thing to do with it."

"You haven't heard the worst yet," said Mrs. Gannett. "When you were at Suez"—

Mr. Gaunett consigned Suez to its only rival and, thumping the table with his clinched fist, forbade his wife to mention the word again and desired her to prepare supper.

Not until he heard her moving about in the kitchen below did he relax the severity of his countenance. Then his expression changed to one of extreme anxiety, and he restlessly paced the room seeking for light. It came suddenly.

"Jenkins," he gasped, "that little brute Jenkins! That's what he was writing to Mrs. Cluffins about, and I was going to tell Cluffins about it. I expect he knows the letters by heart."

Some Consolation.

"Well, sir," said the judge, glaring down over his spectacles at the prisoner who had been convicted of habitual drunkenness, disorderly conduct, vagrancy and confirmed kleptomania, "have you anything to say why sentence shouldn't be passed upon you?"

"Your honor," answered the culprit, throwing his chest lightly up in the air, "I've been found guilty, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"And no matter what I say, it wouldn't affect your determination to incarcerate me, would it?"

"Not in the least," cheerfully assented the judge.

"Then why did you ask me if I had anything to say why sentence shouldn't be passed upon me? Was it your purpose to raise false hopes in my breast or was it simply out of respect to musty tradition? If the first, you betray a disposition malignant in its cruelty; if the second, a foolish regard for silly superstition. I am loath"—

"Six months!" cried the judge.

—"to believe that one of your gray head and thought lined visage would be guilty of either offense against the laws laid down by reason, but"—

"One year!" yelled the judge.

—"appearances are against you. Far be it for a man in my position to try and humiliate the judiciary, but"—

"Two years!" howled the judge. "Muzzle that man! Drag him out!"—Kansas City Independent.

Mascagni's Visit to Verdi.

In a Florentine musical paper, La Scena Illustrata, Mascagni tells the story of a visit which he paid to Verdi with his wife and children. Verdi was installed in his favorite suit of rooms at the Hotel Milano. He loves children, and before long he had the bimbi perched upon his knee. Mascagni had come to Milan to conduct some orchestral concerts at La Scala, and he had a great deal to say about his programmes and his novelties.

The old man listened with interest to his descriptions of works by Scandinavian and Slavonic composers, which are rarely heard in Italy, particularly those of Svendsen and Tschaikowsky. After a time Mascagni heard him murmur, as if talking to himself, "Who would have thought in my time that people like that would know how to compose music?"

Subscribe for The Saturday Post.

THE RING OF THE MATTERHORN.

BY JOHN J. a'BECKET.

Copyright, 1900, by John J. a'Becket.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER I. — The Countess of Carrington, dying, leaves the bulk of her fortune to her American niece, Florence Rodney, a Vassar graduate, on condition that she marry the countess' stepson the Earl of Carrington. The Rodney family are supported by Florence's uncle, Josiah Gardner, rich and crusty, who grudges every penny spent by them. The Earl of Carrington is a profligate. Florence's choice is to marry a man she detests or remain an incubus on her parsimonious uncle. Hearing that women have climbed the Alpine peak, the Matterhorn, she expresses, in Gardner's presence, a desire to accomplish the feat, whereupon the uncle bets her $100,000 that she can't do it. He finally agrees that if she scales the Matterhorn within six weeks he will settle upon her sufficient property to insure her an income of $10,000. II.—Florence Rodney accomplishes the ascent of the Matterhorn. At the summit she meets a fellow climber, a young Englishman, Guy Stadley. She asks him to get her a piece of rock as a setting for a souvenir ring, and he asks permission to have two rings made, one for him and one for her. Going to London, Florence meets the profligate, Earl Carrington, who calls upon her and tells her that he is willing to marry her in obedience to his aunt's will. She spurns him.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE JOSIAH AS A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Miss Rodney made her preparations for leaving London that evening, and nine days later she was in the bosom of her family. She had been able to learn nothing about Guy Stadley in London.

"To think that I should run across this beast and not be able to find out anything about that fine young fellow! How can two men with the same natures be so antipodally sundered in character?" she thought with wonder.

Miss Rodney had derived a great benefit from her outing. She had been freed from the trials of home life, which had always oppressed her more heavily than either her mother or her sister. It was a satisfaction to feel that she could meet her uncle with the thing she had set out to do an accomplished fact. She longed for the very palpable reward of her heroic task which the old man had promised her in the moment of softening which had come upon him. Miss Rodney had never failed to congratulate herself on having made him put it in writing and of securing witnesses to the important document.

Mrs. Rodney and Rose had not been out very much. The death of the Countess of Carrington had given them an excuse for being a little less in society. Mrs. Rodney had not failed to make use of this opportunity. It was something to be able to practice economy with a deceased countess as the alleged cause of it. She had wanted to go into mourning, but Uncle Josiah had poohpoohed that with animosity.

"Why, you hadn't heard from Matilda for five years, and now you want to spend money in advertising your regret for such a dear, devoted sister. Tell 'em she's dead, and that will do as well and cost less."

So Mrs. Rodney had contented herself with wearing black rather more than usual. Whenever there was a good occasion, she managed to convey the impression that the family was in a mourning condition over the death of "my sister, the Countess of Carrington," but she had fired off these shots when Uncle Josiah was not around. She knew that she could not count on any support from her sharp tongued brother in this direction.

Miss Rodney had taken an early opportunity to talk with her uncle on the subject of his promise in case she should succeed in the attempt to climb the Matterhorn. The old gentleman had shown no curiosity on the subject. In fact, he had seemed almost to avoid an occasion for private talk with her.

But one day Mrs. Rodney and Rose had gone out for the afternoon, and Florence soon after came in where the old gentleman was reading. She seated herself and began:

"Well, uncle, now that I have shown you that I could do what I said I could, I suppose you will keep your part of the agreement. You lost your wager, you know," she said pleasantly.

"What wager? What agreement?" he replied snubbily, looking up from his paper as if he did not wish to be disturbed.

Uncle Josiah's apparent forgetfulness concerning the Matterhorn wager fairly amazed his niece.

"Why, I suppose you know what this paper is," returned Florence, drawing the agreement from her pocket. "You did not think I could get to the top of the Matterhorn, and you agreed here that if I did within six months you would give me money or stock or something that would yield me an income of $10,000 a year. I have climbed the Matterhorn and in less than four months from the date of this agreement, written by you and witnessed by Mary and Roberts. Now, when are you going to do your part?"

"I haven't got the money about me now," replied Uncle Josiah sarcastically. "We'll talk about it some other time. It doesn't say there how soon it must be paid, does it?"

"No. Of course, you know, I am not insisting on your doing it at once. But it was a gracious impulse, I believe, that led you to promise me this. I only want to know what I am to expect."

"Oh, I thought you said it was put down what you had to expect?" said the old man, looking at her.

"Uncle, there is no use in bandying words about it. If you have a spark of honor, you know that now you owe me this money. Your word is concerned. I have done what I said I would, and I want to know when you will do your part," replied his niece firmly

"How do I know that you climbed the Matterhorn?" said Uncle Josiah incredulously.

"I should think my word was proof enough," retorted Miss Rodney, with some spirit. "You never knew me to lie in your life."

"I know mighty few girls who wouldn't tell a little white fib if they could get $10,000 a year by it," chuckled Uncle Josiah.

"Well, I anticipated some such subterfuge as that," replied the girl coolly "I have the affidavit of each of the guides that I made the ascent."

"I suppose any of these Swiss guides would make out a paper like that for $50, wouldn't they?"

"I don't know. These didn't."

"You see there's no actual proof that you climbed that mountain," said Mr. Gardner argumentatively. "You say you did, and you have the papers. But you may be mistaken, and, as I say, I think $50 would buy that much handwriting from any of them. Was there anybody along but you and the guides?"

"Not with me—no," replied Miss Rodney, trying to keep cool under the evident desire of her uncle to irritate her. "But I met a young man on the very top of the Matterhorn. He could testify to my being there."

"Well, bring him on, and then I'll know. He would be a credible witness if his character is good," returned her uncle.

"I can't bring him on. I don't know where he is. I only know his name."

"What was his name?"

"Stadley—Guy Stadley."

"Sounds like a name out of a novel," said Uncle Josiah suspiciously, as if any young man with such a name could not be trusted to any great extent. "Don't you know where he lives?"

"No; I thought it was London from some things he said," answered Miss Rodney. "But I do not know his address, and no one there could tell me anything about him."

"Oh! You tried to find him, did you? How long had you known him?"

"From the time I met him on the Matterhorn until I parted with him on coming back to the Mont Cervin hotel at Zermatt," Miss Rodney replied coldly.

"He may have been struck with you, and perhaps he would be willing to testify to a little thing like this to accommodate a lady he liked."

"Oh! Why do you keep up this sort of thing, uncle?" cried Miss Rodney impatiently. "Why don't you be just and do what you promised?"

"'Tisn't unjust if I wait until I find out. Get this young man, and if he seems to be a credible witness I'll believe him," said Uncle Josiah, with an air of waiving a point in his niece's favor. "Then, again, look here! How do I know but that you'll go and take Carrington, after all? You've got six or seven months to consider that point. Now, it wouldn't be square for me to make such a handsome provision for you if you were to step into your Aunt Matilda's money. 'Twouldn't be right to your sister. She wasn't offered this chance. You were your aunt's favorite and came in for Carrington and all the good things." The old man chuckled at his own sense of humor.

Miss Rodney rose to her feet indignantly. She had lost her temper at last.

"Don't mention the name of that miserable creature to me ever again," she cried with indignation. "I will swear to you, if you would like it, that I will never wed the—oh, I cannot even speak his odious name! I saw him in London, and he insulted me afterward by calling on me. Then he insulted me further by writing a letter, evidently meaning to disgust me more than ever with himself. He said he was willing to marry me if I wanted him. And you suggest the possibility of such a vile thing to me as that! Have you no decency? You may repudiate your own paper and become a thief, uncle," she said violently, "but how is it possible for you to fall so far as to mention the name of any woman relative of yours in the same breath with that cur?"

Uncle Josiah was having a great deal of enjoyment over this fiery niece of his. His taste in enjoying such things was unquestionably bad, unworthy an uncle of his years and with a really charming niece, when she was treated with any kind of fitness. But he did enjoy seeing her in a hot, indignant mood.

"So you didn't take to Carrington, not even when he said he was willing to marry you? He may have wanted to put himself on record as being willing, because if he were to refuse you would get the money. What did you do to him?" he asked quickly.

"Told him 'No' in a way that could leave no doubt in his mind," replied Miss Rodney. "Don't talk about it any more. The whole sickening business has made me hate the very name of Carrington. But you need not despise him so much. After all, he was within his right, and you are refusing to do what justice and your own honor demand. There is no use of talking about it any more," she concluded, rising to go.

"Well, give me time to make the arrangement," said Uncle Josiah, with a cajoling air. "You don't expect me to go right down to the bank and get it now! Besides, you ought to bring on Strandham, Scanlon—what was his name?—to prove your statement. You could advertise for him in the London Times. Say he will hear of something greatly to your advantage if he comes forward and says that he found you without a chaperon on the Matterhorn."

His niece disdained further remarks. She rose and left the room. The next day Uncle Josiah, who had not doubted her word in the least, made arrangements for transferring several blocks of gilt edged stock to her. In his odd way he said nothing of this. He rather hated to see his plucky niece, whom he secretly admired very much, become absolutely independent of him, even though she owed such freedom to himself.

Miss Rodney kept her peace and treated her uncle with an unvarying reserve after this. It tried him more than she realized. But she felt how mean and unjust his conduct was, and could not or would not make any attempt to cajole him into doing his duty and redeeming his promise to her. One thing she noticed, and Mrs. Rodney also remarked it—Uncle Josiah did not complain and comment as much on expenditures where his niece Florence was concerned. He seemed to take these more tranquilly than those which concerned Mrs. Rodney or Rose. Florence felt that this showed some sense of what he owed her on the old man's part. She concluded to say nothing until the year was up. Then the objection which her uncle had urged could not exist, for her aunt's money would go irretrievably to her dissolute stepson.

CHAPTER IV.

NEWS OF GUY STADLEY.

The summer had come. Mrs. Rodney after the usual "time" with her brother had got money to take herself and Rose to Narragansett Pier. Florence remained with her uncle. He insisted on one of his two nieces being with him, and they divided this domestic enjoyment between them. The old man very much preferred having Florence with him, and, as if with the desire to retain her, showed the pleasantest side of himself. When he felt the need of some outlet for his soul, strained with such continued sweetness, he would comment in his caustic, sneering, jocular way on Mrs. Rodney or Rose.

One day, about a month before the year appointed by the Countess of Carrington in her eccentric will was up, Miss Rodney burst into an exclamation of surprise and her face lit up with pleasure. She had just been reading a letter from Rose.

"What is the matter?" inquired Uncle Josiah. "Has Rose got some fool to ask her to marry him?"

"No," said Miss Rodney. "Listen to this." She read from the letter:

"There has been such a lovely Englishman here for a week. No one seems to know much about him, but I have heard that he goes with the swellest people in Newport and brought a lot of letters with him. Mamma has felt a little shy about my receiving his attentions, because we know so little about his means or family. But he was presented to me at a casino dance, and he certainly is a perfectly lovely waltzer. He seemed to take quite an interest in me. He wanted to know if I had any sisters and then asked if you were younger or older than I. Then he asked me if I knew a Miss Florence. He said laughingly that his principal object in coming to America was to discover this Miss Florence. When I wanted to know why he had such a romantic interest in a girl of whom he knew so little apparently, he said that last year he met her on the top of the Matterhorn. He is so quiet and unenthusiastic you would never think of his climbing such an awful mountain. Well, he did, and on top of the Matterhorn he met this Miss Florence. He said he was never more surprised in his life, for it was a jolly good pull for a mountain practiced man. Well, I gather that he was'—Miss Rodney skipped a few lines here and went on farther down. "When they got back to the hotel in the little town where they started from, he bade her good night, expecting to see her the next morning. He didn't, and instead got a telegram saying that his brother was dangerously ill and could not recover. He had to tear off, but left a note for Miss Florence with one of the men at the hotel, giving his London address, and why he had to go so suddenly, and begging her to let him know when she came to London, as he would then have the ring for her"—

"Why, was he engaged to the girl already?" asked Uncle Josiah, interrupting his niece.

"Wait and you'll see," said Miss Rodney. Her cheeks were flushed, and she seemed pleasantly excited over her sister's letter. She went on reading from it again

"This is another romantic thing in this story—when they were on top of the Matterhorn, this Florence girl asked him to chip off a piece of rock from the very tiptop and said she would

like to have it set in a ring and keep it as a souvenir. He knocked off two pieces and begged her to let him have them both put into rings, and then she could have one and he the other. 'She was such a plucky girl, you know,' said he, 'that I would be proud to have such an association with her. She was so jolly, and no nonsense about her. Of course there couldn't be in a girl who could climb the Matterhorn.'

"But it seems the girl took no notice of his letter, which he thought a little odd, because she had appeared so nice and friendly and wanted the ring so much. But I suppose the air of the Matterhorn made her friendly. It is lonesome enough up there to make the unexpected sight of another climber a grateful thing.

"He seemed quite interested in you—that is, he wanted to know if you looked like me and what sort of a girl you were. Of course nothing very unusual, only it was different from an Englishman. But he is a charming man. I wish you could see him. He told me that I looked like the girl on the Matterhorn, and when I thoughtlessly asked if she was pretty he said quite warmly, 'Oh, more than,' etc." Here Miss Rodney hummed again until she struck something else and went on distinctly:

"I hope he will be here when you come down, but I'm afraid he won't. He said he had to be in New York for some time and would have to leave here soon. I forget to say his name is Guy Stadley."

"There!" said Miss Rodney triumphantly to her uncle. "Do you hear? There is Guy Stadley!"

"He must have a habit of going up the Matterhorn," retorted Uncle Josiah skeptically. "You say he met you up there, and here is another girl he ran across on the same old peak. I wonder if he uses it as a place of rendezvous."

"Oh, I am Miss Florence!" replied Miss Rodney, laughing. "I started to tell him my name and got as far as 'I am Miss Florence' when the guide interrupted me. I meant to correct this later on and forgot it. Then he went away so suddenly there was no chance. I wondered why he left no word, and it never occurred to me till that moment that he had, but to Miss Florence. Now I can get his testimony. I will write to Rose at once to send his address, and then you can write to him. You see, there can be no collusion in this way. Will you do it, uncle?"

The old man's eyes took on their cunning twinkle.

"It looks like a put up job," he said. "He has come over here and makes up to Rose and instantly begins to ask about a Miss Florence and tells the little fool this yarn about the Matterhorn so innocently, apropos of nothing. Can the rock in the Matterhorn be known as such? And, even if it could, he may have been there. There is nothing impossible in that. I believe those fool Englishmen think they are enjoying themselves when they risk their lives climbing."

"What a villain you seem to think I am," replied Miss Rodney, letting her hands fall with a gesture of despair. "I shall have to leave you to your own sense of honor. But I hope I will see this young man. I want that ring. No matter what you do, it will be the glory of my life that I did climb that awful mountain. I have had nightmares over it since, I can assure you."

"I think you want to see the young man for his own sake, or rather for your own sake," said Mr. Gardner, with a chuckle. "He is the kind of man you would fall in love with. That sort of mountain gymnastics is more than fox hunting, or tennis playing, or any other play work. So you would like to go to Narragansett Pier to meet him, would you?"

"I should like to get the ring, but I would rather go to Newport than to Narragansett Pier."

"Well, you can go if you won't stay more than a fortnight," said Uncle Josiah benignantly. He felt his niece deserved some reward for her good nature and also for her temper. He had enjoyed the few ebullitions of temper which he had succeeded in evoking. So he packed Miss Rodney off to Newport, making her promise that she would write to him twice a week.

The day after she got there there was a polo game to be played. A man who knew Miss Rodney took her to it on the box seat of his coach.

"I understand that one of the teams has taken on a young Englishman for the games this afternoon. He has been here only a short time. Nobody knows how he will play."

When the teams came out on their fiery little ponies, Miss Rodney gave a movement of delight and clapped her hands. She recognized Guy Stadley at once.

"I know that Englishman," she said. "He is a charming fellow. I don't know how he plays polo, but I'll wager you his side wins."

"A dozen gloves to a box of cigars," laughed her friend.

"Done."

Miss Rodney won her bet. Stadley carried the game for his side. His play was as bold as it was full of judgment, and he stuck to his pony like a bur. Nobody seemed to know anything more about him than that he had arrived only a few days ago and had letters of introduction to the best people.

"It is odd," said the gentleman; "but, although I haven't met him yet, I have seen two or three girls, and they have each remarked on the earnestness with which he inquired if they knew a Miss Florence. They suspect a romance. Altogether it is amusing, but there is no doubt about him. I know several of the fellows over there who gave him letters, and they are first class men."

"Where is he staying?" asked Miss Rodney.

"At the Ocean House."

As soon as Miss Rodney got back she sent a note to Guy Stadley, asking him to kindly meet her in the casino grounds at 2 the next day. "And please bring my ring," she added. She signed the note "R. Florence."

The next day she put on her best gown and repaired to the trysting place pretty sharply on time. She wanted to see how prompt Mr. Stadley would be. She had hardly made her way to a seat in a retired spot when she saw him almost running toward her.

"Miss Florence," he exclaimed, with great heartiness, "this is an immense pleasure. I have been cursing myself for having lost track of you. Quite a contrast this to the Matterhorn!" He cast a glance around on the fresh English aspect of the greensward and the casino building. "Why did you not answer my note—the one I left at the hotel at Zermatt? I was called away suddenly by a telegram, and I left a note with my London address and begged you to let me know when you passed through."

"I never got the note," said Miss Rodney smilingly.

"How beastly stupid of those people! I directed it plainly enough."

"Well, I can account for the mistake. It is all my fault. I am a little late in correcting it. I had started to give you my full name in return for yours, when the guide interrupted me. You supposed it was Miss Florence. I meant to correct it later. But I forgot it. And when I 'came to' I could not find you. I was the stupid one, not to think that you might have left some message for Miss Florence. But I am very glad to be able to correct it now. I am glad to see you again. Have you brought my ring?"

"Yes." He pulled a little box out of his pocket and opened it. The tiny fragment of the mighty Matterhorn had been imbedded in a plain band of gold.

"Mine is exactly like it," he said heartily, holding up his hand with a like ring on the little finger. "Yours may have to be altered a little. Let me put it on for you."

Miss Rodney pulled off her glove and extended her right hand. He tried it on each finger, but it fitted none.

"That is a pity," he said regretfully. "Let me try the other hand. One hand is often smaller than the other."

Miss Rodney extended the left hand with smiling good nature. The ring exactly fitted her third finger.

"There!" he said with his boyish enthusiasm. "It exactly fits."

"Yes. But I can't wear it on that finger," she remarked, with a light laugh. She felt wonderfully at home with the young fellow, he was so frank and straightforward, with a nice sense of dignity withal.

"Why? Oh, the engagement finger!"

"Never mind. I will keep it and arrange about it somehow. I am extremely obliged to you. It makes such an odd, pretty ring, and the association makes it unique. I don't suppose there are another man and woman in the world who have met upon the Matterhorn. I don't think anything would tempt me to try it again." She shuddered a little.

"Oh, don't say that. I have thought several times during these months, when I could not find you, that I would gladly scale it again if I knew you were on the top."

Miss Rodney colored with a delightful sensation of pleasure.

"That is so flattering that it can hardly be quite true," she said gayly.

"'Pon my honor, it is, though," he replied with great earnestness. "I never heard of so plucky a woman. There is only one other that I can think of in comparison with you at all. Do you know a Miss Rodney?"

"There are two Miss Rodneys," she answered smilingly.

"This is the elder. Her name, I believe, is"— He stopped short, and a look of the strangest wonder seemed to fix his face. Miss Rodney laughed outright at his confusion.

"You have not told me your name yet," he stammered—"the real name, you know."

"Florence—Rodney," she said simply, fixing him with her smiling eyes.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "Tell me," he inquired eagerly, his eyes large with earnest wonder, "did you, while you were in London, meet—the Earl of Carrington?"

It was Miss Rodney's turn to be amazed.

"Yes," she said quickly. "But in justice to myself I hasten to add that I met him only to conclude as definitely as possible and once for all a matter of which I cannot think even now without a blush of shame. I hope I may never see or hear of him again."

"I am glad to tell you that you will never see him again," the young Englishman replied, with an indescribable air, rather of severity than solemnity. "He is dead."

"Dead!" cried Miss Rodney. "When did he die?" She was startled.

"A month ago," he answered simply. "How strange it all is!"

"This is all strange," said Miss Rodney. "What did the poor wretch die of?"

"He had used himself up completely. He had had a sort of stroke of an apoplectic character some weeks before he met you. He had another that settled him a month ago."

"You do not suppose that I could have helped to precipitate it, do you?" cried Miss Rodney, an expression almost of awe coming into her face.

"No; he precipitated it himself," the young fellow replied, with a mournful contempt. "He had only himself to thank for it. Do not let this trouble you for a moment."

"But how did you know of this?" asked Miss Rodney. "I hope my name did not come out in connection with it. Any association of my name with that of Carrington will always be without any fault of mine."

"Oh, don't say that, please!" he replied, with quick protest. "I mean that you are too fair to link a man's vileness with a name that others may have borne honorably and which others again may redeem. I know that is what you'd mean. But let us drop the subject. I did not like the man myself."

"But how did you know this? I hope you were not a friend of his!"

"No; I was not a friend of his, and he had no liking for me. But it was my odd fortune to be present once when Carrington, in an excess of drunken rage at the recollection of your treatment of him, spoke of it and mentioned your name. Now that this matter is explained, let us forget the man. I admire you more than ever."

"Pray, understand that I am ashamed of that page in my history. But if you could have seen the insulting letter that he wrote me! And I had been insulted grossly enough once before on this man's account. I would tell you this only that it seems a little strange to be so confidential with a—almost a stranger."

"I shall be glad to hear anything that concerns you, my dear Miss Rodney. I have something to tell you myself which is confidential, but with your permission I will defer that."

"Let us defer it all," she answered. "It is too painful, and meeting you is pleasant. I do not want to have it marred by such an association. How long are you going to be in Newport? Is this your first visit to America?"

"The first. I will tell you frankly, Miss Rodney, that one great thing that drew me here was the hope that I might find the plucky girl I met upon the Matterhorn. Now that I have found her, I confess with equal frankness that I think my stay in Newport will be as long as"— He stopped and smiled ingenuously.

"When do you expect to leave here?"

"In a fortnight. I expect to join my mother at Narragansett Pier."

"Oh, I met your sister there. It is a delightful place. I shall probably revisit it later."

He said this with such a palpable sense that the time would be coincident with that in which Miss Rodney would be there that she smiled, and he lapsed into a short laugh himself.

Guy Stadley devoted himself to Miss Rodney with the most earnest and constant attention. By the end of ten days he had offered her his heart and all that he had. Miss Rodney accepted it with a beautiful directness. She knew that he was the man she wanted for a husband. His fine, strong, simple, clean manliness shone out as evidently, as unmistakably as an electric light illumines a globe with its splender.

It was with a sigh of content that he placed upon her finger the ring of the Matterhorn. She passed her hand over it lovingly when it was in position, and then, raising it to her lips, kissed it.

"Now," said Guy, looking into her beaming face with strong love in his own honest eyes, "I have got to tell you something. First, you love me for myself, do you not? This man," and he struck his chest with his powerful right hand, "Guy Stadley?"

She bent her head and said "Yes" softly, but with intense conviction.

"I know you well enough, my dear girl, to feel that you will understand and not be disturbed by what I have to tell you. But first I want you to agree to something which I have greatly at heart. Will you do it? I will agree to anything you can ask of me."

"Yes," she said, still softly, but with a perfect, glad trust in him which made her glory in submitting blindly to his wish.

"I want that we shall be married in a week," he said.

"But, Guy! It is so soon!"

"You promised!"

"And I will if you wish it. Why should I care? Only it must be as private a wedding as possible."

"It shall be as private as you like," he said. "So long as it is within a week, I care for nothing else. You promise that?"

"I promise."

He bent forward and kissed her lips with the tenderest love and then regarded her with a proud light in his eyes.

"What a woman you are! Now, dear girl, prepare yourself for a little semblance of a shock. When you marry me, you will marry—the Earl of Carrington!"

At the hated name she started up, a look of terror on her face. But he took her hands in his and said, with emotion: "Dearest, do not love me less that I am his cousin and have succeeded to a title which he degraded. You will help me, my dearest girl, to make it clean and noble, as it has been before, and I take more pride in it from knowing that I can confer it upon you."

He folded her closely in his manly embrace. Young as he was, there was a contained self confidence, virile force and mastery about him. The girl in his arms had tears in her eyes. She scarce knew why. But she looked up bravely to meet his honest, tender eyes and smiled softy—a smile that proudly told him how dear he was to her.

"You impatient boy!" she said cajolingly. "Why do you make such a point about this early marriage? Are you afraid your courage will fail you if there is a little delay?"

"My dear girl," he said, smiling, but with a certain gravity withal, "if you did not marry me before the year was up your eccentric aunt's fortune would come to me. I prefer that it should be yours," he added simply.

Uncle Josiah showed he had a heart and was really pleased with his nephew-in-law by the handsome way in which he bestowed stock certificates and one or two choice bits of realty on his niece the day of the wedding. In deference to Mrs. Rodney's wishes and to please Rose, who was maid of honor, instead of the quiet wedding the earl and his bride would have preferred, they consented to make it one of the most brilliant functions of the season.

The Countess of Carrington insisted on being made such by the ring of the Matterhorn. It has not left her finger since.

THE END.

Inscription on a Monument to a Newfoundland Dog.

When some proud son of man returns to earth
Unknown to glory, upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonor'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth,
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh, man, thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit;
By nature vile, ennobled by thy name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on; it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

—Byron.

Mock Not the Dreamers.

Mock not the dreamers! Since the world began
They scanned the skies and grandly mapped for man
The paths obscure, the dark and devious ways,
Which led toward the light of future days.
They were the prophets, judges, priests and kings
Who rose above blind moles and meaner things
And, soaring grandly to the upper sky,
Beheld the promised joys of by and by.

Dogged and derided by the men they warned,
By ingrates stung, by pundits cursed and scorned,
To crusts and crumbs, to rags and tatters doomed,
Scourged as are outcasts by men who assumed
To speak for knowledge, urged by fools in power,
These dreamers yet chose wisdom for their dower.

Grandly they wrote, though every ribald tongue
Derided songs by millions later sung;
They wrote truth's story mid envenomed rage—
Truth rimmed with glory by a wiser age;
Their gems delivered, some as martyrs died,
Slain by a world which quotes them now with pride.

They pierced the secrets of the land and sea;
They toiled that those who scorned them might be free,
With bleeding feet the ways of wisdom trod
To mark new pathways toward good and God;
They patient strove behind cold prison bars
That freed souls later might climb to the stars.

Though javelins of hate were at them hurled,
These men despised were saviors of the world.
What unto them were wealth or greed of gold?
More priceless was their lore a thousandfold.
Mock not the dreamers, these are they who speed
God's mightiest purposes with word and deed;
Yield them your trust, their message hear and heed.

—Boston Transcript.

The Average Man.

His face had the grimness of granite,
It was bleached and bronzed by the sun,
Like the coat on his poor, narrow shoulders,
And his hands showed the work he had done.
His dim eyes were weary and patient,
And he smiled through his pallor and tan
A wistful, sad smile, as if saying:
"I'm only an average man.

"I can't be a hero or poet
Nor a dictator wearing a crown;
I'm only the hardworking servant
Of those set above me. I'm down,
And it's no use complaining,
I'll get along the best way I can,
And one of these day'll come morning
And rest for the average man."

He wages all battles and wins them,
He builds all turrets that tower
Over walls of the city to tell
Of the rulers and priests of the hour.
Without him the general is helpless,
The earth but a place and a plan;
He moves all and clothes all and feeds all,
This sad smiling average man.

Then I lifted my hand in a promise,
With teeth set close and my breath
Held hard in my throat, and I uttered
A vow that shall outlive death.
I swear that the builder no longer
To me shall be less than the plan;
Henceforth be guerdon and glory
And hope for the average man.

—Hamlin Garland in Outlook.

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT.

By CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

Abraham Spencer came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in his hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half century mark, but he set his heavily shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holland blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and, though he pounded on it with his horny knuckles, there was no response, save a startled "cuk, cuk, cuk!" from an old hen with a brood of downy chicks wallowing in the dust beside the steps.

"Now this is mighty strange," he muttered perplexedly. "I wouldn't 've thought Sairy 'd go away from home this way all of a sudden. She didn't say a word about it at noontime. She's never done such a thing before as I know of."

He stood still for a little while, meditatively rubbing his thumbs and forefingers together while he pondered the unprecedented situation.

"Couldn't be asleep, I reckon," he conjectured. "Never knowed her to sleep in daytime."

Nevertheless he came down the steps and went around the house to a chamber window, where he parted a tangle of hop vines and rapped sharply on the sash.

"Sairy!" he called. "Sairy! Are you to home?"

There was a slight sound from within, as of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep; then the shade was lifted at one side and a thin, startled, elderly face looked out.

"What on earth is the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demanded Abraham Spencer in a high pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north meader, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"

Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade and lifted the sash with hands that trembled.

"Come now, speak up quick," added her husband impatiently, "for I'm goin after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em." Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh, Abra'm, I kep' 'em out a purpose."

"You—what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the ears that had served him well for nearly threescore years.

"I kep' 'em out a purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the hands, let alone all that Rhynearson gang. I've worked so hard today, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin' old fast and breakin down, Abra'm. I can't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

"Well, why in thunder don't you slack up, then? What's to hinder you from goin to bed after breakfast and stayin there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abra'm."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your complainin."

"Now, Abra'm, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There ain't no sense in us havin so much comp'ny now since the girls are married and gone. Comp'ny makes so much hard work, 'specially town comp'ny. Them high flyin town folks don't care a snap for us, Abra'm. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kep' overnight and over Sunday, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to watermelons. Now, them Rhynearsons"—

"Them Rhynearsons 're my friends," sternly interposed Abraham Spencer, "and so long's I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't 've b'lieved such a thing of you, Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're tired. I'm tired myself most of the time, but I don't make that an excuse for slightin my friends."

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abra'm, when you're so tired and worn out that you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and"—

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin so you're always complainin, and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin woman. Now, understand, I'm goin after the Rhynearsons. I'm goin to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home or asleep or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another, so just tell me what to say, and be quick about it."

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm. I don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sophrony to come over and do the work while they're here."

"What, hire her?"

"Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Sophrony to work for you for nothin, I reckon."

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it, you'll be always wantin help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my mother"—

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop shouldered, weak chested woman; her scant hair was iron gray, her hands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toil, and her face was deep lined and sallow. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her husband's lips. He broke off abruptly and looked at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

"I never knowed you to act up so cranky, Sairy. I can't see what's gettin into you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell Mis' Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

"Tell her anything you like," was the reply in a strange, still voice that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin. What you goin to tell Mis' Rhynearson when she asks you where you was?"

"She won't ask me."

"Well, now, I'd like to know how you know she won't?"

"Because I'm not goin to give her a chance."

The window sash slid down to the sill, and the shade dropped back to its place. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and watched them cluster together again with a slightly dazed look in his deep set gray eyes.

"Now, what in blazes could she 've meant by that last?" he meditated uneasily. Then his flat, straight cut lips closed in a hard line, and he added as he turned shortly away: "But I ain't a-goin to ask her. When a man can't be master in his own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard beaten path as he went around the house, and each relentless step seemed to grind its way into her quivering nerves. Ordinarily she would have taken timid note of his movements at the edge of a window shade, for her husband's anger had always been a dreadful thing to her, but now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight, she exclaimed bitterly:

"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll get out of this before he gets back with that gang if I drop dead in my tracks!"

As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on the doorstep and cried. Her meager frame shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as are born of wornout nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart and a starved soul.

She did not heed approaching footsteps and scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to her.

"Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? I hope nothin's gone wrong?"

Mrs. Spencer's sobs ceased and her face hardened as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

"It ain't nothin that I want to talk about, Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope; that's all. I'm tired of livin and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

Mrs. Howard held up her hands.

"Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of tryin to find out. I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any of us know what death is."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with red rimmed, unlovely eyes.

"No, we don't even know that," said Mrs. Howard, with impressive earnestness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the livin, thinkin, sufferin part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave, so that we hear and know things, same as when we was livin. I shouldn't wonder if we could lay in our graves and hear the birds singin and the rain fallin and feel the sun shinin above us. Now, s'posin you was in your grave, out there in the little buryin ground in the meader, and s'posin you could hear these little chicks chirpin to be fed at sundown and you not here to feed 'em, and the cows comin up the lane to be milked and you not here to milk 'em, and your husband trudgin home, slow and tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him, do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer?

"And s'posin that after a bit you'd hear some other woman's voice a-callin the chickens and some other woman's hands rattlin the stove lids around, a-startin a fire to cook supper for your husband. You'd most likely want to get up out of your grave then, but you couldn't. You'd just have to lay there and hear things goin on without you day in and day out, year in and year out, and watch yourself goin to pieces inch by inch and crumblin to dust. There wouldn't be much rest about that, Mis' Spencer, would there, now?"

Mrs. Spencer arose with the slow painfulness of stiffened rheumatic joints and turned a shocked, resentful face upon her visitor.

"Mis' Howard," she said sternly, "if I found a fellow mortal in trouble and couldn't think of a single comfortin thing to say to her, I'd go away and leave her alone. I wouldn't try to knock out the last prop from under her. If a body can't b'lieve in the rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can b'lieve in. I never heard such scand'lous doctrine since I was born."

She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door between herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until the sound of receding footsteps died away.

"There, I hope she's gone, with her croakin. I was that afeard she'd hang around and hinder me too long. Land, 4 o'clock a'ready!" as a timepiece in an inner room gave four hard, metallic strokes. She hurried into the bedroom

and came out rolling a pair or heavy gray blankets into an uncouth bundle. Then she took a bottle from a shelf in the pantry and filled it with rich, sweet milk. As she put the cork in she suddenly stopped and listened, then opened the door a little way and listened again intently.

"Wheels!" she ejaculated. "Now, if it should be them, goodness help me to get into the cornfield before they come in sight."

She caught up the blankets and snatched a raspberry pie in its tin plate from the table. Thus equipped for flight she opened the door and went hurriedly out. At the foot of the steps the brood of little chickens met her in full force, fluttering around her feet and impeding her progress.

"Shoo! Shoo!"

She pushed them aside with one foot and waved the pie at them frantically, but they followed close at her skirts, with dismal chirps that went to her heart.

"Poor little things, how well they know it's their supper time! If I'd only had time to feed 'em. Like as not nobody else'll think to do it."

She hesitated and looked back at them pityingly. But the rattle of wheels sounded closer now, and her heart hardened. She went on again, striving to redouble her speed, but the blankets were cumbersome, and the raspberry pie was shedding its sticky juice up her sleeve.

Her arms were near to breaking and tears and perspiration mingled in the hollows of her cheeks when at last she reached the cornfield and stumbled in between the tall green rows. She dropped the blankets and almost fell upon them in her exhaustion. The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for themselves, and the latter poured out the last remnant of its crimson juice at the roots of a corn hill.

Presently Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened again. She could no longer hear the sound of wheels nor any sound save the rustling of the millions of corn blades in the great field about her and the voice of a meadow lark singing from the top of a tall charred stump near by. She sat still and rested a little while longer. Then she stood up and tried to see the house, but the tasseled tops of the corn were two feet above her head. She made her way cautiously to the outer row and peered out between the stalks, but the low sun beat straight into her eyes, and the higher ground of the meadow, full of haycocks, intervened. She could see only the weather worn roofs of the house and barn. She crept back and took up her burden again of blankets and bottle and pie and trudged on deeper into the sheltering labyrinth of corn. When she had put half the width of the field between herself and the house, she felt safe for the time being and sat down again to rest and bide her time.

Her objective point was an old dugout in the face of a stony ridge just beyond the cornfield. It had been constructed for a potato cellar and was used only for storing those edible tubers in winter. From March to November it was empty and forgotten, given over to rats and spiders. She had chosen it for her refuge over all the other nooks and crannies on the farm because of its isolation. No roving member of the objectionable "gang" would be likely to stumble upon it and discover her. But it was well up the face of the ridge and visible from the house, so she did not think it best to risk discovery by approaching it in open day.

She partly unrolled the blankets and lay down upon them, turning her worn face up to the sky with a deep drawn breath of rest and a delicious new sense of freedom. Her close environment of tall corn shut out the horizon, but she knew when the sun had sunk below it by the tinted glow that overspread her small vista of sky and the fresher breeze that came whispering among the corn blades, precursor of the coming night.

After a time dark shadows began creeping along the furrows, as if striving to steal upon her unawares, and in the purpling firmament above two or three pale stars took form and blinked coldly down at her. She sat up and shivered, and her heart sank a little at thought of the potato cellar and the lonely night.

"Dew's a-fallin!" she exclaimed in dismay, with care for her rheumatism, and as quickly as might be she gathered up her belongings and resumed her flight. In the fast gathering night the way to the potato cellar seemed long and rough, and when she had reached it she found it a stronghold defended by wild blackberry vines that she must tear away with her naked hands before she could gain an entrance.

The clumsy door opened outward, and yielded only inch by inch to her repeated jerks. Each time a blackberry vine was wrenched out by the roots it brought down a shower of loosened gravel upon her defenseless head from the crumbling banks that towered high on either side, but at last a dark aperture yawned before her wide enough to give her entrance. She wondered why she had not foreseen the need of a candle and some matches as she groped her way within and pulled the door shut. As she did so there came a great roar and crash of falling gravel outside. It sounded a perfect avalanche, and she congratulated herself on having escaped it.

The atmosphere of the little cavelike place was close and musty from long lack of ventilation, and Mrs. Spencer found the abrupt change from the pure outer air almost stifling. She decided that she must reopen the door and leave it so through the night, but when she attempted to do it she found the door immovable, held shut by the mass of gravel that had fallen against it. The discovery left her aghast.

"Why, now—if I can't get out and nobody has the least notion where I am, why—it's 'most like bein buried alive!"

The situation was disheartening, but the direst forebodings must yield to extreme bodily weariness, and soon she had spread her blankets on the dry straw of a potato bin and stretched her aching frame upon them.

For an hour or more her mental worry and her "rheumatiz" united in tormenting her; then came sleep and wooed her to rest with the welcome thought of no breakfast to get in the morning and no disturbing voice to break in upon her slumbers with the announcement of "gettin up time."

But she dreamed, and all through her dream sounded the chirping of hungry little chickens, the lowing of unmilked cows and the slow, heavy tread of her husband's feet coming up the lane at evening time. "Tired and hungry and you not here to get supper for him," droned the reproachful voice of her neighbor, running like a dirge through the other sounds and making of the dream a wretched, haunting nightmare.

"Drat that Mis' Howard! I'll never speak to her again," was Mrs. Spencer's first waking thought. A thin shaft of daylight with the yellow glint of a well risen sun in it was forcing its way into the cellar through a crevice an inch wide above the door. Involuntarily Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened for the familiar sounds of her dream. But she heard only the bickering of a pair of wrens in the blackberry vines outside and the scurry of a rat that scampered across the cellar floor and plunged into his hole in a corner. This served to draw her attention to her surroundings.

In an opposite bin lay some sorry looking potatoes, with long, ghostly white sprouts and a winding sheet of cobwebs. Near the center of the earth floor stood a battered old sheet iron stove with some rusty joints of pipe rising shakingly to the thatched roof, ten feet above. The hired men had set it up during the cold snap in March and built a fire in it to keep themselves warm while they cut potatoes for seeding. A dozen matches and a clay pipe half full of burned tobacco lay on its hearth forgotten.

Mrs. Spencer felt a little light headed when she stood up, and thus was brought to remember that she had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day. She looked about for the pie and bottle of milk. The latter was intact, but the former had vanished, leaving only its tin plate as tangible evidence that it had existed. Two little knowing, exultant eyes were shining up from the rathole in the corner. Mrs. Spencer looked troubled.

"Well"—a long, quivering breath—"I cert'nly said I wished I was dead, but—slow starvation is a little more'n I bargained for."

She spoke aloud and shrank from the sound of her own voice, it was so shut in and sepulchral. She turned to the door and strove now with all her strength to push it open, but it withstood the onslaught without a tremor.

She desisted at length and sat down on an upturned apple box, exhausted and gasping for breath. The place was stifling. Oh, for a breath of pure, sweet air! Her outraged lungs seemed burning in her breast, and her mouth and throat were parched. She opened the bottle of milk and took a portion. She was tempted to drink it all at one welcome draft, but refrained and corked it up again resolutely.

During the long hours of that forenoon she attacked the door repeatedly, but always futilely, and finally, when the sweltering August sun had passed the meridian and was beating down mercilessly on her retreat, she gave up, and, bursting into a wild fit of weeping, she crept back into the bin and lay down on her blankets.

Hours later, when she had wept a great deal and slept a little, she opened her swollen eyes and saw the red gold of sunset shining in above the door.

"Twenty-four hours," she said to herself, and a great longing came upon her to know how "Abra'm" and the old home were doing without her. She dragged the apple box close to the door and mounted upon it, thus bringing her eyes to a level with the crevice. There lay the farmhouse and its peaceful surroundings spread out below her like a quaint, sun kissed old picture; but, oh, how distant it was, how far beyond the sound of her voice, even though she should shriek aloud! The broad meadow and the great field of rustling corn lay between.

At first there was no sign of life about the place, except the patient cows standing in the lane waiting for the bars to be let down, but presently, while she waited and watched for the men to come in from their work in the far north meadow, she decried a curl of smoke rising from the kitchen chimney. A queer, ghastly little caricature of a smile flashed across her face.

"Now, if I was near enough to hear the stove lids rattle," she whispered, "I could 'most imagine I was dead and in my grave, like Mis' Howard said."

For a long time she stood with her eyes at the crevice and her hands grasping the rough frame of the cellar door, watching that changing, darkening spiral of smoke. Once the kitchen door opened, and a woman stood for an instant in sight. The watcher squinted her eyes in a desperate endeavor to concentrate her gaze.

"I s'pose it's Mis' Rhynearson," she muttered, with a resentful snap in her tone. "It's just like her cheek to take possession of a body's house and act as if she owned it! I can't see how Abra'm can like them Rhynearsons so well; they're such pestiferous folks. To think of her there, a-livin high off the fresh bread and cakes and pies that I baked, and the cheese I made, and the butter I churned, and me here, a-starvin!"

The contrast was too pitiful. In all her hard, meager life she had never before known the pangs of hunger and thirst. Her eyes filled and the vision was for a time shut out. When she looked again, the curling smoke was scarcely discernible and all the angles of the old house were toned down by the softening shadow of approaching night.

She could make out the figure of a man standing by the bars. It might be one of the hands or—it might be—yes, it was Abra'm! He had turned and was going slowly toward the house, and she knew him by the forward stoop of his body and that characteristic something in the way he set his feet down as he walked.

She thought he would go in at the kitchen door, but he passed on around to the front porch and sat down, alone, on the steps.

Presently it struck her that his head was bowed upon his hands and that his attitude was one of deep dejection. But she was not quite sure. He was so far away, and the shadows lay deep between. Still the longer she looked the more his fading outline seemed to appeal to her, until at last she was overcome with the conviction that sorrow, rather than anger, ruled in her husband's heart.

"He ain't mad at me! I just seem to feel he ain't mad at me! Oh, Abra'm, Abra'm!"

She shrieked his name aloud again and again, each frenzied effort shriller than the last, but the narrow crevice threw the greater part of the sound back into the cellar, and Abraham Spencer sat still, with bent head, un-

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

AMUSEMENTS.

Los Angeles Theatre C. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, Lessees

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, April 29, 30, May 1, 2.
With Special Wednesday Matinee THE FRAWLEY COMPANY

Presenting The Sporting Duchess. Thursday, Friday and Saturday Matinee and Evening, May 3, 4 and 5, First Time on the Pacific Coast, Beerbohm Trees' Greatest Play,
THE RED LAMP. Telephone Main 76.
SEATS NOW ON SALE POPULAR PRICES: 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

To Catalina and Seaside Resorts

THE LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY is

The only line selling tickets to SAN PEDRO, TERMINAL ISLAND and CATALINA ISLAND, giving stop-over privileges at Long Beach, the Chautauqua of Southern California, without extra charge. A ten-mile ride along the sea shore and first choice of steamer accommodations going to Catalina. For a fishing and sailing cruise on the Pacific Ocean, no better place can be found than at Terminal Island and Long Beach. Elegant Hotels, Golf Links, Charming Climate, Sea Bathing Year Around.

Trains leave 8.50 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m. daily, and 10.50 a.m., Saturdays and Sundays. Catalina train 8.50 a.m. daily.

Information and tickets TERMINAL OFFICE,
Telephone Main 960. 214 South Spring Street.

The Saturday Post
Insurance Against
Death by Accident.

$500 Cash

Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.

The Cheapest Accident Insurance.
No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

hearing, until the night had thickened and shut him from her sight.

The black hours that followed were terrible to her. Remorse and a reawakened longing to live and to go back to her deserted duties now united with hunger and thirst to torture her. In the middle of the hot, stifling night she was forced to drain the last swallow of milk from the bottle, and still her thirst was so great that she tossed and moaned in the fitful bits of sleep that came to her. Once she was awakened by a touch, a weight like that of a hand upon her shoulder, and she started up with a glad cry on her lips, but it was only her cellmate, the rat. He scampered away to his own corner, and she lay there with a convulsive horror upon her, watching and listening lest he return. She told herself that he would come back tomorrow night, when she would have less strength to frighten him away, and all the nights after, when her poor body might lie there lifeless at his mercy.

She wondered, with an awful shuddering wonder, whether it could be that her soul must linger near and witness the degrading annihilation of its erstwhile tenement. A maddening horror of death seized her. She staggered across to the opposite bin and made a desperate attempt to eat one of the raw, moldy potatoes.

At the first hint of morning she was again on the apple box, with her eyes at the crevice. But now there was a thick white fog all over the land, and no vagnest outline of her home was visible to her.

The wrens were bickering spitefully over their nest, not an arm's length away from her face.

"Oh, hush!" she said to them pityingly from the bitter depths of her own experience. "You poor, blind little things, you don't know how short life is, after all, and how little it matters if things don't go just to suit you!"

The small pair were struck motionless and dumb by the mere sound of her voice and forgot to renew their quarrel. Presently the father bird went away to his day's work, and the little mother settled down to the monotony of her home duties, both unconscious of the yearning of the lone watcher at the crevice.

Many times that day she crept back and forth between the bin and the apple box. When her head swam and her trembling limbs gave way beneath her, she would stagger to the bin and fall upon the blankets. But no sleep came and no rest, and after a time her strength so far forsook her that she could no longer mount upon the box. Then she lay still and gazed at the strip of light above the door until it seemed a streak of fire scorching her eyeballs.

And all the time she was listening, listening, for the sound of a footstep or a voice.

Thus the night found her and again added its horror of darkness and rats. The fever of hunger and thirst was upon her. Her tongue and lips were swollen, and a devouring flame burned in her vitals. Her senses were no longer normal, and she heard sounds and saw objects that had no existence in reality.

All night long she watched the dark corner where the rat dwelt, and her distorted fancy magnified him into a monster of the jungle. In the cunning of semidelirium she made plans to frighten him and keep him at bay, and finally, in the dark hour before dawn, she crept stealthily from the bin, whispering through her swelled lips:

"Fire! Fire will keep him away!"

She clutched an armful of straw and crawled on hands and knees across the earthen floor to the sheet iron stove. Keeping keen watch of the dread corner, she thrust the straw into the stove and groped for the matches on its hearth. A scratch, a flash, a tiny flame, then a roar!

She dragged herself to the bin and brought more straw and more until the thin iron of the stove and the rickety pipe clear to the roof were red and roaring. The already hot and vitiated atmosphere of the cellar was now raised to an unbearable temperature, and soon she succumbed to it, falling upon the ground, face downward, in a mad effort to get away.

No longer fed, the straw fire languished and went out, but its mischief was done. The dry thatch of the roof had caught from the redhot pipe and was blazing up, slowly at first, but ever surely. Soon the cinders began to fall into the cellar, and one struck her bare neck as she lay. She cried out with the pain and struggled a little farther away, but the brands fell faster as the aperture around the pipe broadened, and her doom would have been certain had there not been another restless heart and a pair of sleepless eyes on the old farm.

The hired men were awakened by the excited voice of Abraham Spencer shouting:

"Up, boys, up! Bring water! The potato cellar's afire!"

He was away with two great pails of water in his hands before the men were fairly awake. When they followed him, they found him on the roof of the cellar. He had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and as they approached he suddenly dropped his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept close to the charred edge of the chasm in the roof. Leaning far over, he shaded his eyes and peered keenly into the streaming depths below. A faint moan had reached him, and now, as he listened, another came quivering up to him.

"My God!" he cried, springing up. "She's down there, boys! Sairy! Run for shovels! Oh, run, run!"

He himself ran like a madman, but only a little way. Then he turned and ran as madly back to the cellar, where he attacked the fallen gravel with his hands and beat and tore at the door until the heavy boards, all stained with his own blood, were rended from their fastenings and he had leaped into the cellar and caught up the prostrate figure he found there.

It was hours afterward that Mrs. Spencer aroused from the stupor that was upon her and began to comprehend again the realities of life. She was in her own clean, soft bed, and the cool breeze of evening was fluttering the hop vines at the window. She felt pain when she attempted to move, and there were bandages on her hands, her head and her neck, but the pain was not acute, and the soothing effect of an opiate still lingered with her. Somewhere in the outer distance she heard the faint, familiar tinkle of a cow bell and—yes, the subdued rattle of stove lids in the kitchen. She lifted her head from the pillow to listen and found her husband sitting, silent, close beside her.

"Who is it, Sairy? What do you want?" he asked as she felt the strange tenderness that vibrated in his rough voice.

"Who's in the kitchen, Abra'm? Is it—Mis' Rhynearson?"

"No, Sairy, it ain't. Mis' Rhynearson went home double quick when she found there wasn't anybody here to wait on her. You knowed her better than I did, Sairy. That's Sophrony Selwood in the kitchen, and she's goin to stay there till she dies—or gets married."

She closed her eyes to hide the starting tears, but they forced their way through the interlaced lashes. Suddenly she turned to him and spoke the thought that filled her heart.

"Oh, Abra'm, it was so long! Why didn't you try to find me? Why didn't you come sooner?"

"My land, Sairy, I never once thought of the dugout! I was too busy lookin everywhere else for you. First of all, I drove clear over to Lizy's to see if you was there. That's a good 16 miles, you know, and took a big slice out of the first day. Then we went to all the neighbors and hunted the whole place over, but none of us ever thought of the dugout. I don't know why, but we didn't. Then that night Mis' Howard come over and told me—well, what you said to her, you know, Sairy, and she—she spoke of the crick."

"The crick?" wonderingly.

"Sairy"—he suddenly bent over and put his arms around her and drew her to him—"I was goin to have the crick dragged today, and if I'd found you there, Sairy—I couldn't ever 've stood it."

"Pshaw, Abra'm!" she whispered chokingly and put up her bandaged hand to stroke the furrowed stubble of his sunburned face.

Subscribe for the Post.

SAN BERNARDINO.

Visitors to San Bernardino will find the Stewart Hotel a first-class place to stop at. The Stewart Hotel is the finest hotel in San Bernardino county and is patronized by the best people in the county. Within a half block of the Sewart they will find Baxter's livery stable. Get a rig of Mr. Baxter when you are in San Bernardino.

PROTEST AGAINST COMPROMISING THE CITY'S WATER RIGHTS.

The protest of the Labor Unions of Los Angeles against compromising the city water rights will be published in full in the next issue of the Post. It would have been published in this issue had not Mr. Toll locked it up in his city desk and found his private business too engrossing to permit him to go or to send to the City Hall for the protest.

THE ORPHEUM.

A talisman is that name of the Hopkins Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Company, which same is announced as coming to the Orpheum next week. For many years this company has been considered the greatest traveling vaudeville company in the world, and this in the face of scores of other rival organizations that have entered the field in which Col. Hopkins was the pioneer and for long sole master.

The choicest features of the company—four of the them—will be the new people at the Orpheum next week, the Orpheum's acts filling out the balance of the program.

First on the list of the Hopkins' roster is Mme. Marzella, a wonderful bird trainer. She has taught a flock of cockatoos to perform seemingly impossible feats, and in a score of ways demonstrated her right to be called the "Queen of Bird Trainers."

In Europe Marzella's wonderful troupe of cockatoos were the sensation of all the great music halls, and it was with a vast deal of difficulty that Manager Robt. Fulgora succeeded in securing her for his Hopkins company.

Falke and Semon, comedy musicians; the three Guitanos, grotesque acrobats; and A. O Duncan, the ventriloquist, are other features of the Hopkins' company.

The De Forests, whirlwind dancers; Bobby Gaylor, the Irish comedian; Si Stebbins, the "hayseed" card manipulator and story teller, and the Empire Comedy Four, will make up the balance of the bill.

ON OR Before MAY THE TENTH

The Stock of the

California Oil Co.

Will be advanced without notice. The reason of this is that the drill in Well No. 1 is passing through sand and shale heavily impregnated with oil and expect to strike oil any day. We own 1035 acres in the rich San Fernando oil district. Well No. 1 is drilling on the same strike as the Pacific Coast Oil Co., the wealthiest and most successful company in the west. We are on a CROSS STRIKE. The double strike will give immense wells. We own our land, have no debts, no royalties to pay, and the stock is absolutely non-assessable.

We invite a thorough investigation of our proposition and are confident it is the best that has been offered to oil investors.

Shares Now Selling at 25 Cents.

OFFICES

223 Douglas Building

COR. THIRD AND SPRING.

Phone John 1831

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Be Independent.

Non-trust Paint $1.50 gal.; Lead 7½c. Non-trust Wallpaper 4½c; Ingrains 8½c; Ingrain Borders 2½c; 7-foot Opaque shades 35c; Mouldings 2c per foot. Walter Bros., 627 South Spring. Tel. M. 1055.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SALE.—20 Horse-power Westinghouse Automatic Engine and a 200-light Edison 110 volt Dynamo, both in good condition, worth $580.00, will sell for $350.00. TUFTS-PALMER ELECLRIC WORKS, 701 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

LOTS FOR SALE.

Block of 24 lots for sal on West Adams Street Mesa. A chance to treble your money in six months. Also 21 lots in Ela Hills Tract, with good oil indications. Price of this valuable group of lots $1500. Address Box "K", THE SATURDAY POST, 401-403 Stimson.

FINE LOTS TO LEASE.

Lots to lease on Spring and Main streets, between Eighth and Ninth. One of these lots runs through from Main to Spring in the Junction Block. Address or call on C. A. Jeffers, 432 Stimson Building.

THE INTERIOR BEAUTY

Of the home depends upon the Wall Paper more than any other thing—elegant furniture will not beautify—fine carpets and rare rugs will not produce the proper attistic effect, unless the Wall Paper is right. WE are artists in the wall paper line—you can safely intrust the whole of your interior decorations to us.

T. FRANK McGRATH,

414 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

Caroo Snake Show

204 SOUTH BROADWAY

Don't miss this, the GREATEST SNAKE SHOW ever seen on the Coast. Seeing CAROO actually eat Live Snakes is well worth the price of admission, **10 Cents.**

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER.

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

The Post Publishing Company

ABBOT KINNEY.

S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,
401-402 STIMSON BUILDING
Telephone Red 756. Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, Fifty Cents per Year. Payable in Advance.

On and after May 1st, 1900, $1.00 per Year.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28TH, 1900.

TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The school rooms in the city of Los Angeles are inadequate to supply room for the children in Los Angeles. To supply this room bonds have been voted. Litigation prevents the bonds being sold and the money used for the purpose. The remedy for this situation is plain. The Board must have resources to provide teachers for the new schools. That being so, adopt the most modern tried method. This is to cut the hours of indoor school work for all children under ten down to one hour a day. That will more than double the school capacity of the present school buildings. Employ the teacher force that would look out for the children in the proposed buildings in outdoor care and education of the young children. The mothers and families would be relieved of the children and of their care for the same length of time as now. The same number of teachers would be employed as would be needed for the new proposed school houses. The children would learn as much in the one hour of the books as they do now in four or five hours. The children would be healthier and stronger from the outdoor work and play. They would learn out of doors things in a way that they could not acquire indoors. Both teacher and child would be benefited. The Home would be benefited through the children being healthier and stronger. The school department would not need the new buildings and duplication of class rooms. The money voted could be more profitably used for a rainy weather hall and rooms for exercise. This proposal is in the line of modern experience. It is on lines of scientific educational work. Young children cannot acquire book learning for more than one hour a day. They ought not to work indoors on books for a longer time. These things are known. Relieve then, child and teacher. Spend less while really doing more and turning out a healthier child morally, physically and mentally stronger than the present too frequent delicate hot house plants of humanity. Shorter indoor school hours for the younger children and supplementary outdoor play and education in place of the wasted and injurious indoor hours will produce greater results with less cost and on less effort.

FRANCHISE FREEZE-OUTS.

During the Sherman-Crank street car war Sherman used the State Legislature to broaden the laws and open the door for his enterprises. Since then the pressure on the Legislature has been in the opposite direction. The results sought and the results obtained are to prevent new street transportation enterprises to or in the cities of California. This leaves the S. P. Company in almost exclusive control of the street car business in California. What the Legislature failed to do in arresting enterprise in this line the City Councils supplement. In Los Angeles we have the odd spectacle that whatever Sherman wants, as in the Hollywood connection, he gets or takes without question. So still more what the S. P. wants as in the extension down Fifth street to the Arcade depot to meet the Traction Company's purchase of a lot and great accommodation to the public at that station, they obtain or take without question. Upon one flimsy pretext or another this Council refuses franchises except to the S. P. This condition that prevents new work, new enterprise, development of the city and large employment of labor has one consolation. This is the statement by Herman Silver, President of the Council. "That no man can say that he has been bought." The people will be glad to hear this of Mr. Silver and doubtless believe it be true of the rest of the Council. Assuming these Councilmen patriots to be honest men we feel that the time has come to point out to them that the interests of the several large corporations headed by the Water Syndicate and the great S. P. combine, including their street cars, do not make up the entire city of Los Angeles. Important, wealthy and powerful as these corporate people are they are not the whole thing. The Council can rest assured that the people will look with favor on action that will secure the expenditure of a million or more on transportation lines in this county during the coming summer. The Traction Company should be given a franchise south on Spring or Main from Third to Eighth streets and so on via Los Angeles and other streets to the city limits for its proposed San Pedro line or else given its Vermont avenue line extension as asked. The Kerens people, with their endless talk about Salt Lake, have talked so much and done so little in the last decade that the people have lost interest in them. Hook builds what he asks for and should receive fair consideration. Further franchise freeze-outs are not appropriate to the interests of the people of Los Angeles City and county during the present year.

The franchises now before the Council are in no proper sense new franchises. They are mere links in existing lines or to enable lines outside the city to accommodate their patrons and so bring more people to the city and open for development country that will benefit Los Angeles. Not one of the links is a franchise worth anything by itself.

ANAESTHETICS.

This boon to humanity has been and is misused and abused. Like other great discoveries, it has carried both blessing and curse. The drawbacks to the use of anaesthetics are very generally overlooked by both laity and by doctors. The truth is that anaesthetics are always dangerous. Their dangers are not due so much to frequency of death of the patient while under the influence of the anaesthetic as to shock which these agents often increase or produce. From shock the patient recovers slowly, and often never does fully recover. There are also secondary effects sometimes mild, and sometimes severe and finally fatal. Of the organs known to be most frequently affected by anaesthetics are the heart, lungs and kidneys. It is by no means a rare thing to see prolonged suffering due to anaesthetics. Sound recovery from their use sometimes never occurs. Nervous derangements are another source of trouble and danger from these agents. A prominent surgeon said in New York not long ago that "many of the deaths after operation and attributed to the operation were in fact due to the after effects of the anaesthetic." The dangers can be and are diminished by careful and educated attendants administering the anaesthetic. Such attendants are rare. With proper precautions many conditions and many operations in which the exhibition of anaesthetics is now a routine matter could be more safely treated without them. The operation would be quicker, the patient's suffering small, the shock reduced and the recovery surer and far more rapid. The outside complications caused by anaesthetics, such as nerve disorder, kidney paralysis, bronchitis or pneumonia would not occur at all. The benefit of the doubt should be given to operating without anaesthetics. There are physicians who appreciate the drawbacks as well as the advantages of anaesthetics. Amongst these, the most intelligent and progressive medical men, the effort is to avoid anaesthetics. It is amongst what we may call the Parrot physicians that we find the same inertia for the use of these drugs in every possible case that there was on the discovery of anaesthetics against their use at all. This type of physician, the thoughtless routine man, quite frequently knows a great many medical words, knows names and descriptions but in spite of all his book learning is not a real physician. The very complexity of information possessed by some doctors prevents them from a use of the few simple methods which are always appropriate in the aid of nature. These men are clogged with words and believing words to be knowledge know nothing. However much we may regret to admit it the fact is that there are bright quacks and fakirs in command of a few simple rules of medicine who are better physicians and safer men than many educated doctors who have words and drugs crowded into minds incapable of arranging and using them on human beings. The rule on anaesthetics should be the same as that for any powerful drug—don't use them. If the conditions clearly indicate the necessity of an anaesthetic use only what is necessary to accomplish the result sought. Always see to the details of the administration of these powerful drugs. A trained nurse or trained physician fully informed of how to produce anaesthesia with the least amount of the drug and with the least injury to the respiratory passages and also knowing when to stop and when to ease on the exhibition should surely be the only person to administer an anaesthetic.

TURKEY'S DEBT TO MISSIONARIES.

American missionaries in Armenia have presented and secured the admission of a claim of ninety thousand dollars against the Turkish government. This claim is made for a mission building in Armenia established to convert the Armenian Christians from the Armenian form of worship to one of the American forms of Christian worship. If the missionaries had no converts they at least had valuable buildings. The Turk is said to have promised to pay ninety thousand dollars for the building and accompanied the promise to pay with a polite note to the missionaries inviting their attention to the field for missionary work in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. The Turk offered to forego the conversion of the Christians of Turkey from one Christian form to another so as to allow the missionaries to catch up in their home work. This was deemed to be impertinent. No one can tell much about facts from the outgivings of the Associated Press. But taking the dispatches on their face value we find the present situation opened with an ultimatum and proposed seizure of Smyrna and the collection of customs at that port by force until the missionary bill was satisfied. The next dispatches are a series of backdowns from this position, first, because the Sultan might stir up revolt in the Mohammedan polygamist-American subjects of Sulu and other islands; second, because the European holders of the custom house at Smyrna for debt security might object, and third, because other valuable missionary buildings owned by Americans in Armenia might be destroyed. A fourth reason has been suggested, which is that the Sultan is going to pay the bill. Naturally this array of weighty reasons has induced the government to ask firmly for the money, but not to go into ultimatums. One of the striking characteristics of the present administration is its use of a sort of second wind of wisdom on everything. From the bimetallic plank of the national convention to the opposition of the Spanish war and after that to the American change of attitude about new lands and so on to the free trade in Puerto Rico one day and tariff the next or Turkish ultimatums or no ultimatums everything goes on the second wind. In foreign or domestic policy whatever the first outgiving is it is always the second wind of wisdom that prevails.

DEALING WITH ALIEN RACES.

This subject has an interest from the proposed benevolent assimilative policy of the United States in various populous islands. The United States has had quite a varied experience in dealing with hostile races, religions and rebellions. We have had one civil war. This occurred because of an alien race imported by force from Africa. Three times before we were on the verge of civil war. Once we came close to having a religious war with the Mormons. The great trek of the Mormons out of the American jurisdiction into what was then Mexico bears many points of resemblance to the great trek of the Boers out of Cape Colony. The Mormons left the United States on account of persecution mainly caused by Mormon teachings and polygamy. The Boers left Cape Colony on account of the emancipation of their slaves and forced sale of these to the English government. The United States has had practically no trouble with the Spanish or French population of the Floridas nor with the Mexican population of the territory acquired from Mexico. It has treated all of these as its own people. It has not played benevolence with any of them, nor has it set up any trade wars or tariffs between us and them. With the Indians it has been different. The official policy of the government has been benevolence to the Indian. The actual policy has been a vacillating one. It has been called by Helen Hunt Jackson in one of her books, "The Century of Dishonor." At one moment the Indian tribes are treated as independent nations. This absurd futility has been a great source of trouble with no compensating advantage. After periods of more or less duration in which the government either itself violated its treaty agreements or allowed its citizens to do so wars occurred. Indian agents and various other professional patriotic hangers-on were between times cheating and stealing from what were called the "wards of the nation" and treated officially as equal and independent nationalities. Absurdities, cruelty, bloody wars of Apache bandit type or on the order of the Iroquois or of the Sioux attack and massacre of Custer alternated with cheating and treaty making. The entire business was on impossible lines. There was nothing sensible or humane in any of our Indian policy. There is nothing sensible in it today. The taking of the irrigating water from the tribes of self-sustaining agricultural and peaceful Indians of Arizona in recent years and the destruction of their self-sustaining capacity is an illustration of the futility and cruelty of our people undertaking to play paternalism to any race. In Hawaii benevolent extermination of the natives has gone on in an effective but quite decent and orderly way. The natives are practically gone or have leprosy or are clearly sterilized and incapable of having and rearing children under present conditions. If the Americans are going into the imperial business the mere mouthing of the word "benevolence" will not make their policy sensible or humane. We should avoid a repetition of the Indian mistakes in our tropical possessions. There are principles of government. The thing to do is to realize what we want and then go about it in a sensible way. Apply the principles of government to attain our ends on the lines of least resistance. There are one or two facts of importance that may be mentioned in this connection. One of these is that no race or nation has ever governed another race or people to the satisfaction of the governed. The English government of India is one of the best of these attempts. The Hindoos are as hostile and alien to the English today as they ever were. The attempts at sanitary work to stop the plague show conclusively the utter incompatibility of the Englishman and Hindoo. The Dutch frank exploitation of the population of Java has made no more friends, but it is a question if on the whole it has not proved a better system for the natives. We can recall no case in which one people governed by another were not finally injured as a people and weakened morally and economically. Tutelage of races does not strengthen the protected race. The question is, can there be any practical policy on any but two lines: First, Actual assimilation as by conquest and intermarriage, or, second, extermination by the sword or by benevolence, vice, and whiskey.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The Saturday Post of May 5th will present some beautiful half-tone pictures of the Yosemite Valley, together with a description of California's Wonderland.

PRECEDENT FOR PHILIPPINES.

One reason given for the Puerto Rican tariff was that it was so small. This reminds us of the excuse of the wet nurse in one of Marryat's novels. Mrs. Easy was questioning the morals of an unmarried wet nurse. The poor girl in explanation and mitigation said, "It was such a little one," and so intimated that being so small it ought not to count for much. Fifteen per cent is perhaps a small matter to the campaign-contributors, but it is a pretty fair business margin amongst us small fry. If we could make a clean 15 per cent on business deals we would be feeling comfortable.

Another reason asserted for the Puerto Rico tariff is the precedent on the Philippines. It is difficult to see any force to their main excuse for breaking through all the precedents and actions of the United States in its tariff policy to the new territory coming under its jurisdiction. Americans have never done such a thing before as tariff their own flag. In the first place the American government has taken the initiative in Asia to commit all interested nations to the "open policy." The contract is clearly implied on our part to maintain the open door as to others in our Asiatic claims that we ask them to grant to us. In the second place the Philippines have a treaty right to free trade with Spain for ten years. From these two reasons it is apparent that the tariff policy of Congress toward the small island of Puerto Rico can have no importance as a precedent for the Asiatic situation.

CUBAN POLICY.

It has been seen for some time that the administration has no immediate idea of letting go of Cuba. Gomez and most of the Cubans engaged in the long war for "Cuba Libre" say that they have escaped from Spain only to find themselves under the heel of the American military forces. The excuse offered for continuing the military government of Cuba is that the Cuban people do not know how to govern themselves and are in fact unfit for self-government. The United States therefore as a benevolent duty will continue the military government of Cuba. In that indefinite future when, in the opinion of its professional patriots, it is proper and humane to give up the offices held by Presidential appointment in Cuba the American soldier may turn the government over to the Cubans. No one seems to think that any such action is likely in the near future. In fact, amongst the Imperialists there is a distinct reading between the lines that Cuba is not to be given up at all. Without passing on this change of front we simply comment on the superb stupidity of the Cuban policy that has been up to this time adopted. As far as the domestic feeling in Cuba is concerned the professional patriots of that island are as hostile to us today as they were to Spain. The commercial classes are now much more hostile to the American system than they were to that of Spain. A revolt in Cuba similar to that in the Philippines is a possibility. Weakness alone prevents the Cubans from undertaking it. One of the surprising follies of the Imperialists is the establishment of Cuban trade isolation by a Cuban tariff and an American continuance of tariff exclusion of Cuba from the United States. This is trade war. Trade war and a crippling or killing of trade between Cuba and the United States has been and must be the result. The Cuban has really little in common with the Yankee. Language, religious forms, habits, race and climate are all different. A union of trade and political interests was the one thing for a far-sighted Imperialist to recognize as the only way to unite Cuba to the United States. California, Arizona, Texas and New Mexico have been thus united with the other states, although in many ways as much handicapped against a true union of feeling at the start as is Cuba from the United States today. On the other hand the foolish trade war with costly tariff barriers to the North has created and maintained a hostile feeling between two branches of the same people. Canada and the United States, with the same language and similar political ideals and political methods, are far apart, while New Mexico, where Spanish is still an important language, is an integral part of the United States in feeling. The difference is due to trade policy. It is trade that makes an interest for union and an interest for peace. With New Mexico we have no trade war and we are united with that section. With Canada we have a trade war and every possible difficulty arises between us. If a difficulty does not exist, one is invented. The Imperialists have put their tariff war on Puerto Rico which is annexed, and the military Americans governing Cuba have started and set up a trade war with Cuba. The Cuban tariff must injure the island trade everywhere. The entire outfit of professional patriots are short-sighted optimists. They cannot see far. The professional patriot in Washington does not want to face an adverse wind from the campaign-contributors, so that he has to veer as the financial breezes blow. The intentions of all these people are doubtless good. What they all lack is courage or capacity or both in dealing with present public questions. It is no matter what the plans of the administration are. They may be imperialists and intend to keep Cuba and take other places commencing with the Danish West Indies and going on to Santo Domingo, Hayti and Nicaragua, or they may not be imperialists. Their policy is short-sighted and weak from either point of view. The results in this lack of policy are unfortunate. The Puerto Ricans are in bad economic condition. That island is worse off than it was under Spain. Cuba is in sullen mood; business there is bad and politics look threatening. The Philippines are at war with us. Practically all the Christians in the Asiatic islands are against America. It is only the Mahometans who are neutral and they by purchase or bribery. So uncertain is this last element that it is deemed dangerous to be dictatorial to the Sultan of Turkey, lest he throw this part of the Philippines into a religious war against the Americans. Religious troubles growing out of the claimed aggressions of religious orders in the Philippines is one of the difficulties of the situation. The native Christians are largely hostile to the claims and power of the religious orders of their own faith. This complicates things for the opportunists. The military administration in the Philippines has been defective from all points of view. It has been incompetent to crush the rebellion and equally incompetent to make or hold friends anywhere. No interest in the islands is in accord with the military regime. The Manila Otis has even Manila solidly hostile to America in a way it never was to Spian. This Otis has no military capacity. He has not been a field officer. He has handicapped those officers who were competent field soldiers. He certainly has no capacity for political government. Pseudo-Shootus Otis I. can fuss over endless details and make enemies for his country and that is all. The commission may do better. We hope that it will. In our opinion a good, strong man in sole charge would be the best thing for all concerned. We would suggest for the place Fitzhugh Lee.

Master of the Situation.

In the days of slavery Abram was a great favorite with his master, whom he had served as a valet from his youth. At his master's death his mistress granted him many privileges, and at the period of emancipation he resisted every temptation to leave the old plantation. In the exercise of his privileges he became obnoxious to the other negroes, and their frequent complaints excited remonstrance on the part of his mistress. But Abram pursued his own way in spite of expostulation. Finally his interference with her own plans exhausted the patience of his mistress, who determined to dismiss him.

"Abram," said she one day to him in a very kindly tone, "I see that you and I cannot live in peace on the same place, and I have decided that we must part"— But before she concluded her remarks Abram exclaimed:

"Law, mistis, whar you gwine? You ain't gwine git no bettah plantashun dan dis. Take ole Abe's advise, mistis, en stay right whar you is."—Exchange.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

1 lb. fresh Soda Crackers..... 5c	6 lbs. Good Rice 25c
10 lbs. Rolled Wheat.....20c	7 lbs. White or Pink Beans.....25c
9 lbs. Rolled Oats.....25c	6 lbs. Good Prunes.....25c
10 lbs. Rolled Hominy.....25c	3 pkgs. Seeded Raisins.....25c

State Division.

REASONS FOR THE NEW STATE OF SOUTH CALIFORNIA.

BY BASCOM A. STEPHENS.

The question of State division, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. No sooner does one champion, like a Downey or a Vandever pass into the great beyond, or a pen like that of Lynch become idle, than new Richmonds appear in the field. For a long time, Scipio Craig's Citrograph has been alone in constantly advocating State division. Now the Saturday Post has valfantly taken up the fight. It is a re-birth of the cause.

State divsion is an important question. Some day it must be solved. It is a thought in the minds of men which will surely materialize. The preliminary work has all been done, and nothing remains to be done except two things:

First—For the people of South California to form a State Government.

Second—For Congress to consent to the admission of the new State into the Union.

State division is legal. There has been in the history of the United States, twelve separate instances of State division, the most notable one being that of West Virginia, which the Supreme Court of the United States decided, in the famous equity case of Virginia vs. West Virginia, to be legal.

The founders of the State of California, when assembled at Monterey to write the first constitution, were strongly of the opinion that in the time to come, California should be divided into several States. In 1859, General Andres Pico, that most worthy native son of the Golden West, introduced into the Legislature a bill setting off the southern part of the State as a separate government. The line of division runs along the north boundary line of San Luis Obispo county, which is the seventh standard parallel south of the Mount Diablo base line; thence following the summit of the Coast Range southeasterly to the line of the sixth standard parallel; following this line easterly, passing three miles north of the City of Bakerfield, to a point on the Mojave desert, which point was formerly the northeastern corner of Los Angeles county; thence running northeasterly to the Nevada State line. This cuts off from the State of California the present counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Orange, San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino, and parts of Inyo and Kern, leaving a small part of San Bernardino in the old State. The bill passed both houses of the Legislature, was signed by the governor, and became the law of the land. It is found in the Statutes of California, passed by the tenth session of the Legislature, 1859, pages 310-11.

A provision of the Pico law required that the governor should in his proclamation for the next general election direct the voters of the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, and part of Buena Vista, to wit: such part as included all of the precincts south of the sixth standard parallel, to vote "For a Territory" or "Against a Territory." The election was held, and the vote of the people stood as follows:

Counties.	For.	Against.
Los Angeles	1407	441
San Bernardino	441	29
San Diego	207	24
San Luis Obispo	10	283
Santa Barbara	395	51
Tulare	17	—
Totals	2447	828

Thus the people by a more than two-thirds majority, ratified, confirmed and approved the act of the Legislature which divided the State of California.

It is a principle of law that a law is in force until it is repealed. The Pico law has never been repealed. Therefore, the Pico law is in force, and the State is divided so far as law-makers can divide a State. It only remains for the people of South California to form a State government, and apply to Congress for admission, and, when Congress consents, state division will be an accomplished fact. That day, I believe, is not far distant. The aggressive campaign inaugurated by the Saturday Post has, undoubtedly, the hearty co-operation of a big majority of the press and people of South California.

BASCOM A. STEPHENS.

"To Have and to Hold"
'Janice Meredith"
"Richard Carvel"
"David Harum"
95c EACH

Four of the most popular books of the day, bound in cloth, Regular price $1.50

We Rent all the latest novels at 10c first week, 2c per day thereafter. Why wait weeks and somtimes months for a book at the public library when you can get it from us at once.

Jones' Book Store
226 W. FIRST ST. LOS ANGELES

Abbotsford Inn

The best first-class family hotel in the residence districts of Los Angeles—Convenient to all car lines — Social Centre of Los Angeles — Patronized by the most distinguished people — Everything done for the convenience of guests—Beautiful interior Court—Free Billiard-room —Best Cuisine in California—Advise your friends to stop at the

Abbotsford Inn,
801 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.
Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company
Studio and Art Rooms
351 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The object of the Post in affording its readers a summary of the weekly news, is to place the events in such manner that they may easily be remembered. In tracing the growth of an important event throughout the week those occurrences which have contributed to make up the world's history for the week past are recalled to the reader's mind.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Despite the heavy rains in South Africa during the past week the advance of the large British force into Boer territory has been slow but steady. On Saturday reports showed that the Boer forces had been driven from their positions near Dewetsdorp, and the relief of Wepener was near at hand. However, the Boer account was balanced since Gen. Methuen, who is now in the Free State, ordered a general return of his troops to Bospof. On Sunday and Monday the British press censorship give good reasons for the delay in Lord Roberts' advance on Pretoria, the urgent need of more horses, the tremendously heavy rains and Boer attacks in front, rear and both flanks, being the chief excuses. It is said that the Boers at one time had 105,000 men in the field and that they can still muster 80,000, of which 50,000 are in the Free State, 15,000 in the Biggersburg district and 15,000 near Fourteen streams; the remainder are scattered. Tuesday's news showed that the Boer forces were retiring step by step before Gen. Rundel, who is slowly fighting his way towards Wepener. The Transvaal government has asked to be allowed to send a clergyman to St. Helena; also a neutral consul to look after the prisoners' interests there as Adelbert Hay looks after British prisoners in Pretoria. Wednesday's news found the heavy rains still impeding the British advance. The valiant Boer forces have confronted Gen. Rundel in great numbers near Dewetsdorp and it is improbable that either Rundle or Lord Roberts' troops in their advance on Pretoria will succeed in stopping the Boer forces in the manner of Cronje's surrender at Paardeburg. The Boer mobilization and capacity to move heavy guns seems marvelous. Later reports on Wednesday show that French's cavalry cut off the Boer avenue of retreat. This causes the Transvaalers to quickly evacuate, enabling the British forces to occupy Dewetsdorp. Undoubtedly the British army movements will be greatly facilitated by the expected arrival of more horses. Thursday disclosed that the Boers had taken the road to Ladybrand, leaving the British force under Chermside in occupation of Dewetsdorp. Although Lord Roberts has spread his troops over a great extent of territory, it seems as if his enveloping operations must fail owing to the slowness of British military maneuvers. The explosion of the arsenal at Pretoria, and the hard times of the besieged British at Mafeking, were additional news features. On Friday it was given forth that it would be impossible for the British troops to engage the Boer forces at present. The Boer foundry at Johannesburg is turning out 700 shells a day.

ORIENT.

The plague has broken out again in Manila with renewed virulence and on Saturday the information was received that there were fourteen fatal cases within the center of the city in a week. At present there are fifteen cases of the plague, in some instances the victims have been stricken and died within an hour. Sunday's news disclosed the fact that the infected district in Manila is to be burned. The plague also breaks out at Sydney, Australia. Monday's news show that the past week in the Philippines was the bloodiest since the first day of the insurrection. The week's work has finished a thousand insurgents. Near Manila alone 378 Filipinos were killed, 12 officers and 244 men captured and many more were wounded. Only one American soldier is reported as killed. The Filipino weapons are entirely inadequate to fight modern firearms. The Ottoman Porte has replied to the American demands, stating that Turkey will compensate American missionaries under the same conditions as in the case of other foreign subjects; the property will be rebuilt. On Tuesday reports show that the Department at Washington have surmised that from the grouping of claims the Turks intend to pay nothing. However, the United States will not abandon her position as a preferred creditor. On Wednesday Gen. Otis reports affairs improving in Luzon, many insurgents have been slain, and the American loss from April 7th up to date includes but two dead and four wounded. Thursday's news items from the Orient disclosed that three hundred more Filipino rebels had been slaughtered wih a loss of but one American soldier. The rawhide armor of the bolomen is no protection against rifle balls. Lieut. Batch, with 20 cavalrymen, carries off the palm by cornering 50 bolomen in a river and shooting everyone. The news came on Friday that the home battalion of the Fourteenth Regiment, which was the first regular regiment to leave for Manila, arrives in Frisco after two years of active service in the Philippines, and is now in quarantine. There are 180 sick men including 22 insane among the 752 soldiers that returned on the steamer. Turkey says her reason for delaying payment to American missionary claims is that a horde of other claimants will insist on being similarly treated.

EUROPE.

The attention of Europe was directed during the week past to Russian developments in Asia, and the South African war. On Saturday the news was that Germany showed a friendly disposition towards England, but disliked Chamberlain's leadership. The reciprocity meat bill will probably be shelved by the Reichstag, but the big naval bill will pass. The Sultan of Turkey is most cordial towards American consuls and ministers, thus dispelling any doubts as to the ultimate amicable adjustment of difficulties between the United States and Turkey. There was little additional news on Sunday. That Emperor Nicholas, Czar of Russia, spent the holy week in a pleasing manner at Moscow and that immense number of troops are working towards the completion of the trans-Siberian railway is a part of Monday's news budget. The near completion of the railway will afford great mobilization for Russian troops in Asia. On Tuesday came news that Great Britain is making more strenuous endeavors to relieve the terrible and increasing famine in India. The Bank of England has complete control of British finance and the stock markets must pay 5 per cent for an indefinite time. Russia and Germany are alleged to be secret forces behind Turkey in European diplomatic circles. On Wednesday and Thursday it was even intimated that Russia will protest against the enforcement of American claims against Turkey. On the other hand, Great Britain, France, Austria and Italy will push forward their claims against Turkey. Little additional European news on Friday.

NATIONAL.

During the past week heavy rains in the Southern States have caused many floods in the lowlands and the destruction of much property. On Saturdayy the naval appropriation bill was passed by the House at Washington without division. Two thousand missionaries from all parts of the world met in New York and were addressed by ex-President Harrison. On Sunday Hon. J. G. Johnson, National Democratic committeeman from Kansas, announces the campaign issues to be money, militarism and trusts. The reports from Washington on Monday show the increase this year in coal mine productions in this country is nearly 20 per cent over 1898, while the increase in the cost of coal for the same period also shows an advance of 20 per cent. This wholesale raise is taken as an indication of increased manufacturing enterprises. On Tuesday news of the Senate committee of inquiry's unanimous report that Senator Clark of Montana was not legally elected, and is not entitled to a seat in the Senate, was given out. The Niearagua canal question will be considered by the House on the first and second of May. Alaska settlers want legislation which will fix their title to land for homes. Wednesday's news showed that Senator Quay had also been barred out of the Senate by a vote of 33 to 32; as the Senate is Republican Quay has been turned down by his own party. Several thousand coolie laborers are headed to this country from Japan, but the government will turn them back. Thursday and Friday gave forth to the world a substantial rumor that Gen. Joe Wheeler and Mrs. Geo. W. Childs were to be married soon. Union machinists in Chicago state that the promoters of the Dewey celebration in that city are antagonistic to organized labor and forbid union machinists to take part in the celebration. Prominent New Yorkers state that if the silver question is not made too prominent Bryan will carry New York State.

LOCAL.

Unusually large crowds of visitors have proved the chief of this city's attractions during the week past. On Saturday City Attorney Haas encourages the applicants for railway franchises in an explicit opinion in which he states that as far as the law is concerned the Council has the power to grant the franchises. The bold murder of Jos. Hildner Saturday night has aroused the public to action. Many distinguished visitors who belong to the order of the Elks began to stray into the city on Sunday. On Monday the Council made a request to the police commission for ten special policemen to patrol the outside streets of the city. On Tuesday the Knights Templar arrived in town and on Wednesday the parade in the afternoon and later the graceful exhibition drill in the evening were admired by thousands. The Board of Fire Commissioners decided to pay many of the claims incurred during ex-Chief Walter Moore's incumbency. Nearly fifteen hundred delegates of the State Republican clubs arrived in the city on Thursday. Maj. Gen. H G. Otis heads the list of the reception committee. Footpads nightly do their work and the city is in a mild state of modern brigandage. The franchise struggle between the Terminal-Traction forces and the S. P.-Los Angeles railway cohorts in the Council on Friday engrosses public atention.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE LOS ANGELES THEATER.

"The Sporting Duchess" will be presenter by the Frawley Comedy at the Los Angeles Theater next Sunday night and for the first half of the week. This drama of swell English turf society by Cecil Releigh, Henry Hamilton and Sir Augustus Harrie, was one of the greatest hits of the former Frawley season, and its revival will be enjoyable to everybody. At the former presentation, Mr. Frawley did not have time to make a complete production scenically, which he did later in San Francisco, and which will be reproduced at the Los Angeles Theater. There will be twelve scenes in all, five of them being new. Miss Keith Wakeman, will play the "Duchess of Milford," and the role is said to be a most congenial one to her. Her long residence in England has made her familiar with just such women as the good-natured, big-hearted Duchess. Miss Van Buren will be seen again as the "Adventuress," and Marion Barney will play "Lady Desbough," Captain Reynolds will be a familiar figures as "Major Mostyn," and Clarence Montaine will play "Joe Aylmer."

Thursday night, Mr. Frawley will present his first novelty this year. It is a drama which has held a conspicuous position on the English stage for several years, being foremost in Beerbohm Tree's repertoire. It is called "The Red Lamp." There are two plays that hold records on the London stage for revivals, one is John Hares' "A Pair of Spectacles," and the other is Beerbohm Tree's "The Red Lamp."

THE BURBANK THEATER.

The Morosco Opera Company at the Burbank Theater is rapidly establishing itself in public favor. During the past week the "Beggar Student" has been holding the boards, and in that opera the company made their first big hit in this city. Mr. Morosco was so greatly encouraged with the success of the old opera that he has decided to present another favorite, and on Sunday evening Johann Strauss' dainty waltz opera, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," will be presented. This opera, like the "Beggar Student," will give every member of this strong organization, an equal chance. It will be produced very elaborately, as the costumes and scenery will be entirely new. The splendid chorus has been enlarged and a number of the girls will have a new march to execute, and the comedians have even a better opportunity to display their talents than in the "Beggar Student." A great deal of interest is being manifested in musical circles owing to the announcement that Miss Mindall Fern Dreyfuss, a San Francisco favorite, has been specially engaged to sing the role of the Queen. Miss Dreyfuss possesses a beautiful soprano voice of great volume, and has apeared with this company before. This will be her first appearance in this city. Miss Edith Mason, the prima donna, will of course have the star part and sing Irene, a role which she has played a number of times both in San Francisco and the East. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" abounds in pretty music and has a charming story, of which the famous Miguel Cervantes is the hero. Its action takes place at the Portuguese court in 1570. The Kingdom is being ruled by the Ministery, headed by the Premier, who is in the pay of Philip II. of Spain, and who, to promote their own ends, keep the young King and Queen in perpetual strife, and lead the latter into all kinds of dissipation. Cervantes, an exile from his own country, is a captain in the royal guards, and in love with Donna Irene, a lady in waiting to the Queen. The two exert themselves on behalf of the young monarchs and strive to oust the ministry. Cervantes is appointed reader to the Queen, and she, lonely and neglected, falls in love with him and writes on her lace handerchief: "A Queen doth love thee, though thou art no King." She places in it a manuscript of Don Quixote and hands it to him. The book is seized, and as Don Quixote is the minister of war and Sancho Panza the minister of instruction, Cervantes is arrested on a charge of treason for libelling them. The King and Irene procure his release on the grounds of insanity, and the sovereigns end the regancy by ascending the throne. The prime minister produces the incriminating handkerchief and Cervantes is again arrested and the Queen banished.

AFTER THE MURDERERS.

The Efficient Police Force of Demon City are Tightening the Coils. The Two Footpads who Murdered the Young Man on Roast Low will Soon be Apprehended. One Million Dollars Reward for the Capture of the Murderers.

DEMON CITY, Cal., April 27, 1900. (Special to the Post by leased wire, the longest in the world.)—The police force of this city are using every means in their power to bring to justice the footpads who shot down the young man on Roast Low last Friday night. In justice to the police detective department it must be said that they are most zealously co-operating with the police department proper in order to secure the arrest and conviction of these cowardly assassins. The Chief of Police has decided that this menace to public safety must and shall be removed. The police department have purchased a number of handsome automobiles with which to patrol the outlying streets and keep a strict lookout for suspicious characters. Some little difficulty has been experienced by the police department in getting the automobiles in running order. A telegram was last night dispatched to an expert on automobiles in San Francisco, and as soon as the expert arrives the entire outskirts of the city will be put under most rigorous surveillance.

"I am determined to put a stop to these murderous assaults," said the Chief of Police last night, "and have offered $50 reward out of my own pocket for the capture of the highwaymen."

One of the most valuable clues that up to this time has been discovered by the police, are the footprints of one of the murderers. Of these footprints a plaster-paris cast was last night taken. The footprints are upon the edge of the road, and as they were not discovered until yesterday afternoon they were somewhat obliterated by heavy wagons and passing travel. However, to the trained eye of our energetic sleuths they offer a most valuable clue. Some members of the force are inclined to think the prints were made by the wooden stump of a one-legged man. The indentation is just such a one as would be made by the heavy imprint of the end of a wooden leg coming hard in contact with the ground. The Chief of Police is inclined to discredit this theory for a small gray hair, presumably that of an old man, was found the near the scene of the murder. An old man with a wooden leg would scarcely have been able to make speed enough to slip away from our valiant police who were on the scene almost before the crime had been committed.

The police force have not relaxed their efforts for a moment since the commission of this dastardly deed on Friday night last. From that time they have been engaged in the most ceaseless vigilance. For the two days and two nights immediately following the murder, the entire force closeted themselves in a saloon near Chinatown and engaged in the most scientific and exhaustiug discussion as to what would be the best method of catching the footpads. Over sixty dozen bottles of beer were consumed by the police force but the results were entirely satisfactory.

On the third day after the murder the Chief and nine members of the police force, who receive pensions from the government for disabilities incurred during the Civil war and the war of 1812, drove over to the scene of the murder in a sumptuous open barouche, preceeded by a brass band discoursing strains calculated to inspire terror into the heart of the fugitives from justice. An enormous crowd repeatedly cheered the progress of these brave defenders of the public weal, which they were so condescending as to recognize from time to time by a haughty inclination of the head.

Criticisms were passed by some of the public chronic kickers that these old gentlemen and fossils who were drawing pensions from this government for physical disability should be allowed to remain on the police force, for which physical ability is a prime qualification. When these words came to the police commissioners they answered that the pensioners always got soft snap jobs, and that the able members of the police force were busy pasting signs offering a reward for the capture of the murderers on telegraph poles.

As soon as the cavalcade reached Roast Low, the scene of the murder, the Chief of Police held extended interviews with reporters of the daily newspapers while the nine policemen ran around the block in hot haste stopping at the houses as they went to find if any one had seen a suspcious looking pair of footpads.

One of our most venerable and valiant policemen ran around the block forty-two times. This gentleman, albeit his eighty-two years of age, and despite the terriffic wounds he received in the war 1812, is one of the most accomplished coppers on the force. There are sixty saloons on his beat, and 'tis said that he never misses taking a drink at each of them during his rounds, Sundays included. This noble defender of the people's welfare performed prodigies of valor at the polls last election. He succeeded in carrying his candidate for alderman. As a reward for his heroic struggles at the polls he now has a sure thing on the force.

After half an hour's exhausting work, during which the perspiration poured from the sleuths as the blood ran from Caesar's wounds in the Roman capital, a shout of triumph was heard from the police in the lead. Those police pensioners whose disabilities prevented them keeping up in front, hobbled up in an alley to find the rest of the force gathered at respectful distance around a large swill barrel, from which the issuing sound proclaimed that at last the fugitives had been run to earth. As it was desired to capture the suspects alive, an alarm was sounded for the fire department, so that murderers might be drenched out. A long time passed and the sounds in the barrel became terrific. It was evident the villians were about to escape. The members of the force who were present immediately formed a cordon about the barrel, and sent messengers to rouse those of the police force who had stopped in the saloons near at hand for a drink. A small boy, however, threw a stone at the barrel, when it was discovered that the fugitives had evidently made their escape in some mysterious manner for the only object that proceeded from the swill barrel was an old hen.

Although the police have not yet put the cuffs on the suspects, still it is anticipated that a few days will land them in jail. The most cosmopolitan methods are being pursued in this search for the fugitives by our competent and able police force. As little stir as possible is being made, but every effort is put forth to apprehend the murderers. The people of Demon City congratulate themselves upon the intelligent manner in which their police force are proceeding to stop the alarming number of murders and robberies which have threatened the public welfare.

Their Little Testament.

How We Pay the Water Company High Rates for Water Stolen from the Los Angeles River. What the Testament Issued by the Company Twelve Years Ago Defined to Be the Amount of Water to be Taken from the River.

In 1888 the city water company published a neat little testament, the object of which was to protest against a reduction of the water rates. Many things contained in the testament the water company have since repudiated. One of the things they have repudiated is their interpretation of what the "ten inches" of water allowed them in their thirty-year lease from the city means.

WHAT THE TESTAMENT SAID.

In the water company's little testament they said the "ten inches" of water which the people were to allow them really meant the amount of water which flowed in the flume (ten inches deep and twenty-four inches wide) that carried the water from the water wheel which raised it from the river into the city reservoir, which from its elevation gave the necessary pressure.

A BROADER FAITH.

Now the water company have enlarged their ideas as to what the "ten inches" mentioned in their lease mean. Now they take enough water from the river to fill a flume (flowing at the rate the old flume flowed) which would be 1500 inches broad and ten inches deep. Their belief in what the ten inches meant has broadened from 24 inches to 1500 inches of water.

A WHOLESALE STEAL.

This is a wholesale steal. We who get water from the water company have to pay for what already belongs to us. The city water company nets the miserable pittance of $350,000 a year for furnishing the people of Los Angeles with water which by law has been declared to belong to the people, and which was never leased to the water company.

WHAT THE LEASE SAYS.

The contract between the city of Los Angeles and the city water company states that the water company may take from the Los Angeles river ten inches of water per second. If the water company desires to use more water then they must obtain permission from the council. This permission has not been obtained.

The city of Los Angeles desired to protect those people who used the water for irrigation and other purposes lower down the stream. The city desired to protect all sub-riparian owners. In the law courts the water company have claimed that the expression "ten inches per second" was too indefinite. It was definite enough for them in 1888, when the testament came out.

MAKE THEM EXPLAIN.

The water company should explain in a new testament what the "ten inches" mean. They defined the term once. Should the people of Los Angeles suffer themselves to pay three times as much for their hydrant water as they should by right pay? The statute has declared that the water in the Los Angeles river in all points of the river above its intersection with the city of Los Angeles shall belong to the public. People of Los Angeles sue for you rights! Make the water company explain!

HOW THE TESTAMENT READS.

The pamphlet published by the city water company in 1888 to protest against a movement then on foot to reduce the water charges is entitled, "A Brief History of the Los Angeles City Water Works." It correctly describes the workings of the flume and the volume of water the flume carried, as follows:

"The Los Angeles City Water Works was built by the city of Los Angeles in 1864 and 1865. It was constructed as follows: A dam was built across the Los Angeles river near where the Buena Vista street bridge now stands. This dam was constructed of piles and two-inch plank sheating. It raised the water of the river about seven feet above its natural surface. At the west end of the dam in Zanja Madre (mother ditch) a current wheel was built forty feet in height and six feet abreast; on the outer end of the arms paddles two feet by six, and four feet apart, were placed. On each of the paddles a bucket was attached holding about fifteen gallons of water. The wheel was propelled by water from the dam falling about six feet into Zanja Madre. The buckets of the wheel filled and discharged at each revolution of the wheel, filling from the zanja water and discharging at a height 36 feet above the water of the zanja. The water thus raised was discharged into a receiver and the water from the receiver was carried to the hillside in a flume twelve inches deep and two feet wide in the clear. It had a fall of two inches to one hundred feet."

The water company in another part of the testament presented an affidavit to show how much the flume carried and what "ten inches of water" meant.

THE AFFIDAVIT IN THE TESTAMENT.

To show what the "ten inches" mentioned in their lease meant, the water company presented the following affidavit of Wallace Woodworth in their testament:

"State of California, County of Los Angeles—ss.

"Wallace Woodworth being duly sworn says he has been a resident of the city of Los Angeles for more than twenty-five years. That he knows about the amount of water formerly taken from the pond caused by the city dam to supply the water works. That at the time the contract was made between the city and Griffin and others, in July, 1868, I was a member of the firm of Perry & Woodworth, and when the city constructed the water works Perry & Woodworth constructed the wheel which raised the water, and the flume which conveyed it into the ditch that led to the reservoir. That the flume was built twelve inches deep by twenty-four wide, and had a carrying capacity of a body of water ten inches deep and twenty-four inches wide. That a freshet washed the dam away, and the flume and wheel rendered useless. The pipes which conducted the water about the city were of wood. After the dam was washed away, the city failing to repair it, the water company was forced to see another place for taking out water. W. Woodworth.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of Feb. 1881.

"A. W. Potts, Clerk."

This is the affidavit the water company raked up to prove what "ten inches of water" meant.

POLLYWOGS AND SNAKES.

The stolen water for which we pay so highly is very impure. Only a small part of it comes from the infiltration pipes, and that small part is mixed with the water appropriated bodily from the Los Angeles river. Any one who has ever visited the swampy region through which the river flows must realize the necessity of infiltration. Besides containing miasmatic germs, this water is frequently filled with small water bugs of various descriptions. However this is only one of the results incident to a gigantic steal.

Piano Tuning

It's a shame to have a good piano spoiled by unskilled tuning. The easiest way to ruin a piano is to have it tuned by an inexperienced person. Our tuners are men of great experience. They will help not harm your instrument.

Southern California Music Co.

216-218 West Third Street, Bradbury Building.

THE HONOR OF BESSON.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

[Copyright, 1900, by R. C. V. Meyers.]

Besson shoved in his pocket the paper on which he had jotted down the order.

"Of course," said Mr. Clavie while the young clerk in the background became interested in a book on a table near enough the two to render overhearing not impossible—"of course you will be punctual?"

Besson buttoned up his coat.

"And," followed up the publisher, "you understand fully."

Such insistence! It tired Besson.

"It is probable," he answered, "that I understand."

Clavie cleared his throat.

"Your pardon," he explained, "but you seemed so—shall I say inattentive?"

"It is a very good word," Besson assured him. Then, apparently willing to relieve the other's anxiety at so slight a cost to himself, he pulled the paper from his pocket. "I have it down, you see—ten biographies of 500 words each, to be incorporated into a new popular history of the revolution. The subjects are Marat, Brienne, Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, Espremesnil, Mirabeau—of course not 'Tonneau' Mirabeau."

"You know that."

"As you say, Mirabeau (not 'Tonneau'), Roland, Tinville—I have them all here."

"And I know you have their histories at the ends of your fingers."

"Or at the ends of the fingers of those who have prattled about them in print—Besanville, Dulaure, Lacretelle, Condorcet, Mercier, Toulongeon, Boville, Meillan, Vauban."

"Bravo!" cried Clavie. "Did I not say so?"

"For which emanations of genius," dryly summed up Besson, "I am to receive"—

He paused, a twinkle in his eye, in the corner of which quivered a drop of moisture.

"You consider the price low," said the publisher. "Twenty francs for each biography of 500 words is"—

"Precisely," interrupted Besson as he returned the paper to his pocket. "I took a prize in mathematics some years ago. I know how many centimes a word that is. It is settled. Bon jour!" And he left the office, brushing the drop from his eye with a finger circled by a deep gold band that served to accentuate the whiteness of the hand.

"Francois," the publisher said, turning to the young clerk, "there goes a man who knows more about France and her times than any two men in Paris today. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "dissipation has done its work. The green angel has him, and he will not be on time. Thus I have put the date five days ahead of that on which, as you know, we shall actually need the articles he is to do for us. Today is the 5th. I have told him we must have them by the 15th. We need them on the 20th. He will deliver them on the 18th. He has worked for us before. You may resume your duties, Francois."

Outside in the sunshine Besson relieved his eyes of another drop of moisture. It was always thus early in the morning. It was barely noon, and he had been forced to rise prematurely in order to see the publisher, who had twice asked for the interview.

Whither should he go—home to work at the order from Clavie? Bah! He had no such intention. What—on such a day as this to go to his silent room at Mamzelle's, in the Place Labrosse, and sit there and spin out words about Marat, Mirabeau (not 'Tonneau') and those others! No, no, my child, not while the sun shone like this, and the boulevard promised what it did, and that path in the Bois had begun to sprinkle the asphalted air with imperceptible jets of the perfume of lilacs. He might get at the things this evening—though not this evening, either, for he had promised himself to go this evening and see how wretchedly Sardou had put together that last new play, a thing of shreds and patches of apochryphal history. Tomorrow would be time enough. Hold! He had promised himself that tomorrow. Well, he had told Clavie that the biographies would be done by the 15th. Here it was only the 5th. He had ten days in which to write out 5,000 words upon the subjects with which he was entirely familiar. He could do it in a day. He had done as much before.

To be sure, he wished that he already had the money for the stuff. He was badly in need of money, as was usually the case, and the people who had purchased the newspaper that owed him so much for those papers on the Sorbonne would not pay up till next month. It was vexatious, and he had a mind to return to Clavie and request a trifle in advance and—

But, stop! He knew what he should do. He would go and see Bougereau's new picture, which was such a falling off from his earlier and better style. First he would have a small glass at the American's, where the tumblers were not so thick as at Compte's. After Bougereau's picture he would drop in on Fleche and point out to him the faults in the poem he had under way. Surely, now he was in for it, he could think of a hundred things which would assist in pleasantly passing the time till evening and the theater. Now for the small glass at the American's, for he was shaky after last night. And what drollery there had been last night. Arsene with castanets was inimitable in that grotesque imitation of Calve as Carmen.

Mamzelle, in the Place Labrosse, heard him at daybreak fumbling at the lock. She often had to go down and admit him at about this hour, as he had more than once filled the keyhole with bits of pencil and the like, mistaking them for his latchkey. So it was better, all things considered, to let him in as soon as one heard him.

"I regret, Mamzelle," he said when she opened the door, "to be the cause of rousing you from the morning slumber which increases beauty. I have been to the theater."

"As any one may know," Mamzelle responded shortly, though not unkindly.

Her father had often gone to the theater and come home to this very house, at this very hour, in this very condition. Indeed, old Carlere, across the way, had told her on more than one occasion that it must seem like old times to have her lodger going on like this.

"And it was a bad play," Besson was saying, smiling so blandly that Mamzelle frowned. It too vividly reminded her of the old times. "Sardou knows no more about French affairs than—than you do. The next thing we shall have you doing historical plays, Mamzelle."

"The good God forbid!" she ejaculated. "And if monsieur would kindly enter I will close the door. Monsieur is still outside."

"I believe Mamzelle is correct," he apologized. "Permit me." And, entering, he shut the door in an elaborate fashion. "Does Mamzelle ascend?"

"It is my hour for beginning the day," she told him.

"It is an admirable hour for beginning anything," smiled Besson and zigzagged his way up to his room, Mamzelle waiting at the foot of the stairs in case of an accident. Then she took the lamp from its stand and went into her parlor.

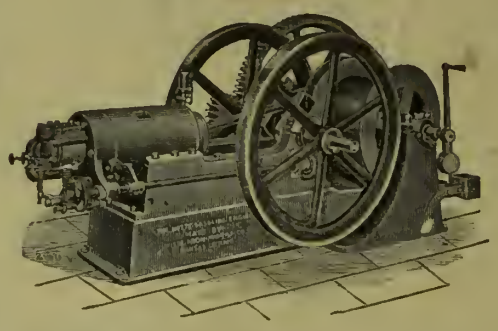
"But," she sighed, "I only wish he would pay me 60 francs on account. I pity him. I pity all men. They are of the sex of my father. I cannot press him for the rent of his room, and yet I have promised Dalcour 60 francs by noon of the 25th of the month, and I have not a franc of it. I fully expected monsieur to settle the 1st of this month, which made six months' rent due me, but he has not done so, and now that he has taken to going to the theater every night, in place of twice a week, and writing not at all, I see no prospects of the money."

She threw open the window so that she might catch the first light of day and have a box of flowers under way by the time she partook of dejeuner.

"I will wait as long as possible, though," she said, with a sigh. "I must

Machinery

C. B. BOOTHE & CO.
126 S. Los Angeles Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines
COMPLETE
IRRIGATING PLANTS
Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE
Gasoline Engines
—ARE—
Simple
Reliable
Durable
FULLY GUARANTEED.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891
—SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.—

Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical

A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets
Polished oak floors $1.25 per Sq. Yard. Will last a life-time. Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.
JOHN A. SMITH 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.
There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from
JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street
Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS
Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.
ROBT. JORDAN
Telephone Main 217
641 South Broadway

A. I. LIKE
Successor to
The Tabor Carriage Works
Carriage painting and repairing, work and materials first class.
New business wagons, carriages, buggies and milk wagons made to order.
FIRST CLASS HORSE SHOEING.
Horses Shod for $1.00 up.
Telephone Main 405 800-802 South Spring Street 801-803 South Main Street Los Angeles

CASH WALL PAPER SALE
COMPARE PRICES.
Ingrains, 7½c roll. White Blank, 5c. 25c Gold Paper, 12½c.
3c Moulding, 1½c foot. 5c Moulding, 2½c foot.
One lot the Best Paint, $1.25 to $1.50 gallon.
Big discount on Varnish, etc. Samples Free.
Chicago Wall Paper Co. 433 So. Broadway
TEL. BROWN 1903

Ocean Park.
THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.
T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P. O.

not despair. Despair ruins my skill, and this time I am making orchids."

The days passed, and Besson offered no part of the money he owed her. Of course in the midst of her increasing perplexity old Cariere had to come over, when he saw her working at the window. He folded his arms on the window sill and talked in at her.

"Ah, Mamzelle," he chirruped, "such a tombstone as your father will have! It must be pleasant to rest under such a tombstone. Dalcour is proud of it himself. He says that but for my friendship for you it would have cost you considerably more than he charges you. He is an agreeable man, that Dalcour. By the way, our young man, our Besson—I hope his late hours do not interfere with his work. Is he always prompt in paying what he owes? I ask as a friend."

"I find no fault with monsieur," Mamzelle stiffly replied. "He is a writer for the newspapers. Writers for the newspapers frequently keep late hours, I understand."

Again old Cariere sauntered over.

"Dalcour says the marble of that tombstone is without a flaw. I have seen it. Dalcour says that 60 francs you pay him on the 25th will just defray the expense of the marble and the carrying of it to the cemetery, not a sou for the carving he has executed—such a ravishing wreath of acorns round your father's name. Our young man, our Besson—does he write much for the newspapers? I meet him so frequently on the boulevard."

"Doubtless it is wearisome. But, then, these writers for the newspapers gather ideas on the boulevard," said she.

Old Cariere smiled and disclosed his two eyeteeth, which were separated by a sad stretch of unrelieved vacancy, and, dusting his elbows, went away, only to come back in a day or so and say something to the same effect, for he watched Mamzelle and saw that something was on her mind. And as in former times only one thing had been on her mind—namely, her father—so he now decided that only two things could have the old effect—her father's tombstone and her lodger.

By the 23d Mamzelle was nearly beside herself. She had promised Dalcour that he should have 60 francs on the 25th, and she had never broken her word. The flower making was but poorly remunerative. She earned only enough to keep her in the bare necessaries of life. The landlord must be paid regularly; the baker must not wait; her fuel must not be had on trust. She had only the rent of the room Besson occupied to assist her in outside matters, and the rent had not been paid for nearly the half of the entire year he had been with her. Why did she keep him? She sometimes asked herself that question. Old Cariere would have said that it was because she had lived so long alone with her father that now, faded haired and feeble eyed, she found in Besson's neglect of her and his mode of living a likeness to the parent who had made himself the controlling thought of her existence.

On the afternoon of the 23d Dalcour, going by, stopped a moment at the window to say that through unprecedented efforts he had managed to get the tombstone into such condition that it would be completed on the day he had promised. She was a woman of her word, and he wished to be a man of his.

Mamzelle felt a sudden singing up in her head. The plete was conveniently at hand, but there was nothing to pledge unless it was her father's tall hat, and it was more than doubtful that she could get any considerable sum on that, especially as the wheels of a wagon had gone over it that time its wearer had fallen in the fit and they brought him home white and still, with the hat reposing upon his motionless breast.

Besson must do it. He must pay up. She decided it all at once. She became quite warm thinking of it. It was scandalous in the man to treat like this a woman of her age and with so little in the world. He was young, he had his health, and yet he let her house him for nothing. It was scandalous. He should pay up.

She did not go to her sleeping room that night, but waited in the parlor for him. She knew that he would not come home early, yet it was a satisfaction to sit there and weave and unweave the speech she should employ when he arrived, for she intended to tell him what she thought and how execrably he was acting.

While she sat there beguiling the time thus, Besson was at the theater. The false history of Sardou attracted him to the usual degree. Suddenly a feeling of aloofness seized him. He was near nothing and no one. The man occupying the seat next to his was more than miles away from him. He recognized the fact that the feeling had often approached him before, but now it was here. He was alone. This dramatist had honor; these actors had applause; this audience had entertainment. He had nothing. He rose and went out into the street. He must elude something that was doing its best to incorporate itself into his very being.

Tragic faces passed him. Sounds of false joy smote his ear. This was his life. There was nothing more for him. Up rose before him strange revelations of his one time hope and aspirations. More than that, there appealed to him that which had given the impetus to all the rest—a woman's love—Marie's. And it was all gone, Marie farther away than the rest. Only he lingered, and for what? And should this continue? No; a thousand times no. He had been a fool to suffer it so long, but now he would end it. The river! It was cool there, and quiet, and dark, and—lonely. No; he would go on to his room at Mamzelle's, look into a beautifully polished little American cylinder, with a revolving chamber at one end of it, and in a moment there would be a quiet length lying on his bed, and it would be all over! He could scarcely wait to get to the Place Labrosse, only that it would be too much a part of his new loneliness to be rocked about in the river, his wide open eyes turning every now and then up to the stars that should not heed. He reached the house, his latchkey in his hand. On the step he glanced up at the dull little domicile. He to call this life, to creep into a hiding hole in this poor place—he who had known so much that was different! He was of no importance now, but in a few hours he would have made even little Mamzelle of the utmost importance and given her name to thousands of readers of the newspapers. A gardien would pace back and forth in front of the house. The whole machinery of the nation would be set in operation.

Wild to get it over, he dashed the key into the lock, but Mamzelle was at the door before he could turn the knob. Her face was scared. Beyond her in the dim entry the lamp flared on its table and outlined a blotch on the wall which Besson knew to be her father's hat.

"Monsieur!" she stammered, "Monsieur!" and could get no further.

"Anything wrong, Mamzelle?" he asked her.

"Not at all," she answered.

"Oh!" he said. "I have been to the theater, and a bad play it was. Sardou is as correct in his French history as you would be, very likely. But I believe I have said as much to you before."

"Several times," she returned.

He laughed.

"It is a way I have," he reminded her. "Good night!" and prepared to ascend the stairs. "I shall rest—rest!"

The moment had arrived, the moment to meet which she had been so long nerving herself.

"Monsieur," she said, trembling in every limb, "will you do me the favor to step into my parlor?"

He turned round, his hand on the baluster of the stairs. She saw the flash of the ring on his finger. What right had he to wear rings when he owed half a year's rent?

"Then there is something the matter," he said. "You—you have not been frightened during my absence?"

"I am used to being alone," she answered, with dry mouth. "It is not that."

"Then what is it?" he queried. "Is it the mice? These old houses are overrun with mice. You should keep a

Dry Seasons When the Wind IS **DEAD** YOUR **WIND MILL** Stands Still. If You Need **WATER** We can Sell You a Small **GASOLINE ENGINE** and PUMP that will run 24 hours a day and bring the water, and so cheap you will be astonished. Call and see them in operation.

S.W. LUITWIELER CO.
405-7 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

Don't Throw Away Those Old Magazines

Those Favorite Pieces of Music.
—You'll Miss Them—
Better have them bound.
It don't cost much if done by

HENRY J. PAULY,
Tel. Brown 312,
115½ N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.
For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,
401-2 STIMSON BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Laux California Perfumes
—ARE THE LEADERS.—
Huyler's New York Candies Fresh all the Time.
C. LAUX Co., Druggists,
231 South Broadway

BUY YOUR **SHOES** AT THE **Queen Shoe Store**
162-164 North Main Street

Buy Your Roll Paper and Twine
FROM.....
Blake, Moffitt & Towne,
146 North Los Angeles St.

Ring up Main 52
For Choice Buffalo Lager, $1.25 per dozen
Or STEAM BEER, 5 gals., $1.60
10 gals., $3.00
NAPA SODA delivered at your home.
H. BRAUN, Agent,
Junction North Main and Alameda Sts.

Western Fish Co.,
BARACUDA, SMELTS AND SURF FISH
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. *Telephone Main 561.*

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO JAN. 16, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
8:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
8:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
8:00 am	East via El Paso Wednesday and Saturday Sunset Limited.	7:45 pm
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:45 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:45 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:45 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:45 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:45 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5.25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:30 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:30 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	*7:23 am
‖1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	**11:35 am
5:45 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	..Port Los Angeles..	
‖1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
3:45 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	*2:57 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only. ‖‖On Sundays and "steamer days" (P. C. S. S. Co.) only.

SANTA FE ROUTE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect Nov. 10, 1899.

CITY TICKET Office, Corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angeles		Arrive Los Angeles
4:00 p.m.	California	1:50 p.m.
Sunday	Limited	Friday
Tuesday	The Fastest	Saturday
Thursday	Train Across	Sunday
Saturday	the Continent	Tuesday
10:10 a.m.	Ov'ld Express For Denver, Kansas City, St.	8:25 a.m.
Daily	Louis, Chicago and East.	Daily
8:50 a.m.	San Diego	12:10 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	San Diego	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.		8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	San Bernardino	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	via	B 1:50 p.m.
A 6:00 p.m.	Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	San Bernardino	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Redlands	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	5:30 p.m.
4:80 p.m.	Pasadena	
S 8:50 a.m.	Redlands	*10:55 a.m
*10:00 a.m.	via Orange	S12:10 a.m
		5:47 p.m.
*8:30 a.m.	Riverside	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	B 1:50 p.m.
	Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	Riverside	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m
5:05 p.m.	Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Pasadena	8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	Monrovia	9:50 a.m
4:30 p.m.	and Azusa	5:30 p.m
8:56 a.m.	Santa Ana	8:45 a.m.
2:00 p.m.	Santa Ana	12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Santa Ana	5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m.	San Jacinto	O*10:55 a.m.
O*10:00 a.m.	and Elsinore	
*2:00 p.m.	Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
9:55 a.m.	Redondo Beach	8:25 a.m.
5:24 p.m.	Redondo Beach	4:25 p.m.
*9:55 a.m.	Santa Monica	*4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sundays; O, via Orange; P, via Pasadena; S, Sundays; A, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday; B, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday. All other trains daily.

cat."

"Monsieur," she said, "you have not found me unreasonable?"

"Assuredly not," he told her.

"I am not easily put into bad humor?"

"Indeed, no."

"You do not find me annoying or insistent?"

"You are the most retiring of creatures."

"Then it is this," she said—"that is, I mean, if monsieur will pardon me for being so bold, I should find good use for a little money just now—not much, say 60 francs. I could not accept more than 60 francs. The fact is, I have ordered a tombstone for my father's grave. Dalcour, who makes it, is a great friend of Cariere, across the way, so he lets me have it at a low price. Indeed, it is quite an 'occasion.' But he has been so deceived he knows not whom to trust, and a tombstone made for a certain person is not pleasant goods to have returned on one's hands. He asks me for 60 francs on account on the 25th, which is the day after tomorrow—it is my father's birthday—and at noon, when he pays his men. Then the tombstone goes up. The rest of the money I pay in a year, which is certainly most reasonable of Dalcour. But I have not the 60 francs. I have promised it, though, and it grieves me to think I may not keep my word. If monsieur would kindly let me have that amount, not a franc more, I should be infinitely obliged. I should not be so pressing only that my word is pledged that Dalcour shall have the money, and in honor I must pay him."

Besson was rolling the ring round and round on his finger. He looked down at the little faded creature who used such fine expressions.

"Honor!" He smiled. "Honor!"

Mamzelle was on fire in an instant.

"Yes, honor!" she cried. "What have I but honor? I have no wealth. I have lost my youth. There is no one who cares for me. I have only honor. My word is not doubted because it has always been sacred to me. Honor! I know how it is with those who have it not. I have sorrowed and shamed for one who let his honor fall to the dirt. It was my father. He was believed of no man. He had no friends. Alone I followed him to the grave. Honor! It is all I have in the world, and I will carry it with me unsoiled up to the good God."

She was panting, her hand up over her heart. Besson was looking straight before him, a strange expression in his eyes.

"But monsieur does not attend," said Mamzelle.

She had to speak to him a second time. Then he pulled himself together.

"Mamzelle," he said, "you shall have the 60 francs on the day you have promised to pay it away," and pressed onward up the stairs.

But she ran after him and caught him by the sleeve. "Monsieur," she said, "will you forgive my heated words? Have I ever shown doubt of you? Then forgive me! I had no one else to go to, and then, monsieur, you—you seem a trifle careless."

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know. 'Careless' is a very good word. But I am not worth your thought, Mamzelle, though I am as I wish to be. But you shall have the money by noon on the 25th."

He went to his room. It was not quite daybreak, so he lighted the lamp. His head was heavy and hot. He got the revolver from the drawer of the table.

"But not just yet. I will work at those things for Clavie," he said. "There will be time for that other afterward."

He slipped the weapon in his pocket. He picked up the water jug and dashed its contents over his head.

"So! That cools the oven," he said. "How do you like it, Mlle. Absinthe?"

The water streamed down his shoulders. His face was varnished with it. He seated himself at the table, where there were a dozen pointed pencils and a quantity of dusty paper.

"Honor!"

He took a pencil and drew it across the paper.

"Jean Paul Marat was born"— he wrote, when he let the pencil drop.

He picked it up and wrote again:

"Jean Paul Marat was born"—

He threw the pencil aside.

"Of course he was born," he said, "or how else did he get here?"

He selected with care a new pencil. His fingers grasped it till the knuckles whitened. He drove it over the paper. Sheet after sheet was filled with writing and fell to the floor. The pencil wore out. He took another.

Day came, and the outside light paled the yellow struggling of the lamp, though he did not heed. He wrote and wrote. He wore out pencil after pencil. The lamp died out, with an evil smell, but he knew it not. From the storehouse of his memory he drew forth the knowledge he had acquired years ago, when he had been hailed as a rising man whom the world would yet be proud to acknowledge. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the last word was set down. The ten biographies ordered by M. Clavie were finished.

His hand was cramped. His neck had pains darting through it. Every bone in his body seemed wrenched. It was too late to deliver the manuscripts that day.

He threw himself across the bed and tossed about. At last he slept. He awoke with a start. All was dark round him. Night had come again.

"You have gained a day, my little heart," he said. "If I had but one small glass! But, no. I must keep cool of head, for I must have more for these articles than a hundred francs. I have made them twice as long as I promised to do. The extra money will console Mamzelle for the trouble I shall cause her in this room." He tapped on his pocket. "And I will not look on Mme. Smithandwesson till I have been to Clavie, or I should surely be tempted."

He tried to light his lamp and found that the oil was exhausted. He went round in the dark and gathered the sheets of paper from the floor.

"Honor!"

With the first arrow of light he arranged the pages in sequence. When the light was more fully come, he left the house. In many months he had not seen the streets at this hour of the morning. The noise had scarcely begun. A blue frocked ouvrier here and there was going to work. A commercial traveler, with his bag of samples, was hurrying to catch an early train at the Gare d'Orleans. Two pea shellers, with sabots on their feet, were making for the markets.

The markets! He had once thought he would write up the markets.

"In the twelfth century they were pretty near where they are now. In 1551 they were destroyed by fire. Under the Fronde they suffered— But am I writing them up now?"

Six o'clock! The noise was increasing. Seven o'clock! Eight!

Clavie did not reach the office till 11—three hours—and no one he could visit so easily, and so get rid of the time. He wandered into the older part of the town, now rapidly becoming the newer. He had once thought he should like to write a history of old Paris. How far off the time of that thought seemed now—as far off as everything else! Yet how interesting Paris was!

At half past 10 he found that it would be close on to 11, even if he walked briskly, by the time he reached Clavie's.

Francois was alone in the office. M. Clavie had been out of town for a few days, but was expected at the office that morning.

"Good!" said Besson. "I will wait."

When 11 struck, he asked if this were not the usual time for Clavie to arrive.

Francois answered, "Before this some days, but then he might have come home late last night and slept an hour or so beyond his usual time."

"True," said Besson and fastened his eyes on the clock.

Mamzelle had said she had promised the money to the tombstone man at noon, so there was a full hour yet.

Francois drummed on the table in front of him. A messenger entered with a letter. Francois read it.

"Unfortunately," he said, "this informs me that M. Clavie will not return until tomorrow."

Besson bounded to his feet.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

The following copyrighted stories by celebrated authors will shortly appear in THE SATURDAY POST:

THE WAY OF THE TRESPASSER
By P. V. Banks

ONE TREE ISLAND
By John Bloundelle-Burton

THE TALK STICK
By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE
By Robert Barr

AN OLD SCORE
By Adeline Sergeant.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DAMON
By James Raymond Perry.

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES
By Wm. Murray Graydon

THE COUNT'S APOLOGY
By Robert Barr

TO CAPTURE AN HEIRESS
By Cutcliffe Hyne

AT THE PISTOL'S POINT
By E. W. Horning

THE LADY OF THE ROAD
By Clinton Ross.

THE BROTHER OF JIM
By Wm. Henry Sheldon.

The Saturday Post will be sent by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for ***50 Cents Per Year.***

Address all communications and make all checks, drafts and money orders payable to

The Post Publishing Company,
401-402 Stimson Building,
Telephone Red 756. *Los Angeles, Cal.*

"But," he said, "I have brought the biographies."

"I did not like to mention it," returned Francois, "but you will remember they were promised for the 15th. To-day is the 25th. We could not wait longer than the 20th. Then we gave orders to have them written elsewhere. Some are already done, the others promised in a week."

Besson was dumfounded. Mamzelle had said she must pay the money at noon today. He had no means of getting the 60 francs save through the biographies. He had expected to settle his backstanding rent when he was paid for his papers on the Sorbonne, but that would not be until next month. He had trusted his food and drink even till he was paid for these papers on the Sorbonne.

"Monsieur," he said to Francois, "it is urgent. I must have the money."

"It is not my affair," returned Francois.

"Yes," argued Besson, "but the biographies were ordered from me."

"By a certain date," Francois retorted.

"True," urged Besson. "But I have written them. I will let you have them for 60 francs. Really 60 francs is necessary to me. I must have the money before noon. Oh, do not say no! See, the manuscripts are much longer than 500 words. They are correct in every particular. I will vouch for it. Only 60 francs! Surely, you will not refuse me? See how well they look! Sixty francs! Monsieur, I must have the money by noon. An honor is at stake."

Francois had grown pale as he listened to the words that drove like the wind.

"It is not my affair," he said more courteously. "We have already three of the biographies in the hands of the printer. You did not keep your contract as to time."

"But 60 francs," Besson cried, "only 60 francs!"

"I dare not," protested Francois.

"But"—

"Monsieur," said Francois, "I will take a risk on myself. I will accept two of these for 40 francs. It may be a complete loss from my own purse."

"Sixty francs for them all!"

"Forty francs for Roland and Tinville!"

The clock struck the half hour. Besson looked down at the manuscripts. The ring on his finger caught his eye.

"Take them," he said.

He threw the papers on the table, grasped the money held out to him and hurried from the place. He had only 30 minutes. He tore off his ring as he went along. He meant to pledge it.

He darted into a shop. They would advance no more than 10 francs on it. If he wished more, he might go to an honest man in the Rue Scarelle, who would buy it by weight for old gold.

Out hurried Besson. A clock in a window told him that ten minutes of the half hour were gone. Only 20 minutes till noon!

The Rue Scarelle was another ten minutes off, but then it was only five or six minutes from there to the Place Labrosse and Mamzelle.

He ran now. At the corner of the Rue Scarelle he stopped abruptly. He was dripping with perspiration; his face was ghastly.

He looked at the ring lying in his palm. It had been Marie's ring. She had given it to him when she had thought to marry him—before he had begun to make those mistakes which forced her to cast him off.

He had always kept the ring. No privation had caused the suggestion that he should part with it. It had belonged to her. She had worn it. It had been warmed by the blood that coursed from her heart, and the possession of it had seemed to keep her not quite so far away. To part with it, it appealed to him, would sever him entirely from the past, when he had been hopeful and respected and loved.

"But Mamzelle's word would be broken. She relies on me—my honor."

He made for the shop. He was offered 25 francs for the ring after it had been tested with acids.

"Of course," said Besson.

"You take it merely as old metal?"

"Of course."

"And you would give as much for it if it were broken?"

"Certainly."

"Will you lend me a hammer?"

The hammer was given him. He stooped to the stone floor. He looked inside the ring and saw Marie's name there. Then he laid the ring on the floor and with a powerful blow of the hammer crushed it into a shapeless mass. The ring had been the last tie. He was now irrevocably separated from the past.

He handed the gold to the man and received 25 francs.

"The time?" he asked.

"It is 5½ minutes to 12," was the answer.

Besson left the shop. He now had the 60 francs, and 5 over.

"Yes," he said, "the 5 will get me several small glasses. I need them. What! From the proceeds of that ring!"

He dashed the 5 franc piece into the road, crowded with vehicles, and pressed on to the Place Labrosse. He entered the house as the noon hour sounded.

Mamzelle glanced at him and nodded pleasantly.

"The 60 francs," he said and laid the money on the table among the blossoms of her manufacture.

"There, now, Dalcour," she said.

A man Besson had not noticed came from a corner and pointed to the little flower maker.

"Mamzelle never breaks her word," he said. "The tombstone goes up this afternoon. Bon jour, Mamzelle! Bon jour, monsieur!" And he took his leave.

Mamzelle laid aside the flower whose petals she was forming and rose to her feet. She put out her hand.

"You have saved me so much," she said. "Let me be your friend. I am old enough to be your mother. I am not learned, like monsieur, but we women give love, and that is sometimes as valuable as learning. You have helped me so much. Let me help you. Monsieur, my father was as you have been. He died, and he was forgotten before he died. You are young. You must live and vindicate your worth to the world, as you have vindicated your word to me."

Besson stood there, tall and grim.

For a moment a smile twitched the corners of his mouth. Mamzelle took his hand and held it up to her cheek.

"Do not be like my father," she pleaded softly. "Honor is dear to you. You have shown me that. You will promise me?"

A shiver passed through Besson. Marie's face seemed to loom in the distance.

Mamzelle regarded him with streaming eyes.

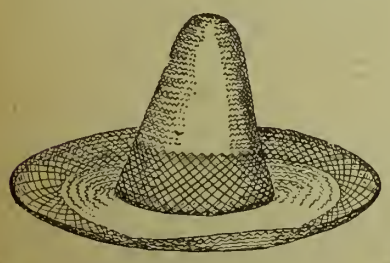
"You promise?" She appealed to him. "Surely there is some one you love. If it be a woman, think what your honor must be to her. You promise?"

Marie was near, so very near that he felt that he might touch her, and she was smiling, pleading.

"I promise," he said, "Marie!" and fell at Mamzelle's feet, pressing the hem of her common frock to his lips.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at 306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.) SANTA MONICA

Price 75c. Mail Prepaid 85c.



Mexican Sombreros

Just received 100 dozen Mexican Sombreros.

These hats are rapidly taking the place of all other hats for children in Southern California and Arizona. Three years ago we imported only 50 dozen, now we import from 500 to 600 dozen a year. We also have sizes for adults in fancy straws and trimmings. Children's sizes, 75c.; Adults, $1 to $4.

The only importers in California. Wholesale and retail.

CAMPBELL'S CURIO STORE

325 So. Spring St. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TAXATION OCTOPUS.

Duplicate Offices.—Heavier Burdens Rest Upon Our Tax Payers Each Year.—Reckless Extravagance in Our City Administration.—A Few Facts in Regard To Taxes in Los Angeles and in Los Angeles County.

For years people in the city and county of Los Angeles have reeled under the heavy burden of increasing taxation which has been imposed upon them by a reckless expenditure of public moneys. For years the tax rate has made steady increase both as regards the city tax rate in the city and the county tax rate in the city, and also the county tax rate outside the city. This increase in the tax rate has more than kept pace with the growth of population and increasing expenditures. The assessed valuation of property has rarely been decreased to meet the depreciated values of property in certain localities. Duplicate sets of office-holders at high salaries are retained to do the same work in the taxation department. Thus the county tax collector and assessor, with their deputies, collect and assess the county tax rate in cities, while the same ground precisely is covered by a city tax collector and assessor in making city assessments and collections.

During the fiscal year of 1898-9 the city of Los Angeles paid $11,962.08 for the city assessor s office, and $11,987.20 as the annual expense of the city tax collector's office, making a total of $23,949.28 for running the city tax department exclusive of what might be expended in the auditor's or other county offices wherein some of the duties resultant from taxation are performed. The annual expense of running the county assessor's office for the same year was $42,038.20, and the annual running expense of the county tax collector's office was $25,995,79, giving a total of $68,033.99 for that branch of the county tax department. The county tax assessor gets $3,600 per annum, plus 30 per cent of the poll tax, while the county tax collector gets $3,600 per annum. Or for these two officers a salary of $7,200 per annum, plus 30 per cent of the poll tax. Deducting this sum from $68,033.99 (the general running expenses of the two offices) we get something over $60,000 for the fiscal year '98-9, which was spent in the general running expenses of these two offices (county tax collector and county assessor) including the salaries of deputies, but exclusive of the salaries of the assessors and collectors. As these offices are located in the courthouse,—a public building,—such expenses as rent, light, heat, etc., are avoided. So that properly the greater part of this $60,000 must be considered as expended in the salaries of deputies. If the greater part of this money is not so expended it is improperly expended. It is the duty of these county officers (and their deputies) to assess the valuation and collect the taxes on all property in the county; whether the property happens to be within the city or whether it happens to be elsewhere in the county. Thus the county tax officers spend a large portion of their exceedingly valuable and high-salaried time in assessing and collecting taxes upon city property within the limits of this county. The perquisites of these officers is large. The assessor, for instance, takes in over $12,000 a year in this way. His office is worth between $18,000 and $20,000 a year. This is a princely fortune for the four years.

DOUBLE OFFICES.

But while the county assessor and the county tax collector and their many deputies are engaged in assessing property in the city and collecting thereupon at the rate fixed for the city property in Los Angeles county ($1.40 per $100 valuation), a similar work is being done in the same field by the city assessor, the city tax collector and their deputies at a cost (which in the fiscal year of '98-9 amounted, as is noted above, to $23,949.28 or about) $24,000 per annum.

Two sets of books are kept. Two brigades of high salaried deputies sally forth over the same territory, while two sets of assessors and collectors-in-chief look dignified and help to swell the pay rolls. It is like an ox with two heads and two appetites who can only pull one load. Deduct the surplus office, simplify the work of the tax collections and it will then be time to look into other extravagances.

The county collected more on city property during the fiscal year of 1898-9 than it did on county property. The county collected on city property in the city of Los Angeles $703,542.13, while on county property in taxes and licenses all told, the county collected, during the same year, $684,893.69. The city collected on city property $923,322.56 with taxes and licenses. Therefore the county tax officers collect more in the city of Los Angeles now than they collect in the entire county elsewhere. The amount of their collections in the city is almost as great as the collections of the city tax officers in the city. If these offices were consolidated, the new assessors and collectors would have scarcely any more duties to perform than do the present offices of county assessor and tax collector. A tax payer would as readily pay his city and county taxes to one collector as he would pay his city taxes to the one and his county taxes to the other. The county tax officials visit or receive visits from as many tax payers in the city as do the city officials. The collection of the added amount by one official would be the first step in the correction of a system which everywhere is loosely and improvidently conducted.

The alarming jump in the county tax rate is shown in the following table of state and county rates of taxation and valuation from 1890 to 1899. It will be noticed that the tax rate in cities and outside cities has steadily increased. The rate now obtaining is $1.40 on $100 of property valuation in cities and $1.90 outside:

RATE—

YEAR.	State.	County.	Total in Cities.	Road.	Total outside Cities.	Valuation including Railroads.
1890	.58	.62	1.20	.30	1.50	69,475,025
1891	.446	.554	1.00	.30	1.30	82,616,577
1892	.434	.766	1.20	.25	1.45	82,839,924
1893	.576	.757⅓	1.33⅓	.30	1.63⅓	77,244,050
1894	.493	.707	1.20	.30	1.50	79,495,921
1895	.685	.715	1.40	.30	1.70	84,797,196
1896	.429	.671	1.10	.35	1.45	99,520,611
1897	.51	.74	1.25	.33⅓	1.58⅓	92,580,978
1898	.488	.845⅓	1.33⅓	.40	1.73⅓	93,256,089
1899	.601	.799	1.40	.50	1.90	98,391,783

As a greater valuation produces a correspondingly large revenue from a fixed taxation rate, the increase in rate shows an abnormal increase in the county expenditures. Hangers-on, professional patriots and political leeches are all close up to the public teat, and they do not take their nutriment through a straw. Incompetency, mismanagement and the creation of offices for political purposes are in large measure the cause of our increased tax rate. Orange county when contrasted with Los Angeles county presents the following favorable showing:

ORANGE COUNTY

RATE—

FISCAL YEAR.	Total Assessed Value of All Property.	Rate of Tax for State Purposes Only.	Rate of Tax for County Purposes Only.	Total Rate on Each $100.
1890-91	$14,787,520	58c on $100	47c on $100	$1.05
1891-92	14,890,505	44c, 6 mills	55c, 4 mills	1.00
1892-93	15,855,621	43c, 4 mills	56c, 6 mills	1.00
1893-94	16,704,822	57c, 6 mills	52c, 4 mills	1.00
1894-95	13,621,907	49c, 3 mills	60c, 7 mills	1.00
1895-96	14,027,356	68c, 5 mills	61c, 5 mills	1.30
1896-87	14,195,127	42c, 9 mills	77c, 1 mill	1.20
1897-98	13,608,571	51c	$1.04	1.55
1898-99	12,035,260	48c, 8 mills	86c, 2 mills	1.35
1899-1900	12,967,390	60c, 1 mill	99c, 1 mill	1.60

Santa Barbara county shows the following rates:

TAX RATE—

YEAR.	Valuation.	State.	County.	Road.	Total Tax.
1890-91	$ 8,706,774	.58	.92	.25	1.75
1895-6	9,531,319	.685	.955	.28	1.92
1898-9	10,855,800	.488	.762	.30	1.55

In almost every instance a comparison of tax rates discloses the fact that there is a steady yearly increase in the tax rate despite the increase in property valuations. The increase in property valuation should yield sufficient revenue from a fixed tax rate to support increasing expenditures. The increase in valuation should furnish a sufficient tax revenue to lower the tax rate, not to raise it.

The convenience to the general public of paying all their taxes at one time and to one person can hardly be over-estimated. The loss of time in making these piece-meal collections is also a loss in money. Judging from the salaries our tax officers are paid the loss in money must be very great. A consolidation of our separate tax collection and assessment systems into one system will save time, money, annoyance and produce an even and equitable tax rate in city, county and state assessments.

City News in Brief.

Dr. F. M. Parker. Dentist. 129½ West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*

Employment Agents

123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

FIVE YEARS.

By OPIE READ.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

CHAPTER I.

"You are a pretty looking thing to talk about marrying, Charles. Oh, you are a fine specimen of matrimonial achievement! Marry my daughter! Why, both of you would starve in less than a year. You are 18 years old and able to support a wife, eh? Eighteen years old indeed! Why, sir, when I was of that age, I no more thought of marrying than I thought of swallowing a tenpenny nail."

"It was probably because you had never loved any one," the young fellow replied, looking down with an embarrassed air.

"Loved any one!" The old gentleman blew his nose. "Loved any one at 18! Why, sir, if my father had awakened in the middle of the night and the belief that I was in love with some one had entered his mind, he would have hopped out of bed, seized a board and fanned me until I would have thought the 10th of January was the 4th of July. Loved any one! Why don't you call up the dogs and go out and catch some rabbits? Is that your top string hanging out of your pocket? Only your handkerchief? Excuse me. My eyesight is not so good as it used to be, but my judgment is a thundering sight better. Love at 18! Charles, of course you are always welcome at my house, and I don't want to hurry you off, but, confound it, go home!"

"Then you say I shall not marry Ermance?"

"Not at the present writing, whose few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing, Charles. I don't know what may occur in the future, but I am pretty sure of what is happening now."

"Will you let us be engaged, then?"

"Oh, yes; be engaged as much as you please!"

"May heaven bless you, sir."

"Now, here, young man! You are not on the stage. The fellow who used to be so good at saying 'May heaven bless you, sir,' is now working on a flatboat."

"But I desire to thank you for your great kindness."

"Yes; that's all right."

"Ermance and I can see each other daily?"

"Well, hardly. You must understand now that I want no lovemaking round here. I have a touch of rheumatism and can't stand it. I am somewhat peculiar about my own affairs, for which eccentricity I hope to be pardoned. If you agree to go away and remain five years, why, at the end of that time you may come back and marry the girl. Do you agree?"

"I suppose I must."

"Well, run along, then."

"I don't like for you to talk to me as though I were a child."

"As though you were a child, eh? Well, run along now! Ermance is out in the garden somewhere giggling. Find her, plight your troth and hurry away. At the end of five years come back. Rather severe probably, but it is the best trade we can make under the circumstances. Don't look exactly right to deal thus in connubial futures—there, now, don't blubber! Why, you are swelling up like a toad. Shut the door. That's right. Run along."

The above conversation occurred between Colonel Epimenides Harleyman, a well known planter and ex-member of the Arkansas senate, and young Charles Wexall, son of a neighboring clergyman. Ermance, the young lady in question, was a half frolicsome, half sedate girl. Strange as it may seem, she was not beautiful. She had a thick mass of yellow hair, so luxuriant that her father often referred to her head as a patch of jute. She was a sudden kind of girl—sudden in all of her movements, sudden in her exclamations. There seemed to be nothing premeditated about her.

CHAPTER II.

If the sound of footsteps could convey an impression of sorrow, any one hearing Charles as he slowly strode along the garden walk must have thought he was on his way to peer under the rosebush where his last hope was buried. Turning a clump of lilac bushes, he saw Ermance swinging on the limb of an apple tree. Springing lightly to the ground, she ran to meet him.

"Oh, you look so sad!" she exclaimed.

"Ermance, I am sad."

"What did pa say? I've caught a beau," she broke off, plucking a dead branch of rosebush from her skirt.

"What didn't he say? He said everything discouraging. He said that if we want to marry each other we must part for five years."

"Five years!" she exclaimed, opening her eyes.

"Yes, five years," he repeated sorrowfully.

"But how can we part for five years if we are always together? There's a measuring worm on your sleeve. Oh, you are going to get a new coat!"

"Ermance, this is serious. Of course we can't part if we are always together, but we shall not be together. He says that I must go away."

"Go away! He was joking. Oh, your hat is all covered with spider webs! You must have been up in the garret."

"I am going away, Ermance, and have come to tell you goodby," he said, drawing her to him. "Will you love me all these years?" Her head sank on his breast. "After all, we are but children. At the end of five years I will come back and claim you. Goodby." He kissed her.

"Say!" exclaimed the colonel. The lovers started. "I forgot to insert a very necessary clause. You are not to write to each other. There, that's enough. I've got a touch of rheumatism, understand. Goodby, Charles."

"I am not gone yet, sir."

"Shut the garden gate as you go out, Charles."

"I tell you that I am not gone."

"Take care of yourself." The young man turned away, and the colonel continued, "Never fear; she'll be true to you."

"God bless you, sir."

"Never mind. The fellow who used to say that so well fell out of the stable loft and killed himself. Ermance, don't blubber. Remember my rheumatism."

CHAPTER III.

Five years do not elapse every day, but they elapse every five years. Along dreary time of anxious and waiting hearts, if they be anxious and waiting, but anxiety has been known to wear away, and what was once painful waiting sometimes becomes a condition of easy endurance. Charles returned. He had seen much of the world and had collected a few dollars.

"So you have a lover at home, eh?" a miner had said to him.

"Yes, a sort of lover," he replied. "A good enough country girl, easily surprised and somewhat verdant. I used to think a great deal of her, but I was a boy, you know."

"Your old lover will soon be home, won't he, Ermance?" a young lady asked of the girl whose head resembled a patch of jute.

"I suppose so, but why do you refer to him as my lover?"

"Why, I thought that you were engaged!"

"Oh we were in a childish sort of way, but I have put that all aside. Father had more sense than both of us."

Charles did not rush over to the colonel's immediately after returning. Ermance, when she heard that he had returned, went away on a visit. The young man felt ashamed of himself. He knew not what excuse to make, but one day grasping all the courage within reach, he went over to the colonel's, wondering as he went how he could have been so foolish years ago.

"Why, my dear sir," exclaimed the colonel, "I am glad to see you. You've got enough beard to disguise an ordinary man, but you are not ordinary. Little above fair to middlin, as the cotton men say."

"I am glad to see you again, colonel. How's your rheumatism?"

"It got well immediately after that garden scene."

"Foolish children," replied Charles.

"Well, I should say so," replied the colonel.

"How is, er—Miss Harleyman?"

"Quite well, I believe. She went over to Ralston's a few days ago. I sent the buggy after her this morning. I hear her now. Yes, my rheumatism is all right. First rate, for—Ermance, here a minute. Do you know this gentleman?"

"I think so," replied the young lady, advancing without embarrassment and extending her hand. "How is your health, Mr. Wexall?"

"Never better, thank you."

"Well," said the colonel, "you must excuse me, as I have business out on the farm. Ermance, our friend must stay to dinner."

An awkward silence followed. Charles knew not what to say nor how to say it; Ermance was embarrassed because she knew not how to express the nothing which she had to say.

"Have you been at home all the time since I saw you last?" Charles asked, after making several efforts to break the silence.

"Oh, no; I spent three years at a seminary."

"Enjoyed yourself pretty well, I suppose?"

"Very much. I soon became interested in my studies."

Another embarrassing silence. "Ermance—I suppose I may call you by that"—

"Of course. We were children together."

"So we were, and foolish children, too, doubtless."

"Yes," she replied, without hesitation. "Father was wiser than we."

The situation was no longer awkward.

"I thought I loved you, Ermance."

"And I thought that I loved you."

"Childish fancy. You don't know what a heavy weight you have lifted from my mind. I don't love you."

"Charles," she replied, her eyes shining with fervent light, "you make me happy. I have long regretted our engagement, and to know that a perfect understanding is painless to you thrills me. Let us be friends. Here's father."

"Ah, hah!" said the old gentleman. "Found that some one else had attended to my business. Are you folks still engaged?"

"No," replied Charles. "We are friends, but not lovers."

"Ah, hah!" said the old man, "suppose I had allowed you to marry? Don't you see that a man sometimes has more sense than a boy? Now you and Ermance are friends. If you had married five years ago, you would now in all probability be enemies. Well, Charles, you need feel no hesitancy in remaining to dinner. We generally have something lying around, and you may come over and eat when you feel like it. Why, Ermance, I never saw you so happy."

CHAPTER IV.

Neighborly visits were kept up between the Harleymans and Wexalls. Charles and Ermance rarely referred to their childish freak of affection, and when they did so it was merely to congratulate themselves. "How many marriages result in disaster," said Charles, one evening as he and Ermance walked in the garden. "Five years ago I thought that your father was the cruelest of men; now I think he is one of the wisest."

"Yes, he is undoubtedly a man of fine sense."

"Did he ever say anything, during my absence, to dissuade you from our purpose?"

"No; he always spoke in a way directly opposite. Often, at night, when I went into the library to attend upon his wants—an office which none but I could discharge, he would stroke my hair while I sat on the footstool and tell me of the duties of a wife—how I should always love you and how noble you were. He never made fun of me, and at first, when I used to sit alone, and—and—weep, he would come to me and tell me how I was loved, and how happy I should be for having won a heart so—so—unchangeable."

"Ermance, this is the spot where we stood five years ago."

"Yes. How chill the air is."

"I think there will be frost tonight," he replied. "By the way, my dear friend, I am going back to the mines. I long to meet those strong and simple fellows. I have become strangely attached to them."

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow."

"Then I know there will be frost tonight."

He caught her in his arms. The yellow hair fell over his shoulder. "Angel, I cannot help loving you. I have struggled, but in vain. Let us go to your father."

CHAPTER V.

"Come in," said the old gentleman, looking up from a mass of paper. "I tell you, Charles, to make anything out of this cotton business requires close figuring. I ought to have made $12,000 last year, but I didn't—young man, let me tell you that I didn't."

"How much did you make?"

"Only $11,800, Charles. Bad crop year. Sit down, both of you. You remind me of pictures hung in front of a museum."

"Colonel, I have decided to go back to the mines."

"Yes, well, of course. When a man once forms a liking for that kind of life, it is almost impossible to break him of it. Yes, of course."

"But if he were to remain away five years the attachment would be broken, wouldn't it, father?" asked Ermance, looking slyly at Charles.

"Well, dog my cats, I don't know," replied the old gentleman, shoving back his chair. "It would seem so, though, eh? Well, blow me up! What put the five years proposition into your head, girl?"

"Nothing, only I thought that—that"—

"Look here, is that the way for friends to do? Put their arms around each other? Well, dog my cats, if she hasn't got her jute patch all over his face! Let me get out of here before I have rheumatism so bad I can't hobble."

"Wait, colonel. We are engaged again. It was impossible for us not to love"—

"We couldn't help it, father."

"And," continued Charles, "we have decided to marry at once."

"Of course," said the old gentleman, wiping his eyes. "Of course. Bad cotton year, Charles—of course—well, dog my cats!"

Printed Stationery

Good Stock—Low Prices.

Mail Orders are Solicited

Letter Heads $2.75 to $3.50 per 1000.
Bill Heads, 4's, $2 to $2.75 per 1000.
" " 6's, $1.50 to $2.00 per 1000.
Business Cards, $1.50 to $2.50 per 1000.
Other work in proportion.

F. BLECH & CO.
258 South Main Street
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES

When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices

Take Lunch at

The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE
128 West Third Street.

"PURITAS"

The "Puritas" coffee is a superior grade of coffee—fresh roasted every day—absolutely pure and genuine. Puritas coffee is what you want—money back if you are not satisfied.

Puritas Coffee and Tea Co.,
W. A. GLASSCOCK, Manager
Tel. James 1791 108 W. 3rd Street

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *One Dollar per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 5, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 18.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

McGRATH'S FINE WALL PAPER.

The Influence of Wall Paper

You can't be happy in a gloomy house. Perhaps it never occurred to you that the paper on your walls helps develop your character. Dark, ugly, gloomy wall paper is the cause of more "blues" than most people are willing to admit; while trying designs irritate the nerves—You doubt it?—Just ask your doctor! If you want to be happy—make your home cheerful, and the first step in that direction is the right kind of WALL PAPER. We've made a study of the Wall Paper business, and we can help you. Don't cost any more to be happy in this world and you'll live longer. Think it over and come in and talk to us about it.

T. FRANK McGRATH

414 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES

DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES

We have demonstrated beyond all question that we sell Patent Medicines and Drugs cheaper than any store in the city.

PRICES

Genuine Oscar Pepper Whiskey	$1.00
Canadian Club	95c
Old Taylor Whisky [full pints]	50c
Peruna	63c
Swamp Root	63c
S S S, Large	$1.15
Paine's Celery Compound	58c
Pierce's Goods	58c
Carter's Pills	12½c
Beecham's Pills	12½c
Laxative Bromo Quinine	12½c

Everything else in proportion.

FINEST SODA WATER IN TOWN
TRY IT.
BEST AND FRESHEST CANDIES

WOLF & CHILSON

Prescription Druggists,

CORNER

SECOND and BROADWAY

EVERHARDY & WREDEN

PROPRIETORS OF

Palace Market

DEALERS IN

Fresh Meats.
Poultry, Game,
Hams, Bacon,
Lard, Sausages, Etc.

THE BEST THAT THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Cor. Third and Spring Sts.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Telephone Main 415

Kirckhoff-Cuzner Mill and Lumber Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

.. LUMBER ..

Doors, Sash, Blinds and Mill Work.

MAIN OFFICE Cor. Alameda and Macy Sts., Los Angeles.

YARDS AT

San Pedro (Wholesale), Los Angeles (Main Office), Pomona, Pasadena, Lamanda, Azusa.

TEL. MAIN 8

The Merced River Rapids—Yosemite Valley.

There are Wines

And wines, some tempting to the taste, and others an undeclinable challenge to total abstinence. Pure wines alone have a claim for table honors. For family consumption there is nothing more acceptable than our list of the most popular imported and domestic brands, carefully selected and properly bottled. A trial suffices to prove everything. These prices are loud enough to talk.

CLARET, 50c Gal. ZINFANDEL, 75c Gal. 14-YEAR OLD PORT, $2.50 Gal.

C. F. A. LAST

Telephone Main 38

129-131 N. Main St. Los Angeles, Cal.

The Big Book Store

The largest assortment of Books and Stationery in the City.

Books sold at 20 per cent. discount.

Engraving of Calling Cards, Wedding Invitations, Etc.

Stoll & Thayer Co.

252-254 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Copelands

A Master Stroke

IN Merchandising

S. Beller & Co., 14 Waverly Place, New York, sold us their entire line of

Spring Suits, Coats, Skirts And Waists, Amounting to

$18,950.00

—AT—

50 cents on the Dollar.

This is the Greatest Sale and the most wonderful values Los Angeles has ever known.

Copelands' Exclusive Cloak House

THIRD AND BROADWAY

The Well Dressed Men...

You know the well dressed men about town—they all patronize a

FIRST-CLASS TAILOR.

We want you to come in and let us show you how many of them we dress. It's time to order your

SPRING SUIT.

We have the finest assortment of Spring Goods in Los Angeles.

WE MAKE LADIES' FINE SUITS.

Prices reasonable.

HAZARD = FETSCH,

.. Tailors ..

322 South Broadway

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *One Dollar per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 5, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 18.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL

BY

GUY BOOTHBY

AUTHOR OF

A BID FOR FORTUNE, DR. NIKOLA

THE MARRIAGE OF ESTHER, ETC.

Copyright, 1898, by D. Appleton and Company.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I COME TO HEAR OF THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL.

The night was sweltering hot, even for Hongkong.

"Hello! Who's this?" said Peckle. "Poddy, by all that's human. Watchman, what of the night? Why this indecent haste?"

The newcomer was a short, podgy man, with a clean shaven, red face, white teeth, very prominent eyes, large ears and almost marmalade colored hair.

"Poddy is suffering from a bad attack of suppressed information," said Benwell, who had been examining him critically. "Better prescribe for him, De Normanville. Ah, I forgot you don't know one another. Let me introduce you—Mr. Horace Venderbrun, Mr. De Normanville. Now you're acquent, as they say in the farces."

"Out with it, Poddy," continued Peckle, digging him in the ribs with the butt of his cue. "If you don't tell us soon, we shall be sorrowfully compelled to postpone our engagements tomorrow in order to witness your interment in the Happy Valley."

"Well, in the first place," began Mr. Vanderbrun, "you must know that the Oodnadatta"—

"Well—well, skipper—Perkins, martinet and teetotaler; chief officer, Bradburn; otherwise the China sea liar! What about her? She sailed this evening for Shanghai?"

"With a million and a half of specie aboard. Don't forget that. Went ashore in the Ly-ee-moon pass at 7 o'clock. Surrounded by junks instantly. Skipper dispatched third officer in launch full steam for assistance. Gunboat went down posthaste, and, like most gunboats, arrived too late to be of any use. Apologies, Peckle, old man! Skipper and ten men shot, chief officer dirked, first saloon passengers of importance cleaned of their valuables and locked up in their own berths. The bullion room was then rifled, and every red cent of the money is gone—goodness knows where. Now, what d'you think of that for news?"

"My gracious!"

"What junks were they?"

"Nobody knows."

"The Ly-ee-moon pass too! Right under our very noses. Criminy! Won't there be a row?"

"The Beautiful White Devil again, I suppose?"

"Looks like it, don't it? Peckle, my boy, from this hour forward the papers will take it up, and—well, if I know anything of newspapers, they'll drop it on to you gunboat fellows pretty hot."

"If I were the British navy, I'd be dashed if I'd be beaten by a woman."

I thought it was time to interfere.

"Will somebody take pity on a poor barbarian and condescend to explain?" I said. "Since I've been in the east I've heard nothing but Beautiful White Devil, Beautiful White Devil, Beautiful White Devil. Tiffin at government house, Colombo—Beautiful White Devil; club chow, Yokohama—Beautiful White Devil; flagship, Nagasaki—Beautiful White Devil, and now here. All Beautiful White Devil, and every yarn differing from its predecessors by miles. I can tell you I'm beginning to feel very much out of it."

Each of the four men started in to explain. I held up my hand in entreaty.

"As you are strong, be merciful," I cried. "Not all at once."

One of the silent footed China boys brought me a match for my cigar and held it until I had obtained a light. Then, throwing myself back in the long cane chair, I bade them work their wicked wills.

"Let Poddy tell," said Peckle. "He boasts the most prolific imagination. Go on, old man, and don't spare him."

Venderbrun pulled himself together, signed for silence and, having done so, began theatrically: "Who is the Beautiful Devil? Mystery. Where did she first hail from? Mystery. What is her name—I mean her real name, not the picturesque Chinese cognomen? Mystery. As far as can be ascertained she made her first appearance in eastern waters in Rangun July 24, 18—. Got hold of some native prince blowing the family treasure and blackmailed him out of $500,000. A man would never have come out of the business alive, but she did, and, what is more, with the money to boot. Three months later the Vectis Queen went ashore, when 48 hours out of Singapore, junks sprang up out of nowhere, boarded her in spite of stubborn resistance on the part of the ship's company, looted her bullion room of £50,000 and her passengers of £3,000 more."

"But what reason have you for connecting the Beautiful White Devil with that affair?"

"White yacht hanging about all the time. Known to be hers. Signals passed between them, and when the money was secured it was straightway carried on board her."

"All right. Go on."

"Quite quiet for three months. Then the sultan of Surabaya chanced to make the acquaintance in Batavia of an extraordinarily beautiful woman. They went about a good deal together, after which she lured him on board a steam yacht in Tanjong Priok, presumably to say goodby. Having done so, she coaxed him below, sailed off with him there and then kept him under lock and key until he had paid a ransom of over 400,000 guilders, when he was put ashore again. Two months later Vesey—you know Vesey—of Johore street, probably the richest man in Hongkong, met a woman staying at this very hotel. She pretended to be just out from home and no end innocent.

"Well, Vesey was so awfully smitten that he wanted to marry her—bad as all that. She took him in hand and one day got him to take her for a cruise in his yacht. Of course he jumped at the chance, and off they sailed. Out at sea they were met by a white schooner. I believe Vesey was in the middle of protesting his undying love, and all that sort of thing, you know, when my lady clapped a revolver to his head and bade him heave to. A boat put off from the stranger, and both lady and friend boarded her. The long and the short of it was, when Vesey was released he had signed a check for £50,000, and, by Jove, the money was paid on the nail! Chinese government had a score against her for abducting a mandarin of the gold button. They tried to catch her, but failed. English cruiser went after her for two days and lost her near Formosa. Silence again for three months, then new governor and wife, Sir Prendergast Prendergast, were coming out here on the Oloomoo. Her ladyship, who, you know, was mixed up in that Belleville business, had her famous diamonds with her—said to be worth £30,000. There was also £80,000 in gold going up to Shanghai. It is supposed that the purser must have been bribed and in the business. At any rate when they arrived at Hongkong both bullion, diamonds and purser were mysteriously missing. Couldn't find a trace of 'em high or low. Whether they went overboard in a fog, whether they were still stowed away on board, nobody ever knew. They were gone; that was enough. The governor was furious and worried the admiralty so with dispatches that two cruisers were sent off with instructions to look for her. They pottered about and at last sighted and chased her to the Philippines, where they lost her in a fog. Those are the principal counts against her, I believe. Rum story, ain't it?"

"Extraordinary! Has anybody ever seen her?"

"I should just think so; sultan of Surabaya, Vesey, native prince and all the people staying at this house when she was here."

"What description do they give of her?"

"Quite a young woman—eight and twenty at most, tall and willowy; beautiful features, clear cut as a cameo; exquisite complexion and rippling golden hair, a voice like a flute, figure like Venus and eyes that look through yours into the uttermost depths of your soul."

"And isn't she worth being enthusiastic about? By Jove! I'd like to know her history."

"And do you mean to tell me that with the English, American, French, German, Chinese and Japanese fleets patroling these waters it's impossible to catch her?"

"Quite—up to the present. Look at the facts of the case. She's here today and gone tomorrow. White yacht seen near Singapore today—copper colored off Macassar on Thursday—black with white ports near Shanghai the week following. The police and the poor old admiral are turning gray under the strain."

"By Jove! I'd like to see her."

"Don't say that or you will. Nobody ever knows where she'll turn up next. It is certain that she has agents everywhere and that she's in league with half the junk pirates along the coast. Glad I'm not a man worth abducting."

"But in spite of what you say I can hardly believe that it's possible for a woman to carry on such a trade. It's like a romance."

"It's not like it; it is a romance, and a pretty unpleasant one too. Sultan of Surabaya and poor old Vesey were glad enough to see the final chapter of it, I can assure you. You should just hear the latter's description of the yacht and its appointments. He used to make us creep when he told us how this woman would sit on deck, looking him through and through out of her half closed eyes till he began to feel as if he'd have to get up and scream or sit where he was and go mad. He saw two or three things on board that boat that he says he'll never forget, and I gathered that he doesn't want any more excursions in the lady's company."

"He must be a man without imagination."

"He's a man blessed with good sound common sense. That's what he is."

"It seems incredible that she should have escaped so long."

Peckle took up his cue again.

"Hear, hear, to that. And now, Benwell, my boy, if you don't want to go to sleep in that chair turn out and finish the drubbing you've begun. I must be getting aboard directly."

Benwell rose and went round the table to where his ball lay under the cushion. The imperturbable marker called the score as if there had been no pause in the game, and the match was once more getting under way when the swing doors opened and an elderly man entered the room. He was dressed in white from top to toe, carried a big umbrella and wore a broad brimmed solar topee upon his head. Once inside he paused as if irresolute, and then, looking round on its occupants, said politely:

"Forgive my intrusion, but can you tell me where I can find a gentleman named De Normanville?"

"I am that person," I said, rising from my chair.

"I hope you will not think me rude," he continued, "but if you could allow me the honor of five minutes' conversation with you I should be obliged."

"With pleasure."

I crossed the room to where he stood and signed him to a seat near the door.

"Pardon me," he said, "but the business about which I desire to consult you is of a highly important and confidential nature. Is there any room in the hotel where we can be alone?"

"Only my bedroom, I'm afraid," I answered. "We shall be quite free from interruption there."

"That will do excellently. Let us go to it."

Arriving at my room, I lit a candle and pushed a chair forward for him. Having done so, I took up my position beside the open window. Down in the street below I could hear the subdued voices of the passersby, the rattle of rickshaws and the chafing of sampans

alongside the wharf. I remember, too, that the moon was just rising over the mainland, and to show how unimportant things become engraved upon the memory I recollect that it struck me as being more like the yolk of a hard boiled egg than ever I remembered to have thought it before. Suddenly I remembered the laws of hospitality.

"Before we begin business may I offer you some refreshment?" I asked. "B. and S.? Whisky?"

"I am obliged to you," he answered. "I think I will take a little whisky, thank you."

I put my head out of the door. A servant was passing.

"Boy, bring two whisky pegs."

Then returning to my guest, I said: "Do you smoke? I think I can give you a good cigar."

He took one from the box and lit it, puffing the smoke luxuriously through his nose.

"You are a stranger in Hongkong, I believe, Dr. De Normanville?" he began.

"Not only in Hongkong, but you might say in the east generally," I answered. "I am out on a tour to study Asiatic diseases for a book I am writing."

"You have achieved considerable success in your profession, I believe. We have even heard of you out here."

I modestly held my tongue. But so pitiful is the vanity of man that from this time forward I began to look upon my companion with a more friendly air than I had hitherto shown him.

"Now forgive my impertinence," he continued, "but how long do you contemplate remaining in the east?"

"It is very uncertain," I replied, "but I almost fancy another six weeks will find me upon a P. and O. boat homeward bound."

"And in that six weeks will your time be very importantly occupied?"

"I cannot say, but I should rather think not. So far as I can tell at present my work is accomplished."

"And now will you let me come to business? To put it bluntly, have you any objection to earning £1,000?"

"Not the very least," I answered, with a laugh. "What man would have, provided, of course, I can earn it in a legitimate manner?"

"You have bestowed considerable attention upon the treatment of smallpox, I believe?"

"I have had sole charge of two smallpox hospitals, if that's what you mean."

"Ah, then our informant was right! Well, this business, in which £1,000 is to be earned, has to do with an outbreak of that disease."

"And you wish me to take charge of it?"

"That is exactly what I am commissioned to negotiate."

"Where is the place?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Not tell me? That's rather strange, is it not?"

"It is all very strange. But with your permission I will explain myself more clearly."

I nodded.

"It is altogether an extraordinary business. But, on the other hand, the pay is equally extraordinary. I am commissioned to find a doctor who will undertake the combating of an outbreak of smallpox on the following terms and conditions: The remuneration shall be £1,000; the doctor shall give his word of honor not to divulge the business to any living soul; he shall set off at once to the affected spot, and he shall still further pledge himself to reveal nothing of what he may have heard or seen when he returns here again. Is that clear to you?"

"Perfectly. But it's a most extraordinary proposition."

"I grant you it is. But it is a chance that few men would care to let slip."

"How is the person undertaking it to find the place?"

"I will arrange that myself."

"And how is he to return from it again?"

"He will be sent back in the same way that he goes."

"And when must he start?"

"At once, without delay; say 12 o'clock tonight."

"It is nearly 11 now."

"That will leave an hour. Come, Dr. De Normanville, are you prepared to undertake it?"

"I don't really know what to say. There is so much mystery about it."

"Unfortunately that is necessary."

I paced the room in anxious thought, hardly knowing what answer to give. Should I accept or should I decline the offer? The £1,000 was a temptation, and yet, supposing there were some treachery lurking behind it that, in my innocence of the east, I could not fathom—what then? Moreover, the adventurous side of the affair, I must own, appealed to me strongly. I was young, and there was something supremely fascinating about the compliment and the mystery that enshrouded it.

"Look here," I said at length. "Pay me half the money down before I start as a guarantee of good faith and I'm your man."

"Very good. I will even meet you there."

He put his hand inside his coat and drew out a pocketbook. From this he took five £100 Bank of England notes and gave them to me.

"There, you have half the money."

"Thank you. Really, I must beg your pardon for almost doubting you, but"—

"Pray say no more. You understand the conditions thoroughly. You are not to divulge a detail of the errand to any living soul now or when you return."

"I will give you my word I will not."

"Then that is settled. I am much obliged to you. Can you arrange to meet me on the wharf exactly at midnight?"

"Certainly. I will be there without fail. And now tell me something of the outbreak itself. Is it very severe?"

"Very. There have already been nearly 100 cases, out of which quite 50 have proved fatal. Your position will be no sinecure. You will have your work cut out for you."

"So it would appear. Now, if you will excuse me, I will go out and endeavor to obtain some lymph. We shall need all we can get."

"You need not put yourself to so much trouble. That has been attended to. To prevent any suspicion arising from your asking for such a thing, we have laid in a stock of everything you can possibly need."

"Very well, then. I will meet you on the wharf."

"On the wharf at 12 o'clock precisely. For the present adieu."

He shook me by the hand, picked up his hat and umbrella and disappeared down the staircase, while I returned to my room to pack.

CHAPTER II.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

The last stroke of 12 was just booming out on the muggy night when I stepped on to the landing stage to await my mysterious employer. The hotel servant who had carried my bag put it down and, having received his gratuity, left me.

Suddenly the patter of naked feet behind me caught my ear. A Chinese chair borne by two stalwart bearers was approaching. Very naturally I settled it in my own mind that it contained the man whom I was to meet and turned to receive him. But when the conveyance was set down it was not the respectable Englishman I had seen before who stepped out of it, but a portly Chinaman of considerable rank and dignity. He was gorgeously clad in figured silk. His pigtail reached half way to his heels and was adorned with much ornamentation, and I noticed that he wore large tortoise shell spectacles which, while they completely hid his eyes, gave a curious effect to his otherwise not unhandsome countenance. Having descended from his equipage, he dismissed his bearers and began to stump solemnly up and down the landing stage, drawing closer and closer to me at every turn. Presently he summoned up courage enough to accost me. To my surprise he said:

"What for you come here one piecee look see?"

Not being an adept at pigeon English, I simply answered:

"I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"What for you come here look see?"

"I'm waiting for a friend."

"Your friend allee same Engleesman?"

"Yes, I believe he's an Englishman."

"You go way look see chop chop?"

"You'll excuse me, but that's my own affair, I think."

"Allee same smalleepoxee. I think."

"You may think what you please."

"S'posing you say smalleepoxee, allee same one piecee thousan pound?"

"I'm afraid I can't continue this conversation. Good evening."

I turned on my heel and was about to leave him when he stopped me by saying in excellent English:

"Thank you, Dr. De Normanville. I'm quite satisfied."

"Good gracious! What's all this?"

"Why, it means that I have been trying you; that's all. Forgive the deception, but the importance of our mission must be my excuse. Now we must be going. Here is the boat."

As he spoke a large sampan shot out from among its companions and came swiftly toward the wharf.

"Two cautions before we embark—the first, remember that I am a Chinaman and speak only pigeon English; the second, if you are armed, be careful of your revolver. The men who work the junk we are going down to meet are not to be trusted, hence my disguise."

He left me and descended the steps. The sampan by this time had come alongside. A woman was rowing, and a vigorous conversation in Chinese ensued. When it was finished, my companion beckoned to me, and picking up my bag I went down to him. Next moment I was aboard and stuffed away in the little poky rathole of a cabin amidships. My friend took his place beside me, a small boy took the helm, and we pushed off. Not a word was spoken, and in this fashion for nearly an hour we pursued our way down the harbor, passed a flotilla of junks, threaded a course between the blue and red funnel boats, and finally swept out into the clear space that stretches away from Port Victoria as far as Green island.

For hours we seemed to be imprisoned in that stuffy little cabin. Like most sampans, the boat smelled abominably, and as we could only see the mechanical rowing of the women in the well forward and hear the occasional commands of the tiny boy steering aft our enjoyment may be placed on the debit side of the account without any fear of miscalculation.

At length my companion, who had not uttered a word since he stepped aboard, began to show signs of impatience. He rose from his seat and peered out into the night. Presently he appeared to be a little relieved in his mind, for he resetted himself with a muttered "Thank goodness," and gave himself up to a careful consideration of our position. Through a slit in the tarpaulin I could just see that we were approaching a big junk, whose ample girth almost blocked the fairway. Her great, square cut stern loomed above us, and round it our cockswain steered us with a deftness extraordinary.

As we came alongside one of the women rowing drew in her oar and said a few words to my companion. In answer he stepped out of the shelter and called something in Chinese. A voice from the junk replied, and the answer being evidently satisfactory we hitched on and prepared to change vessels. A rope was thrown to us, and when it had been made fast my guide signed to me to clamber aboard. I did so, and the next moment was on the junk's deck assisting him to a place beside me.

Two or three men were grouped about amidships watching us, and one—the owner or skipper of the boat, I presumed—entered upon a long winded conversation with my conductor. As they talked I heard the sampan push off and disappear astern. Then our crew fell to work. The great sails were hoisted, a hand went aft to the tiller and within five minutes we were waddling down the straits at a pace that might possibly have been four knots an hour. All this time my companion had not addressed me once. His whole attention seemed to be concentrated upon the work going on around him. He treated me with the contemptuous indifference generally shown by Chinamen toward barbarian Englishmen, and that I was wise enough not to resent.

By this time it was nearly 2 o'clock. The wind was every moment freshening and a brisk sea rising. The old tub began to pitch unpleasantly, and I found repeated occasion to thank my stars that I was a good sailor. Sharp dashes of spray broke over her decks at every plunge, soaking us to the skin and adding considerably to the unpleasantness of our position. Still, however, my companion did not speak, but I noticed that he watched the men about him with what struck me as increased attention.

Seeing that I had had no sleep at all that night it may not be a matter of much surprise that I presently began to nod. Stowing myself away in a sheltered corner, I was in the act of indulging in a nap when I felt a body fall heavily against me. It was my companion who had dropped asleep sitting up and had been dislodged by a sudden roll of the ship. He fell clean across me, his face against my ear. Next moment I knew that the catastrophe was intentional.

"Keep your eyes open," he whispered as he lay. "There is treachery aboard. We shall have trouble before long."

After that you may be sure I thought no more of sleep. Pulling myself together I slipped my hand into the pocket that had contained my revolver, only to find, to my horror and astonishment, that it was gone. My pocket had been picked since I had come aboard the junk.

My consternation may be better imagined than described, and as soon as I could find occasion I let my companion know of my misfortune.

"I gave your fair warning," he replied calmly. "Now we shall probably both lose our lives. However, what can't be cured must be endured, so pretend to be asleep and don't move whatever happens until you hear from me. That little pockmarked devil haranguing the others for'ard is Kwong Fung, the most notorious pirate along the whole length of the coast, and if we fall into his hands—well, there will not be two doubts as to what our fate will be."

He tumbled over on to his side with a grunt, while I shut my eyes and pretended to be asleep. It was growing cold, the wind was rising, and with it the sea. Already the stars in the east were paling perceptibly, and in another hour at most day would be born.

I could not take my eyes off the group seated frog fashion on the deck for'ard. Their very backs held an awful fascination for me.

But, as it soon turned out, my interest in them was almost my undoing, for had I not been so intent upon watching what was before me I should perhaps have heard the rustling of a human body outside the bulwarks against which I had seated myself. In that case I should have detected the figure that had crawled quietly over and was now stealing along the deck toward where I lay. In his hand he carried a thin cord at the end of which was a noose just capable of encircling my head.

Suddenly I felt something touch my throat. I lifted my head, and at the same instant the truth dawned upon me. I was being strangled. How long a time elapsed between the cord's touching my neck and my losing consciousness I could not say, but brief as was the interval I can recollect seeing my companion half raise himself. Then came a flash, a loud report, a sudden singing in my ears, and I remember no more.

When I recovered my wits again, my companion was bending over me.

"Thank God," he said piously. "I began to think the brute had done for you. Now pull yourself together as fast as you can, for there's going to be serious trouble."

I looked round me as well as I could. By my side lay the body of the man, with the cord still in his hand, and from the way in which one arm was stretched out and the other doubled under him I gathered that he was dead. Amidships the crew of the junk were assembled, listening to the excited oratory of the little pockmarked devil against whom my companion had warned me. He held in his hand a revolver—mine, I had no difficulty in guessing—and from the way in which he turned and pointed in our direction I understood that he was explaining to the others the necessity which existed for exterminating us without delay.

Under the bulwarks and a little to the left of where I sat was a stout iron bar some 2 feet 6 inches in length. I managed to secure it, and having done so felt a little easier in my mind.

As I crawled back to my station an-

other report greeted my ears, and at the same instant a bullet bedded itself in the woodwork within an inch of my left temple.

"That's the introduction," said my impertnrbable friend, with a grim smile. "Are you ready? He's got the only weapon among them and five more cartridges left in it. Keep by me and give no quarter, for, remember, if they win they'll show you none."

Bang! Another bnllet whizzed past my ear.

Bang! My companion gave a low whistle and then turned to me.

"Grazed my forearm," he said calmly, and then, raising his pistol, shot the nearest of our assailants dead. The man gave a little cry, more like a sob, and with outspread arms fell on his face upon the deck. The next roll of the vessel carried him into the lee scuppers, where for some time he washed idly to and fro. Never in my life before had I seen anything so coolly deliberate as the way in which he was picked off. It was more like rabbit shooting than anything else.

"Two cartridges gone!" said my comrade.

As he spoke a bullet tore up the deck at my feet, while another grazed my right shoulder.

"Four. Keep steady; he's only two left. Look out then, for they'll rush us to a certainty. I wish I could get another shot at them first."

But this wish was not destined to be gratified. The scoundrels had had sufficient evidence of his skill as a marksman and, being prudent thongh precious villains, they had no desire to receive further proof of it. They therefore kept in shelter.

Snddenly, withont any warning, and with greater majesty than I over remember to have observed in him before or since, the sun rose in the cloudless sky. Instantly with his coming light and color shot across the waters, the waves from being of a dull leaden hue became green and foam crested, and the great fiber sails of the jnnk from figuring as blears of double darkness, reaching np to the very clouds, took to themselves again their ordinary oommonplace and forlorn appearance.

Our conrse lay due east, and for this reason the sun shone directly in our faces, dazzling us, and for the moment preventing our seeing anything that might be occurring for'ard. I could tell that this was a matter of some concern to my companion, and certainly it was not to remain very long a matter of indifference to me.

The sun had been above the sky line scarcely a matter of two minutes when another shot was fired from for'ard, and I fell with a cry to the deck. Next moment I had picked myself up again, and, feeling very sick and giddy, scrambled to my companion's side. He was as cool and apparently as unconcerned as ever.

"The other was the prologue—this is going to be the play itself. Keep as close to me as you can and, above all things, fight to the death—accept no quarter and give none."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before we heard a scampering of bare feet upon the deck and a succession of shrill yells, and then the vessel, paying off a little on her course, showed ns the ruffians climbing on to the raised poop upon which we stood. To my horror—for, strangely enough, in that moment of intense excitement I was capable of a second emotion—I saw that they were six in number, while a re-enforcement numbering three more waited upon the forcastle head to watch the turn of events.

As the head of the first man appeared my companion raised his pistol and pulled the trigger. The bnllet struck the poor wretch exactly on the bridge of the nose, making a clear round hole from which an instant later a jet of blood spurted forth. A second bnllet carried another man to his account, and by this time the remaining four were upon us.

Of what followed in that turmoil I have but a very imperfect recollection. I remember seeing three men rush toward me, one of whom I knew for Kwong Fung, the little pockmarked rascal before mentioned, and I recollect that with the instinct of despair I clntched my bar of iron in both hands and brought it down on the head of the nearest of the trio with all my force. It caught him on the right temple and crushed the skull in like a broken egg-shell. Bnt the piratical scoundrels had forgotten the man lying on the deck. In their haste to advance they omitted to step over his body, canght their feet and fell to the ground.

At least I am wrong in saying they fell to the ground, for only the pockmarked rascal fell; the other tripped and wonld have recovered himself and been upon me had I not sprung upon him, thrown away my bar, caught up his companion's knife, which had fallen from his hand, and tried my level best to drive it in above his shoulder blade. Bnt it was easier said than done. He clutched me fiercely and locked hard and fast we swayed this way and that, fighting like wildcats for our lives. He was a smaller man than I, but active as an acrobat and in the most perfect training. Up and down, ronnd and round, we went, eyes glaring, breath coming in great gasps, our hands upon each other's throats and every moment drawing closer and closer to the vessel's side.

Though the whole fight could not have lasted a minute it seemed an eternity. I was beginning to weaken, and I saw by the look in his hateful almond eyes that my antagonist knew it. Bnt he had bargained without his host. A heavy roll sent the little vessel heeling over to the port side, and an instant later we were both prone npon the deck, rolling, tumbling, fighting again to be uppermost. From the manner in which I had fallen, however, the advantage now lay with me, and you may be sure I was not slow to make the most of it. Throwing myself over and seating myself astride of him, I clntched my adversary by the throat and, drawing back my arm, struck him with my clinched fist between his eyes. The blow was given with all my strength, and it certainly told. He lay beneath me a bleeding and insensible mass. Then staggering to my feet I looked about me. On the deck were four dead bodies—two on the break of the poop lying faces down, just where they had fallen; one at my feet, his skull dashed in and his brains protruding, a horrible sight; another under the bnlwarks, his limbs twitching in his death agony and his mouth vomiting blood with automatic regularity. My companion I discovered seated astride of another individual admonishing him with what I knew was an empty revolver to abstain from any further attempt to escape.

"I think we have got the upper hand of them now," he said as calmly as if he were acoustomed to going through this sort of thing every day of his life. "Would yon be so good as to hand me that piece of rope? I must make this slippery gentleman fast while I have him."

"Surely it's the leader of the gang," I cried, at the same time doing as he had asked me. "The man you pointed out to me, Kwong Fung?"

"You're qnite right. It is."

"And now that yon have him what will his fate be?"

"A short shrift and a long rope, if I have anything to do with the matter. There! That's right, I don't think you'll get into much mischief now, my friend."

So saying he rose to his feet, rolled the man over on to his back and turned to me.

"My goodness, man, you're wounded," he cried, spinning me round to find ont whence the blood was dripping. And so I was, though in my excitement I had quite forgotten the fact. A ball had passed clean through the fleshy part of my left arm, and the blood flowing from it had stiffened all my sleeve.

With a gentleness one wonld hardly have expected to find in him my friend drew off my coat and cut open my shirt sleeve. Then bidding me stay where I was while he procured some water with which to bathe the wound he left me and went for'ard. I did not, however, see him retnrn, for now that the excitement had departed a great faintness was stealing over me. The sea seemed to be turning black and the deck of the jnnk to be slipping away from nnder me. Finally my legs tottered, my senses left me and I fell heavily to the gronnd.

When I came to myself again, I was lying on a pile of fiber sails under the shelter of an improvised awning. My companion, whose name I discovered later was Walworth, was kneeling beside me with a preternaturally grave expression upon his usually stolid face.

"How do you feel now?" he inquired, holding a cup of water to my lips.

I drank eagerly, and then replied that I felt better, but terribly weak.

"Oh, that's only to be expected," he answered reassuringly. "We ought to be glad, considering the amount of blood you must have lost, that it's no worse. Keep up your heart. You'll soon be all right now."

"Has anything happened?"

"Nothing at all! We're the victors without doubt. As soon as you can spare me I'm going for'ard to rouse out the rest of the gang and get the junk on her course again. We've no time to waste pottering about here."

"I'm well enongh now. Only give me something to protect myself with in case of accident."

"Here's your own revolver, of which I relieved our pockmarked friend yonder. I've refilled it, so if you want to you can do damage to the extent of six shots—two for each of the three remaining men."

After glancing at his own weapon to see that it was fully charged he picked his way for'ard and called in Chinese to those in hiding to come forth if they wished to save their lives. In response to his summons three men crawled out and stood in a row. After he had harangued them I noticed that he questioned them eagerly in turn and was evidently much perturbed at the answers he received. When he had said all that he had to say, he searched for something and, not finding it, left them and came back to me. Before making any remark he turned over the bodies on the deck and when he had done so seemed still more put out.

"What's the matter?" I inqnired. "Are we in for any more trouble?"

"I'm afraid so. That rascally captain, seeing how the fighting was going and dreading my vengeance, must have jumped overboard, leaving no man save myself capable of navigating the junk, added to which the food and water supply—which, had this trouble not occurred and we had got farther npon our way, would have been ample for our requirements—will only last us at most two more meals. However, it's no good crying over spilled milk. We must do onr best with what we've got, and having done that we can't do more. Let us hope we'll soon pick np the boat of which we're in search."

"And what boat may that be?"

"Why, the vessel that is to take us to the island, to be sure. What other could it be?"

"I had no idea that we were in search of one."

"Well, we are, and it looks as if we shall be in search of her for some time to come. Confound those treacherous beggars!"

As he said this he assumed possession of the tiller, the vessel's head was brought round to her course, and presently we were wabbling along in a new and more westerly direction.

It was not a cheerful outlook by any manner of means, and for the hundredth time or so I reproached myself for my folly in ever having nndertaken the voyago. To add to my regret, my arm was still very painful, and though to a certain extent I was protected from the sun by the awning my friend had constructed for me, yet I began to suffer agonies of thirst. The afternoon wore on, the sun declined upon the western horizon, and still no wind came. It looked as if we were destined to spend yet another night npon this horrible junk, the very sight of which had become beyond measure loathsome to me. As darkness fell it seemed peopled with ghosts, for thongh the bodies of those killed in the late affray no longer defaced the deck with their ghastly presence I could not drive the picture they had presented from my brain.

I was asleep next morning when the sun rose, but his heat soon woke me to the grim reality of our position. My companion was still at the tiller, and from where I lay I could see that we were still sailing in the same direction. He called to me to know how I felt, and to show him that I was better I endeavored to rise, only to fall back again in what must have been a dead faint.

I have no recollection of what followed immediately npon my recovering myself except a confused remembrance of craving for water—water, water, water! But there was none to be had even if I had offered £100 for a drop.

Toward evening our plight was indeed pitiable. We were all too weak to work the boat. Friends and foes mingled together nnmolested. Unable to bear his agony, one of the men jumped overboard, and so ended his sufferings. Others would have followed his example, but my companion promised that he would shoot the next man who attempted it, and so make his end still more certain.

About half past 7 the sun sank beneath the horizon, and with his departure a welcome breeze came down to us. Within an hour this had freshened into a moderate gale. Then, just before darkness obscured everything, a cry from one of the Chinamen for'ard brought my companion to his feet. Rushing to the side, he stared toward the west.

"Yes! Yes, it is! We're saved, Do Normanville—we're saved! As he says, it is the schooner."

Then for the fourth time during that eventful voyage my senses deserted me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Holding the Ladder.

A workman in Cooper institute, having occasion to ascend a ladder to do some repairing in one of the public rooms, called to an old man whom he happened to see standing by watching him, "Here, old fellow, hold the ladder for me, won't you?" The "old fellow" started forward and held the ladder for the workman while he climbed up and did his work.

"That unpretentious and willing old man," says The Independent, "was Peter Cooper." It was just like him. Peter Cooper's aim in life and in the beneficent institution founded by him might well be characterized by the words "holding the ladder." Thousands of rightly ambitious men and women owe the possibility of their advancement to Peter Cooper. He has held, and still holds, the ladder, and hundreds upon hundreds of successful and grateful climbers as they rise bless his memory. We cannot all build such piles as Cooper Union, but we can hold the ladder somewhere, somehow, for somebody.

Our First Emperor.

At the time when the war with Spain had been brought to a successful close a number of statesmen were discussing the future of the country over their cigars in Washington.

At last one enthusiast exclaimed, addressing himself to the most prominent member of the group, "In my opinion we are drifting directly toward imperialism, and you, sir, should be the first emperor."

"Not if I know it," drawled the great man; "I am not fool enough to want to be the first emperor of a nation of such good shots."—Harper's Magazine.

Evidently.

Dasherly—It cost him $1,000,000 to put his Chicago son-in-law on his feet.

Flasherly—Dear me, but those Chicago people have large feet.—Kansas City Independent.

His One Good Act.

Judge Hubbard of Cedar Rapids, Ia., was in his time quite a character, writes a correspondent of Law Notes. The governor who appointed him to the bench resumed the practice of law after the expiration of his term and occasionally practiced in Judge Hubbard's court. On one occasion the judge ruled against the former governor, and the latter, waxing indignant, indnlged in several remarks in regard to "man's ingratitude" and "benefits forgot."

The judge soon wearied of such insinuations and fixing his eagle eye on the former governor said, "Let me tell you, sir, that the only worthy action of your entire administration was when you appointed me judge."

How to Remove Rust From Marble.

Use a solution of one part of nitric acid in 25 parts of water. Apply to the spots only, then rinse with water and ammonia.

CHAPTER I.

"You were the woman?"

"Yes, it was I."

The man who spoke was flushed, appealing, eager; the woman beside him, although perfectly pale, showed no sign of emotion in her face. They were walking side by side on a broad grassy road or track which ran into the very heart of the woodlands. On either side the trees raised their mighty arms so high that little of the blue sky could be seen between their fluttering yellow leaves. Yet the sunshine filtered down upon the bracken, and the bramble bushes beneath the boughs and bars of light lay athwart the delicate shadows through which the man and woman trod. Olwen thought vaguely to herself that the play of light and shade symbolized the chances and changes of the life that she had led, but Maurice Harding, at her side, was far too busy with his own views and aspirations to be alive to symbols. He was a hard headed, skeptical man by nature, and Olwen Dare was a fanciful woman in her way.

They were both noticeable people in appearance. Harding was above the middle height; he had broad shoulders and a lithe, sinewy figure. His face was ugly—there was no denying the fact; the features were dark, rugged and stern, but the deeply set eyes were remarkable for their brilliance and the drooping mustache hid some irascible lines about the mouth. There were energy, decision, determination, in the face, but not much softness and certainly no weakness of any sort. One could well imagine that his fame as an explorer of a singularly daring nature had been well deserved.

Miss Dare was tall—for a woman—and she was also beautiful. The perfect proportion of her limbs gave her a grace of movement which had been the first cause of Harding's attraction toward her. She walked, he said, "like a savage queen," not like a modern, conventional young lady of society. This speech might have prejudiced society against Miss Dare—for Harding's criticisms were respected—had she not been already popular and rich. She might walk "like a savage queen" as much as she pleased and still be admired. As a matter of fact, her graceful walk and dignified carriage were truly admirable. For the rest she was rather pale, with a beautifully shaped oval face, dark waving hair and gray eyes with long curly lashes. She had the excellent gift of a sweet voice and a sweeter smile, and by dint of her many graces and beauties she had taken captive the heart of Maurice Harding and brought him a very slave to her feet. And now, when the decisive moment had come and he had poured out the story of his love, she calmly and coldly refused him and told him why.

They were walking in the park belonging to a country house where they were guests. People asked them together, as all the world expected daily to hear that they were engaged. It would surprise the world as much as it surprised Harding to know that she had refused him, for she had given him open and marked encouragement. And she was not a woman who dispensed her favors lightly. He had proposed, and in refusing him she had added a few pregnant sentences of explanation that caused him to utter the words already recorded:

"You were the woman?"

And she had answered, "Yes, it was I."

"But I did not know you. I had no idea," he stammered.

"That was where the injustice of the thing came in," said Olwen calmly. "You did not know me, you knew nothing about me except that I was a young girl, living in the country, poor, untaught, not a match, as you considered, for your friend and therefore to be branded as an adventuress. Oh, yes, I have seen the letter you wrote about me to Lionel Borrodaile and a more uncalled for attack upon a girl's character and reputation I never imagined to myself. 'If we were not in polite society and bound by the chains of convention, I should say'—

She stopped suddenly and seemed to consider. Harding, very white beneath his bronze, and biting his mustache furiously, turned to hear the end.

"Go on," he said harshly. "We are not 'polite society,' you and I. You may be as free from convention as I am, if you like. You would say what?"

"I should say," she proceeded calmly, "that you had lied."

"Do you know what you are saying? Do you know how you are insulting me?" he broke out, in a hoarse, suffocated voice.

"Perhaps you forget that you insulted me—once," she said, in passionless, level tones.

"Not purposely! Not knowingly! I was deceived. I swear it, Olwen! On my life and soul I swear that I was told of a very different woman and what I said of her was true enough, but it was never said of you."

"Excuse me, I saw the letter. All the things you said were spoken of Miss Durant. I was Miss Durant—I changed my name when money was left to me by my godmother. Lionel had been spending the summer in our village, you will remember, and I was a girl of 19 teaching in the village school. We knew each other—we loved each other a little—perhaps. He asked me to be his wife. You know why I was not."

"Good heavens! Who would have thought it! Borrodaile must have been a weak fool"—

"Do not abuse a man who is dead," said Olwen quietly. "You were his guardian. He naturally attached some value to your opinion. When you wrote to him, ordering him back to town and informing him that you knew—knew, mind you, that I was an unprincipled little adventuress and worse, a woman of evil reputation, in fact—it was natural that he should be startled."

"He showed you my letter? And you put up with such an insult?"

"The insults were in the letter. His showing it to me was a detail. He was in great trouble over it. I advised him at once to obey his guardian and go back to London"—

"And he went?"

"It is absurd for you to be indignant, Mr. Harding. You know that he went and why. You know that you threatened him with all sorts of pains and penalties if he did not return to London immediately. I seconded your efforts to the best of my ability. I told him to obey you and to come back when—or if—he obtained your consent. He never came back."

"And you blame me for that?"

"Well, naturally. You kept him in town, did you not?"

"You loved him—that boy?"

"I loved him as well as I knew how."

"And you have never forgiven the man who separated you?"

She hesitated before replying, but spoke at last in a clear and resolute tone.

"The separation was hard to bear. It did not break my heart, but it gave me much pain. He never wrote to explain why he had abandoned me, but I knew well enough that it was because of your advice—your opinion. And when I realized after weeks and months of suspense and misery that you had triumphed over me and got the poor boy under your thumb again then I said to myself"—

She paused again, but as he made an eager gesture she resumed her speech.

"I said to myself that if ever I met the man who had shown himself capable of such cruelty to an unoffending girl, who had tried to blacken her reputation in the eyes of the man she loved and shown neither mercy nor justice in his anxiety that his ward should marry a wealthy woman—if I met that man, I should be glad if in any way I could make him suffer. It was unlikely that I should ever meet him, but, you see, the unlikeliest things sometimes happen—and—now that I am a rich woman and Lionel Borrodaile is dead—we have met."

"Then am I to understand that you deliberately set yourself to attract me, with the intention of refusing me should I be so blind as to walk into your trap?"

She raised her eyebrows and glanced at him with a bitter smile.

"Can you wonder at it? Have I injured you more than you injured me? Yes, as soon as I knew who you were I set myself to make you like me. I hoped that you would fall in love with me and give me the opportunity of refusing the man who once told his ward that a marriage with me would mean social suicide."

Harding uttered a sound of mingled anger and despair, then walked on in silence for some minutes, his head hanging, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. When he spoke, it was in short, jerky sentences, which showed more clearly than elaborate periods would have done the keenness of his pain.

"I was a brute, I know, and a fool, too, it seems. It's useless to try to exculpate oneself, but at the time I heard all the things—those things in the letter—about the woman who taught that school. I believe they were true. She was dismissed afterward for misconduct. But, of course, that's nothing to the point. I can only say that I regret my action. I regretted it long ago when I saw Lionel's development. There's nothing more to be said but to beg your pardon—and go."

Olwen turned her head away. This manner of treating the subject startled her. The man's humility was utterly unexpected. She had looked for a storm of rage, a tempest of reproaches, and these would have relieved her a little, for her conscience was not altogether at rest when she thought of the way in which she had treated Maurice Harding, but it disconcerted her to be met with this acknowledgment of wrongdoing, this abasement of spirit, in the man upon whom she had tried to wreak her revenge. She wished she could relent. She wished she could say something to atone for her past bitterness. But she had gone too far. It was hardly possible for her to take back what she had said. Besides, she had remembered her wrongs for seven years and more. She had acted on meeting Harding as she had always meant to act. And how could she stultify herself by owning to a softer mood?

Still, the look of dumb misery on Harding's face troubled her. She wished she could speak of some other subject so as to lead his mind away from the proposal of marriage that he had made, but she felt that she had neither strength nor courage enough to do so. She was almost relieved when he came to a sudden stop and confronted her.

"I won't afflict you with my presence any longer," he said in his harshest voice. "I can but say I am sorry—and I'll leave the house tonight. I congratulate you, Miss Dare. You have had your revenge and you had a right to it. Fate does not always give us the chance of paying off an old score, but you are fortunate and have paid it in full—and with interest. I will wish you goodby now. You are close to the garden gate, so you will not need a guide any farther. Good evening."

"Oh, Mr. Harding, surely you will not go like this? I—I—am sorry"—

"Sorry? After attaining your end so completely? Oh, that is impossible!" said Harding, smiling and raising his hat. And Olwen could say no more. But she did not forget the mute reproach of that pale face, with the somber eyes and the frown of pain upon the brow.

CHAPTER II.

"Harding has been called away on business," the host explained that night at dinner; "a sudden telegram—something very important, I believe. I dare say Miss Dare can tell us what it is." And the squire indulged in a chuckle which brought a flush of unwonted color to Olwen's pale cheek.

"I know nothing of Mr. Harding's affairs," she said so coldly that the squire floundered into a sort of apology.

"Of course not, my dear. Why should you? But as I saw you walking with him in the park just before he was summoned away I thought you might have heard what it was."

The squire's wife looked daggers at him. "What an absurd idea to suppose that Mr. Harding would talk business to a young lady!" she said lightly, but she did not do away with the uncomfortable impression that had been produced. Some of the guests glanced oddly at Miss Dare. It was felt that an explanation of Mr. Harding's departure ought to come from her. Every one knew or thought that he had been on the brink of a proposal, and of course she meant to accept him, or she would never have received his attentions so complacently. If it had been mere flirtation on her part and she had refused him after all—why, then, Olwen Dare had behaved disgracefully and deserved the reprobation of all well regulated minds.

But Olwen gave no sign. She conversed with her neighbors in a particularly agreeable manner and professed herself quite unable to give any reason for Mr. Harding's sudden departure. She hoped that she would escape without further questioning, but she was not to be let off quite so easily. Her hostess, a large, fair woman with a passion for matchmaking, followed her to her room.

"Now, dear, do tell me," she said, "whether Maurice Harding did not give you some clew as to why he was going so suddenly."

"I am not in Mr. Harding's confidence," said Olwen with a blush.

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" said Lady Diana—she was an earl's daughter, although she had married only a country squire, and she thought herself an adept in the art of advising young people about their love affairs. "We all know that he was desperately in love with you"—

"Please don't say so, Lady Diana!"

"But I will say so, child, because I know it for a fact," said the lady, settling herself in a big chintz covered chair and holding out one foot toward the fire in the grate. "He told me some days ago how much he admired you, and I told him to go in and win, for I was sure he would be successful."

"I don't think you were quite justified in saying that to him."

"Oh, don't you, my dear? You girls are very faddy sometimes. But you've shown us so plainly that you were as much in love with Harding as Harding was with you"—

Olwen started up, her face all in a blaze. "I have not—I have not!" she cried passionately. "I—I—show that I was in love? I was not! I was not! I could not show it when I"— Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. "Oh, I don't know what I'm saying! I think I am mad! Forgive me"— and then came a gasping sob.

Lady Diana sat still and nodded her head contentedly. "Don't mind me, my dear," she said. "Have your cry out. It will do you good. You've quarreled, I suppose? Never mind, we'll soon have him back again, and you shall make it up and be all the better friends. There's nothing like a tiff or two before marriage. Better before than after, I always say."

Olwen lifted up a tear stained face from her hands. "But you are mistaken, Lady Diana. I am not going to marry Mr. Harding."

"What! Do you mean to say he went away without proposing?" said Lady Diana, almost jumping out of her chair.

"You ought not—I ought not—I real-

ly think we might drop the subject," said Olwen, trying for a haughty voice, but failing miserably in the attempt.

"Don't be so foolish, child. Tell me the truth. You know I was fond of your mother, Olwen. You should look upon me as your best friend and confide your troubles to me. Did he propose or not? For if not, I shall really tell Mark to ask him his intentions."

"Oh, Lady Diana, what an awful thing to do!" said Olwen, drying her eyes and pretending to laugh. "Well, if I must tell you—yes, he did ask me to be his wife, and I"—

"Has he gone to London to buy the ring?" asked Lady Diana breathlessly.

"I refused him," said Olwen in an abrupt tone.

"Refused him?"

"Yes, Lady Diana. I — I never thought of accepting him."

"What?"

"I have no wish to become the wife of Mr. Harding."

"Then!"—with an accent of horror —"what on earth have you meant by encouraging him as you have done?"

Olwen was silent. She would have given the world to be able to say at that moment that she had not encouraged him. But it would not have been true. She stood holding her handkerchief in her small clinched hands and looking down at the fire, while Lady Diana continued her remarks.

"My dear Olwen, I should have thought that you would know better. Don't you see what a marked thing it has been from the very beginning? The man fell hopelessly in love with you from the first moment he saw you, and what I cannot understand is that you seemed to fall in love too! Yes, indeed you did. I watched you, and I know the signs."

"You must have been mistaken. I was—amusing myself; that was all."

"Very wrong indeed. You went quite too far in your amusement, my dear. I am afraid other people will call it a flirtation—carried, I must say, to the very verge of impropriety. I never should have allowed him to be so much with you if he had not spoken to me and told me how he admired you, and of course I thought that you reciprocated his feeling."

"I do not know why you should have thought so."

"Because you showed every sign of it, my dear. And if you were not in earnest you have behaved very badly, Olwen, and I should never have thought that you were so cold hearted."

"You don't know me, it seems, Lady Diana."

"No, I suppose not. I am very much disappointed. I had quite set my heart upon this marriage. And how people will talk! Come, Olwen, are you sure that it isn't a lovers' quarrel? Shall I write to him to come back again?"

"Certainly not. I wish neither to see nor to hear of Mr. Harding again."

"Yet you're fond of him?"

"I am not—I hate him."

"I'll leave you to sleep on it," said Lady Diana, rising and gathering up her skirts. "It's my belief that, whether you know it or not, you're in love with the man. If not, you've behaved abominably and must expect to hear yourself called a flirt and a jilt and other ugly names. Good night, my dear. I'll telegraph to Harding whenever you like."

Olwen turned away with a gesture of anger, but when Lady Diana had gone she threw herself on the bed face downward and cried her heart out—assuring herself at intervals that she knew not why.

Was it possible she loved Harding after all? If so, her case was hard, for she had sent him away from her with words of scorn and anger, and he was not the man to sue for her love a second time.

CHAPTER III.

Everybody said that Mrs. Vandeleur was a flirt—so much of a flirt that careful mothers warned their daughters against making friends with her, and metaphorically drew their skirts aside when she went by. She was an audacious, brazen faced, hard hearted little woman—according to the report of these austere matrons—atrociously pretty and bewilderingly smart in repartee. She was a widow and certainly showed no disposition to marry again. Indeed it was rumored that she would lose her money if she did, the late Mr. Vandeleur having been something of a curmudgeon, advanced in years and given to fits of insane jealousy, but if Mrs. Vandeleur could not marry she amused herself all the more by flirting with all the men she met. She was over 30, but did not look it, and she had the dangerous gift of a most extraordinary attractiveness, of which her beauty formed only a part.

There was this to be said in her favor—she kept the friends she made. Men lost their heads about her now and then, but she never lost hers, and when their period of madness was over they settled down with a pleasant kind of friendliness which she really liked better than their lovemaking. Women said that Laura Vandeleur could never bear to see a man escape altogether from her hands. But then somehow or other women did not like Laura Vandeleur.

She looked very pretty as she sat by the fire in her drawing room one afternoon in November. She had just come back to town and found her rooms intolerable without fragrant wood fires and great bowls of roses and violets. The weather was gray and cold. Nobody knew that she was in London, and she thought herself safe from visitors. It was with some vexation that she heard the servant announce a caller. She was, as always, beautifully dressed. There was no need for her to wish herself differently attired, but she was reading a novel, and she disliked putting it down. The little pucker on her forehead vanished, however, as the visitor entered the room and was succeeded by the most brilliant of smiles.

"Maurice! Can it be you?" She held out her little white hands in greeting. "How dear of you! Why, I have not seen you for months!"

He pressed her hands and murmured something inaudible. She was shocked by his appearance. He was pale and had dark marks round his eyes, and she noticed that the veins stood out upon his hands as if he had grown thin.

"Have you been ill?" she asked abruptly, but there was tenderness in her face.

"A touch of jungle fever; that was all," Harding said, sitting down listlessly in the chair that she indicated, very near her own. "I am subject to it now and then. It always pulls me down for a few days."

"It does indeed, if this is how you look after it," said Laura to herself, but she simply rang for tea and began to busy herself with the silver bells of her toy terrier, just for all the world as if she had no interest in Maurice Harding at all. Until she had given him a cup of tea she scarcely took any obvious notice of him, but all the while she was thinking of him and wondering what ailed the man who for many years had been so stanch a friend to her. Only a friend, alas! She did not think that he could ever be anything more.

He meanwhile luxuriated in the warmth of the room, the comfort of the chair in which he sat. He was not a sybarite by nature, but he was ill and sad and felt vaguely soothed and consoled by his surroundings. His eye roved from the flowers at his elbow to the graceful little figure in the armchair. The light of the fire just caught the gold of her hair till it shone like a glory around her head; the jewels at her neck and wrists and on her white fingers sparkled with many colored lights. Harding was in some ways an unsophisticated man. It did not occur to him that Mrs. Vandeleur's pose was assumed for effect or that the soft rose and white of her complexion was less due to nature than to art. He looked at her so fixedly, so admiringly, that Laura at last turned almost nervous beneath the gaze, and in order to break the silence asked him what he was looking at.

"At you," he answered at once. "I was thinking how beautiful you are. You will pardon the freedom of an old friend. I hope. And how different —from some women!"

"Different?" said Laura, with a smile.

"You know how to be a true friend; you do not pretend and mislead—what am I saying? You must not mind what I say, Laura. I am not well. This touch of fever"—

"Is it all fever?" she asked gently, bending toward him. "Is there not also some grief, some anxiety"—

"You have heard?" he said suddenly.

"I have heard nothing. I only guess. Some one has wronged you, deceived you"—

"It was my own fault," Harding answered bitterly. "I injured her in days gone by, and she has never forgiven me. She refused me, three weeks ago, and gloried in the pain she made me suffer."

"Then she must be a brute," said Mrs. Vandeleur. Her hands tightened their grasp on one another and a light came into her eyes. "You are well rid of her, Maurice. She must be a hard hearted woman. Can you not content yourself with your true friends?"

Harding was silent for a moment or two, then uttered a sort of groan which made Mrs. Vandeleur wince as she heard it. "I loved her," he said from under the hand with which his eyes were covered.

"Are you the first person who has loved in vain?" said Laura in a steely voice. "Be a man, Maurice; brace yourself a little. Don't spend your strength in mourning for a girl who has thrown you over, especially when it is only for the sake of a revenge."

"But she was right. I don't blame her."

Mrs. Vandeleur tightened her lips for a moment. Then her whole face relaxed, and she said in a voice of exquisite tenderness:

"Tell me all about it, you poor boy!"

The words seemed inappropriate to the bronzed face and manly figure of her visitor, and yet they fell like balm upon Harding's ear. Like every man, he forgot that Laura Vandeleur was a beautiful woman, younger than himself, and not without her own susceptibilities. He heard only the kindliness of her tone and put it down to the innate motherliness of which he believed every woman to be possessed. He yielded his confidence at once. In a few broken sentences he told the story of his ill fated wooing, of Olwen's refusal of his proposal and her reason for hating him. "You see she had justice on her side," he ended gloomily, with a heavy sigh. "One can hardly expect a woman to forgive such an insult, such an injury, as I inflicted upon her."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Vandeleur softly. "Women feel these things so deeply, you see. Evidently Miss Dare is not a person who forgives very easily. Surely it would be better to put her out of your mind altogether, Maurice. Other women exist who like you, whom you have not injured"—

She paused, a little ashamed of herself. For a moment it seemed to her as if she had absolutely proposed to him to marry her, but it had evidently not struck Harding in that light. He shook his head despairingly. "I shall never love another woman. I never saw one who touched me in the least until I met Olwen Dare."

Laura bit her lip, but recovering herself almost instantly she spoke with resolute cheerfulness.

"There is one point I want to have quite clear, Maurice. Lionel Borrodaile was your ward, I know, but wards are not often so submissive to their guardians as he seems to have been."

"His father had left me supreme control over him until he should be 25 years old. I could have cut off his income entirely for a time. With some men the threat of doing this would have been powerless, but Lionel hated exertion or hardship of any kind. After a little futile resistance he gave way, especially when I impressed upon him the bad account I had heard of the girl —not Olwen Dare, as it turned out, but the woman in charge of the school where she was working"—

"You were careless about your facts, Maurice."

"Yes, and she blames me—who would not?—for that. I was so anxious at the time, you see, to free him from the toils of an adventuress, as I considered her, that I was ready to use any means that came to hand. I am punished now."

"So Lionel escaped, and afterward he went to Italy. You remember?"

"Yes; I think you once told me he met you there."

"He did. But I never told you, Maurice, all that I knew of him. Ultimately he died, as you know, from the effects of hard drinking and hard living. He began that downward career in Italy. Does this woman—this Olwen Dare—know the sort of man for whom she still cherishes 'a tendresse?'"

"I don't suppose she does. I could not tell her, you know."

"No, I suppose not, but—some one else might."

"It would be no use. It is not only that she remembers Lionel, but also that she hates me."

"Ah!"

The long drawn intonation ended in a sigh. It was inscrutable, and Harding lifted his eyes to discover what it meant. He saw a lovely vision before him. The golden hair shone like the aureole of a saint around the sweet, pitying face, with its delicate coloring, its wonderful expressiveness of feature. He fancied that there was even a tear in the bewitching blue eyes. He had never seen Laura Vandeleur so entirely at her best.

It was a moment of weakness with him. He put out his hand impulsively.

"Laura," he said, "you are a true friend. I know nobody like you. Won't you take pity on me and be my friend —always? You know how little I have to offer you, yet—there is only you who could in any way"—

He stopped abruptly. She had risen to her feet quickly, as if something had stung her, thrilled her with sudden pain. Involuntarily her hand sought her heart. It had given a startling leap and was now beating so hard and fast that she could hardly find voice with which to utter what she wished to say.

"You don't know—you don't know what you are saying," she faltered at last. "You can't tell all it means—I think I might be able—in time—to make you happy, Maurice—but"—

"If you desert me, Laura, I shall have nothing left," said the man sadly and simply.

She stood on the hearth rug looking at him and tearing her handkerchief to rags between her restless hands. After a long pause she spoke in a stifled voice.

"I will answer you in 24 hours," she said. "You must give me that time in which to think. I can say nothing now."

Then she pressed her torn handkerchief to her eyes and passed out of the room, leaving Maurice Harding to his own reflections.

CHAPTER IV.

Olwen Dare had gone back to a little cottage of her own, a place which she loved because it was so far from the madding crowd of London life. It had a charming garden sloping down to the river, and whenever she was tired or sick at heart it seemed natural to her to go there and recruit herself. But the housekeeper wondered a little when she came in November, just when the garden was at its worst and there was a touch of dampness in all the rooms, which had been so bright and cheerful all the summer. But she said nothing about her surprise to Miss Dare. Her mistress had a dignity of her own which did not permit of impertinent questioning.

To a visitor, daintily clad in fur and velvet, a woman of the world who had left London for a day's journey, the place seemed lonely and miserable in the extreme. Mrs. Vandeleur glanced round her, shrugging her shoulders a little and remarking to herself, with a pretty, cynical air: "She must be in love with him! Else why should she come to this place of desolation?"

She rearranged her veil, put up her hand to feel that the golden hair beneath the black toque with its bunch of violets was smooth and neat, then rang the bell at the door. She was admitted and shown into a quaintly furnished little drawing room, "all chintz and china," as she expressed it afterward, and left alone while the maid went to summon Miss Dare.

Laura Vandeleur was nervous, but she did not show her nervousness. It was with a bewitching smile that she met Olwen, who looked pale and thin, yet beautiful, in a long black dress that seemed to express the tendency of her mind. She bowed politely, but her eyes told the question which she did not put

into words—why was her visitor here?

"You will wonder why I have come," said Mrs. Vandeleur, "and indeed I hardly know what impulse possessed me to descend on you in this unceremonious manner. My only excuse is this—I am an old friend of a man you know, Maurice Harding."

Olwen's face froze at once. She motioned her visitor to a seat, but remained standing as she replied.

"Mr. Harding is an acquaintance of mine, certainly."

"Of course you know," said Laura, without further preamble, "that he has been very ill?"

Olwen sat down. It looked almost as though she could not stand any longer. "I did not know," she said faintly.

"It was fever. He was subject to it, but I do not think it returns unless he is suffering from mental distress or anxiety. I believe he is suffering very greatly in that way at present. You—perhaps you know why."

"I have no—no—knowledge of Mr. Harding's affairs," said Olwen, trying hard to retain her self possession.

"Have you not?" Mrs. Vandeleur looked wistfully at the girl. "Is it nothing to you that he is ill, weak, despondent? You see, we are old friends, he and I. He knew me when my husband was alive; he has been very good to me, and it was natural that he should tell me his story—forgive me if I speak too frankly—the story of his love for you and of the rejection which has caused him so much pain."

"These things are not generally spoken about," said Olwen, with lifted head. "I am surprised that you should come from him in this manner."

"But I did not come from him. I came of my own accord," said Mrs. Vandeleur. And Olwen noticed that her face was very sweet as she said the words. "I came because of my interest in him and of my desire to see him happy."

"I hope for his happiness, too," said Olwen, with averted eyes.

"Then—excuse me—you take a strange way of advancing it," said Laura, with evident warmth. "But I must not speak of that. The reason I came to you today was that I knew a person—a man—with whom I believe you were once acquainted, Mr. Lionel Borrodaile."

A flush crept into Olwen's pale cheeks. "Mr. Harding has told you a great deal," she said.

"I think he has told me everything," said Mrs. Vandeleur quickly. "It would have been useless to tell me half, you see. And then I bethought myself of Lionel Borrodaile as I knew him, and I felt that I should like to tell you a little about him."

Olwen looked full into her visitor's eyes. "You knew him? You liked him? You were a friend of his? But how could you be a friend of his if you are Maurice Harding's friend?"

"Because Maurice Harding was as good a friend to him as he has been to me. You do not know how he cared for that boy in his youth, watched over him, devoted himself to him in every way. The reason why he interfered in a certain attachment—you know what I mean—was because he had received an entirely mistaken idea of the young lady in question. And Lionel was very easy to convince—in fact, he owned to me a month or two after his return from Devonshire that he was 'uncommonly glad'—that was his expression—'to have got out of the scrape. The girl had bored him long enough.' You must forgive me if I quote his own words."

The color started, hot and crimson, in Olwen's cheeks. She had always indulged in the fancy that Lionel had sorrowed for her as she for him. It was a shock to find that she had been mistaken.

Mrs. Vandeleur went on softly and relentlessly.

"He came to see me when I was in Florence, and—my dear, I must tell you—he made love to me. He was a most ardent lover—for a time. I need not recapitulate his vows. He swore that he had loved no one but me, that his affection for the little schoolmistress in the Devonshire village had been all assumed and that he had never meant to marry her—do you understand? He threw aspersions on your character which were worse than those which Mr. Harding spoke of in his letter. He boasted of his conquest over you"—

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Olwen wildly. "I cannot bear this!"

"I would not say it if it were not the truth and entirely for your own good," said Mrs. Vandeleur firmly. "I laughed at the boy, but did my best to be friendly to him for his guardian's sake, but at last I discovered him in a foolish and disgraceful liaison with an Italian milliner, and then I was obliged to give him up. I heard worse tales of him afterward. Then he began to drink and to gamble, and finally Maurice Harding came out to nurse him in his last illness—galloping consumption, brought on by his own excesses. My dear, he was a worthless, dishonorable scoundrel, from whom you happily escaped, and you should thank Maurice Harding from the bottom of your heart for his caution, instead of trying to punish him for a mistake which he has since so bitterly repented of."

Olwen was crying and she did not attempt to hide her tears. "Is he very ill?" she asked at length, and Mrs. Vandeleur augured well from the question.

"Yes, very; sadly weak and in want of a woman's tenderness."

"It was not that I loved Lionel," said Miss Dare, rather feebly, "but I resented his treatment of me and its cause."

"If you did not love Lionel," said Mrs. Vandeleur with a sudden inspiration, "what hinders you from loving a better man?"

"Nothing," said Olwen. "Only—I thought that I ought to stand upon my dignity." And she smiled through her tears. "It was an old score—I wanted to pay it, that was all."

"Then you had better come back to London with me," said Laura promptly.

And Olwen came.

* * * * * * *

But when Maurice Harding called for his answer at Mrs. Vandeleur's pretty little house in Mayfair he found Olwen waiting for him and Laura nowhere to be seen. And when Olwen asked him to forgive her for her harshness what could he do but take her in his arms and vow that he loved her the better for her valor and her pride?

But, meanwhile, in the dark upstairs another woman stood alone, pressing the tears from out her eyes as she told herself that she was glad—glad—glad that Maurice should be happy away from her and that the "old score" had indeed been paid. It had been revenge on Olwen's part; it was gratitude on hers.

A "Big Die."

The average southern negro looks upon a funeral as a function to be enjoyed and one at which all the fine feathers of the women and the loud clothing of the men should be shown. In this city today there are hundreds of negroes and negresses who each month pay their pittance to their "s'cieties," and the "s'cieties" in return bury them with great pomp when they die.

Not long since a very largely attended funeral was passing along a prominent street. An old negro, impressed by the number of carriages and wishing to express his admiration, exclaimed "Lawdy! Lawdy! Dat sho' is er big die!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Woes of a Wife.

"Oh, that I should have married a funny man!" she wailed.

"What is the matter, lovey, dear?" asked her most intimate friend.

"He came home and told me he had a sure way to keep jelly from molding at the top, and when I asked him how he said to turn it upside down."—Cincinnati Enquirer

A Telltail.

A "befo' de wah" matron was teaching one of the little darkies on her plantation how to spell. The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly glibly spelled "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box," etc.

But the teacher thought that she was making too rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said, "Polly, what does o-x spell?"

"Ox," answered Polly nimbly.

"How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?"

"Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly. —San Francisco Argonaut.

AMUSEMENTS.

Los Angeles Theatre C. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, Lessees

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY
Following THE RED LAMP will be presented
Madame Sans Gene
Mary Van Buren in her Greatest Role. First appearance of the distinguished Australian actor, Mr. HENRY ROBERTS.
15c, 25c, 35c, 50c | | | SEATS NOW ON SALE | | | Tel. Main 70

To Catalina and Seaside Resorts
THE LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY is
The only line selling tickets to SAN PEDRO, TERMINAL ISLAND and CATALINA ISLAND, giving stop-over privileges at Long Beach, the Chautauqua of Southern California, without extra charge. A ten-mile ride along the sea shore and first choice of steamer accommodations going to Catalina. For a fishing and sailing cruise on the Pacific Ocean, no better place can be found than at Terminal Island and Long Beach. Elegant Hotels, Golf Links, Charming Climate, Sea Bathing Year Around.
Trains leave 8.50 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m. daily, and 10.50 a.m., Saturdays and Sundays. Catalina train 8.50 a.m. daily.
Information and tickets TERMINAL OFFICE, 214 South Spring Street.
Telephone Main 960.

PUREST WINES and LIQUORS at Woollacott's
124-6 North Spring Street

ALASKA Refrigerators, FREEZERS, Etc.
Cass & Smurr Stove Co.
314 and 316 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES.

The readers of the "Post" will find the reading more enjoyable if reclining in one of our Hammocks, they will find also, upon investigation, that our assortment is largest and prices the lowest. If you prefer an easy chair -- the same claim we make for our hammocks holds good for easy chairs -- for house or porch. : : : : : : : : : :

345-347-S. SPRING ST. ALLEN'S BET. THIRD & FOURTH STS
345-347-S. SPRING ST. ALLEN'S BET. THIRD & FOURTH STS

AMERICAN ENGRAVING CO.
THE ONLY SHOP ON THE "GROUND FLOOR"
DESIGNING
EDW. F. BROTZE
ARTIST
ILLUSTRATING
OUR SPECIALTY
ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED AND MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION
ZINC ETCHINGS AND HIGH GRADE HALF-TONES
TELEPHONE MAIN 453
W. L. WILLIAMS Manager.
TIMES BUILDING
110 N. BROADWAY

THE YOSEMITE SPRINGS

An Account of the Discovery of the Wonderful Medicinal Water.

"Horrors! What a sight," said a prospector as he and his partner gazed on a half-naked Indian, whose flesh on his head, arms and chest seemed about ready to leave the bones by a process of dry scaly decay.

The savage looked hopeless and resigned. One accustomed to the resources of civilization would say that he well might. For what help could there be for a half wild creature far from the reach of the help of medicine and the proper treatment.

The medicine men had been through all sorts of devil killing and witch chasing with no results.

As the prospectors remained in the region several months they became accustomed to the sight. After a time it became apparent that the subject looked more hopeful and upon being questioned he said: "Heap old squaw ride pony 10 days to show young bucks where good water. Very quick cure. Medicine man no like it. Too quick cure. Then no get pony and blanket and gun. Good water got much bad taste. Put um on sore, make um burn much, but very quick cure, Old Squaw say."

"Poor fellow," said one, as the wretch went down the trail, "he has lost his mind, and no wonder. No doubt his bones will soon be bleaching on the desert sands. As he will no doubt be chasing off to find the spring of healing water."

The subject soon slipped their minds. But their interest and pity were only dormant. As they were returning from a week's trip in the hills they overtook a party of Indians, an old squaw and several young bucks. All on very tired looking ponies.

They had not much to say except that they had been gone twenty days, gone to the place of healing waters, some of which they brought back, as they said, for the cure of the sick.

So the prospectors proposed to wait and watch the results, and to tell the truth, they were not prepared to believe when they saw them.

The afflicted one improved. In five days he seemed a new man, and in ten days the scales and inflammation had disappeared. After six weeks he appeared as well and whole as any of the braves.

The prospectors held a pow-wow of their own, and decided to go to the place of healing waters. One of the young bucks who went on the trip with the old squaw was engaged to guide the prospectors. When they arrived at the place of healing waters the Indian was turned loose with a new pony. The prospectors thought to try a taste of the water. The taste was enough. For it did taste bad. They concluded, however, that it might do as a medicine for external application, and if properly prepared prove a great remedy for skin diseases.

It was decided that they should boil out the water and save the mineral matter as the first step toward putting it in shape for use, when about fifty pounds of the salts and a jug of the water had been gathered the prospectors started for Los Angeles, Cal., their home.

Then the question of how best to prepare the crystals for use. A soap was made by the use of the salts which proved to be a marvel as a cure for skin diseases. Eczema, Poison Oak, Barbers' Itch, Pimples and all irritated and inflamed conditions of the skin yielded quickly to the use of the soap.

In the meantime an analysis of the water had been made, and experiments in the use of the water internally proved another surprise. For even better results were gained than had been in the external use. At first it was believed that it would cure every form of any ailment. But more tests and closer observations proved it to be a specific for inflammation especially of mucous membranes. This gave it a great demand. As mucous membrane is found in all orifices of the body and is the seat of most inflammatory conditions, as catarrh of the nose, head, throat, stomach and bowels; inflammation and congestion of rectum, urethra, bladder and kidneys. But of all these the stomach and bowels show the best results from the use of the water. As an acid condition is immediately neutralized and relieved while the process of digestion is allowed to proceed naturally.

From June, 1898, twelve months was consumed in these experiments, before an effort was made to put the products of the water on the market, known as the Yosemite Remedies. And Yosemite Mineral Water is rapidly taking its place in the lead of mineral waters now on the market. We give here what a man of experience in the home of springs and geysers says of this most marvelous of nature's remedies:

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 12, 1900

Yosemite Mineral Spring Co., Los Angeles, Cal.—Gentlemen: I feel it a duty to suffering humanity that I tell you once more what I think of your "King of Mineral Waters."

As you well know, I have suffered terribly from stomach troubles, and have tried everything in the way of remedies that I could find, but it remained for your marvelous Yosemite Water to effect a cure.

If you could thoroughly understand how much I have really suffered, you might understand how grateful I am to the friend who first induced me to try the water. I might write pages in commendation, but I could not find adjectives strong enough to express myself.

At first I was very skeptical, but a few doses convinced me that it was doing me good, and not long after I found myself in a normal condition, and able to eat anything without being liable to the most excruciating pain.

I have recommended the water to a number of parties who have stopped at the hotel, and all have received immediate relief and a final cure.

One gentleman in particular, who had spent thousands of dollars upon different remedies, and traveled almost the world over, was so astonished at the result of its use that in leaving he supplied himself with the water, saying he would not be without it, and that it was surely effecting a cure.

It is now a year since I first commenced using the water, and I have been a very careful observer of its effect upon others in the different ways in which it is used, and I must say that some of the cures are beyond belief, so I tell my friends, don't ask me, just try for yourself and be convinced.

Your pure Olive Oil Yosemite Soap is the best I have ever used, and the Salts used as an ointment externally will, I believe, cure any skin disease. I say this because when suffering the most from my stomach trouble my face was also in very bad shape from erythema, and the Ointment applied while using the Water soon cured me, and I have suffered no recurrence of the disease since.

I wish that every sufferer from nervous indigestion might know of this wonderful Water, and will say I will gladly answer any inquiries that any one may care to make as to my own experience in its use.

I am, very gratefully,

L. W. WALKER,
Mgr. Grand Canyon Hotel, Yellowstone National Park, Wyo.

Little Joker Oil Company

Incorporated April 18, 1900.

Offices, 236-237 Copp Building, 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

OFFICERS—

F. J. BAUER, President, Propr. Chicago Wall Paper House.
G. S. DE GARMO, Vice-President. Real Estate.
J. T. BAILEY, Treasurer. Wholesale Furniture Manufacturer.
W. J. FORD, Secretary. Attorney.

HOLDINGS—The Little Joker Oil Company has 160 acres in the Palomas Mining District near Newhall. **Stock Fully Paid and Non-Assessable.**

The New Oil Regions—We also own 600 acres in the Puente Oil Belt in San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, where oil was recently struck, at Moreno, at a depth of 550 feet.

SALE OF STOCKS—Over 200,000 of the 250,000 shares capital stock of the Company have been placed in the Treasury of the Company for development work, and of this amount a limited number of shares will be sold at the Company's office, at 10 cents per share, par value $1.00. The Company reserves the right to advance the price of stock at any time without any notice to the public.

Special Values Attract Attention

Superior Merit secures attention

We Offer Both

Therefore, before purchasing, you should inspect our High Grade Driving and Bike Wagons.

We are Pacific Coast sales agents for Erie City Boilers and Engines, Jackson Centrifugal Pumps, Hall's Air Compressors, Otto and Burrell Gasoline Engines.

Our Prices May Save You Money

BAKER & HAMILTON

No. 134-136 N. Los Angeles St., - Los Angeles, Cal.

Lawn Mowers Garden Tools and Hose

ALL THE LEADING MAKES AT VERY LOWEST PRICES

ALSO FULL LINE OF

GASOLINE and OIL STOVES

INCLUDING THE CELEBRATED

"TWIN BURNERS"

WHICH BURN OIL OR GASOLINE WITHOUT THE LEAST DANGER OF EXPLOSION.

CALL FOR PRICES.

JAS. W. HELLMAN, 157-161 N. Spring Street

ARE YOU SAFE

In these days of hold-ups, blind assasinations, assaults by military editors, and offers of rewards for dead highwaymen?

Our Harveyized Nickel-Steel Suits of Armor Are Just the Thing,

Clothed in one of these and otherwise protected by one of our

"Machete Proof" Coats of Mail

Reporters may interview Major-Generals with impunity.

We also recommend our

Armor Plate Protection Clothing

To the Police force, firemen, motormen and conductors, as well as any who walk our streets in darkness.

ENDORSED AND USED BY FILIPINO GENERALS.

U-Need-A Suit-of-Armor Co.

METROPOLITAS, U. S. A.

CAPITAL STOCK, $350,000

Better than Gold Mines

TREASURY RESERVE $150,000

A 150-BARREL WELL will pay 10 per cent. on our capitalization. 112 acres of our land are in the Fullerton fields on the same strike as the Santa Fio Columbian Wells whose output is over 1200 BARRELS DAILY. Eight 150 Barrel Wells means 80 per cent. dividends. Divide it by two and you still have a good thing left. 240 acres in the rich field of Coalinga and San Jacinto. A small block of stock at 25c PER SHARE; subject to advance without notice.

Call or send for maps and prospectus: 407-408 STIMSON BLOCK, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

H. P. BURTON, Secretary. *BASIL H. de JERSEY, President.*

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

The Post Publishing Company

ABBOT KINNEY.

S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,

401-402 STIMSON BUILDING

Telephone Red 756. Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, One Dollar per Year, Payable in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Inside Pages, $1.00 per Inch per Insertion.
Cover, $1.50 per Inch per Insertion.

SATURDAY, MAY 5TH, 1900.

BLOWING THE HORN.

Since the Post has been published more articles have been copied from it or commented on that were in it in California than have been thus noticed in the same period from all the other papers of the State. This is an extraordinary result. We have the clippings to show that the statement is exact. Newspapers like the Examiner, Chronicle and Call are amongst those discussing or reprinting Post editorials. Our readers can rest assured that every editorial in the Post is right, just and accurate in so far as careful work, absolute independence and a determination to be fair can make it so. When the Post started the public was notified that its stake was set at 40,000 weekly circulation for California and Arizona. This issue of the Saturday Post consists of 20,000 copies. We will keep right on till we pass our 40,000 stake and then open up other fields. The Post is a paper that can be read with interest in any part of the world where English is read. Paid subscriptions are already coming in to us from States east of the Rocky mountains. "No pent-up Utica confines our hopes." We are well satisfied with the patronage given us in our start by the merchants and advertisers generally. Our motto is and always will be to give full returns for value received. In every legitimate way we will and do seek to serve our patrons. We find in Southern California much local literary talent. We have already been able to publish a number of articles and stories by local writers. We intend to enlarge this use of local stories as the Post grows. We will make the paper better and more attractive as time ripens our experience. The yearly subscription price is now one dollar. In no other way can any one anywhere buy so much good reading for the same money.

THE AUDITOR.

The recent examination in court of City Auditor Carson and Deputy Dominguez to ascertain their means for paying a judgment of $90 against them calls public attention to this office and its incumbent. As reported the affairs of these two professional patriots were shown to be in bad shape. They swore that they had no resources. They showed themselves to be execution proof. Even their salary warrants had been sold for months ahead. This pawning of salary warrants seems to be a common affair. Some years ago certain brokers forced deputies to discount warrants. It was practically a system of securing payment for appointments to public office and ramified out amongst the professional patriots. It is a demoralizing condition that would not be tolerated in private business. The financial condition of Auditor Carson as sworn to by him is astounding. His salary is $3,000 a year and his office deals with the financial accounts of this important city. No man in the public service should be a more conservative and reliable man than the Auditor. He is the official watch dog of the treasury. A featherweight politician in this responsible place who declares himself bankrupt with even his own salary warrants in pledge destroys all confidence in his value to the city. The powers and duties of the Auditor make this officer the most powerful city official in the matter of preventing loose methods, waste or corruption in the city. The Auditor can hold up any account of the city's officers or any claim against the city. When he does this, a two-thirds vote is necessary to pass it over his objection. No demand on the city treasurer from any officer charged with the collection or dishursement of the public funds can be paid until the Auditor approves it. What is more, the Auditor can withhold his approval even of a salary warrant, where such officer's accounts are not approved by the Auditor. This is a tremendous power for good. The Auditor has only to say the word to stop all loose methods and to enforce a proper system of accounts in every city office dealing with the public funds. The fire scandals and loose fire methods of accounts could not have existed had the Auditor enforced a proper system of accounts in that Board.

In the past 20 years there may have been two competent public Auditors in the city or in the county. These two were merely accountants. An efficient Auditor, especially in the city, should be much more than that. He should have not only a knowledge of accounts and the capacity for these but also the courage to force proper checks and accounts in all departments and veto all improper or doubtful claims against the public funds. By our partisan methods and numerous officers the people are unable to secure technical talent in any special service. Under such a system it is difficult to get a competent Auditor or a competent engineer to be a candidate at all.

SCHOOLS FOR THE CHILDREN'S GOOD.

Every intelligent educator knows that the young children in our schools are incapable of assimilating book learning during the present school hours. It is a known fact that during the last school hours young children learn nothing. It is known that during these last hours of school the time of both child and teacher is wasted. It is also known that a child's bodily vigor requires out-of-door activity. It is known that sitting long hours in a crowded school room does not promote physical vigor. It is known that the child's health is actually injured by these long hours. Long school hours for young children can do no good to the mind and do work harm on the body.

These premises are known and are undeniable. Teachers fear to reduce the school hours because the parents demand this relief from the care of their children. The School Board of Los Angeles has a splendid opportunity of dealing with these facts for the children's interests and in a practical way.

The school accommodation is inadequate. The sensible way to provide for this is to employ more teachers, provide room for all the children in schools by reducing indoor school hours. Place the children thus freed from uselessly sitting cramped in crowded rooms in charge of the added force of teachers for out-door play, instruction and physical betterment of the child.

THE TIMES ON PLATFORMS.

An editorial in the Times condemns the practice of adopting preliminary political platforms. It cites in illustration of the drawbacks to this practice the Republican State platform of California of 1896. This platform had a strong silver plank for 16 to 1. It was bimetallic and for silver. A few weeks afterward the National Republican Convention took the exact opposite position. The California Republicans found themselves "Platformially" to be in the Democratic camp on the main issue of the campaign. This was awkward. But it really made no difference. The professional patriots dumped 16 to 1 and got into the golden chariot and whooped it up for the offices. The Times' criticism of local preliminary platforms is sound as politics are. There is, however, something else to be said about this liability of practical politicians and professional patriots to make radical mistakes on the issues of the day in their platforms.

The first thing is that platforms really mean nothing to the politicians seeking office under our partisan system. If an entire State party organization changes its front absolutely on the main issue of a campaign within a few weeks it is undeniable that their interest in politics is not connected with principles. The interest may be due to partisan prejudice or it may be due to the political plunder, but it cannot be due to live issues. In the campaign succeeding this Californian political somersault we had the amusing spectacle of one Congressman "Bowers" running on the State silver platform and another Congressman "McLaughlin" running on the gold national platform. Both ran as Republicans. They were at the opposite poles of the main national issue, although both held place in one party. Platforms, as a politician said, are to get in on. In this county we have had a curious illustration of the same indifference to carrying out promises made to the people. Here the Republican County Convention declared for local economy and pledged its nominees to a reduction of official salaries.

The party was successful and the nominees were elected. But they said nothing about the salary reductions they had promised. A movement was gotten up to reduce the salaries of county officers. The meeting to promote this reduction was held at the Chamber of Commerce. The county officers appeared to oppose it. When confronted with the platform pledge for the reduction that the particular officer speaking had taken he was surprised. This intelligent man declared that he did not know that the platform contained any such planks. He had sought the nomination as a Republican, made a campaign contribution based on the present salaries and had not bothered about the platform. He and the others refused to carry out the platform promise and raised money to lobby against the salary reduction at Sacramento and prevented the passage of the reduction bill.

The entire political situation is in unsatisfactory shape. America is the only country with caucuses, primaries and conventions. Success in these long preliminaries forces men to make politics a profession. Politics has become a special business. The object of going into politics as a profession is to secure contracts, franchises, privileges to violate law, salaries and rake-offs. These are becoming more and more the dominant factors in political business. Interest in public questions while still attracting men of public spirit to public life is becoming less and less dominant. Success in securing political power and public office is now more and more due to machine political work first and election work afterwards. Competency for the office is distinctly secondary to partisan capacity. Our political system is fastening political machines on us. It is turning our public business over to spoilsmen who make a profession of preliminary politics and are active while the people are busy in affairs and long before an election. Partisan prejudice in all its blind stupidity and open venality is more and more in evidence. Partisan politics are today the dominant force in local affairs. In these they have no proper place. The system is both costly and disgusting. We should get together and with care and conservatism correct these defects of political method. The position of the Times is that the organizing politicians should have no political opinions on political issues. These professional patriots should confine themselves at most to a few glittering generalities. When it comes to important issues they should wait for the tip from headquarters. In that way alone can they know what their opinions are.

The Times has unconsciously shown our political machine system up in all its ugly naked venality.

NEW MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

The peculiar advantages and the special tonic effect of our mountain climates in Southern California are only commencing to be appreciated. Our mountain resorts are really available the year round. While there is often a great deal of snow in our mountains, above four thousand feet the climate is never severe. The enterprise of Dr. Walter Lindley in the San Jacinto mountains is on a satisfactory basis for both very sick people and for the mere refugee or tonic seeker. This scheme contemplates two distinct establishments a mile apart. At Idlewild there will be provision for tuberculous patients. The experience of the Brompton consumption hospital near London indicates the great value of such a special establishment. The precautions necessary reduce the force and strength of the disease by removing the source of renewed infection from the sputa and refuse from the sick. The ignorance of most patients on the personal advantages gained by constant and complete disinfection is reinforced by the indifference to hygiene of most of our routine physicians or pseudo-physicians. At Strawberry valley there will be a general resort for mountain air seekers but free from an army of the tuberculous. This is as it should be. The truth is that every hotel, house, car and place of resort should be systematically disinfected everywhere. With the separation of interests of mountain air-seekers that Dr. Lindley is going to provide we can all enjoy with more comfort and sense of security a trip to our wonderfully balmy, healing and clean air mountain forests.

PENSIONS.

Congress has surpassed all previous records on private pensions. Ninety-one such private pensions were recently passed at one session in a few minutes. Necessarily there was no examination of the merits of any of these special bills. The Associated Press as usual indirectly condones this unjust and irresponsible favoritism by mentioning only the least objectionable one. This was for a special pension of $40 a month to a widow whose husband died in the Philippines. Why should this widow have precedence over other soldiers' widows? Why should she receive a higher pension than the law allows? Why should Congress come in and give special advantage to any one? It is not a fair deal. Every pension applicant should be treated alike. If one must submit to make a sworn statement and a valid statement before the Pension Commissioner to secure a pension, all applicants should submit to the same rule. To have fairness, reason and honesty in the pension business there must be a most carefully conducted and complete system of pension administration. We have a million pensioners on our lists now. No country on earth ever had anything like such a pension charge. It is impossible for Congress to deal with all pensions by special act. It should in all fairness to the pensioners deal with none. Those on the pension lists are really the ones most interested in preventing a growth of pension abuses that will alienate the people from a support of all pensions. No special pension private bills should be passed or considered by Congress. All pension applicants should follow the rules and apply to the Commissioner of Pensions.

TOWERS OF SILENCE.

Not one amongst the Water Company Press has even alluded as news to the protest sent in to the Council by the various trade, labor and workingmen's organizations against the proposal to compromise the city's rights. The Post is not owned by the Water Company. We can therefore publish and do publish the protest in full. We do this both believing it to be a sound and just protest and because it is "news." The Water Company and its Towers of Silence can rest assured that such news as this of a protest against their compromise conspiracy cannot be suppressed while the Post is in the field.

TYPICAL PROFESSIONAL PATRIOT.

Mr. Frank Dominguez is a bright young man. He is a good orator and a practical politician. He is now a successful Republican office-holder. A short time ago he was drawing a salary as secretary of the Democratic organization. Since then he has held local Republican office and is now going to Manila as secretary of the Commission at $2500 a year and $1200 for mileage. This Manila mileage is a pretty sweet political morsel. Local partisan political organization is based on the loaves and fishes.

Man's Future in California.

MAN'S FUTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

It is a subject of profound interest to all of us to consider what the future of the race will be in California. While others than parents will doubtless take an interest in the question, it is parents alone who have any real part in the future of the race here or elsewhere. For parents and parents to be, we propose to give some consideration to this subject. For convenience the subject will be divided into parts.

1st.—What was the condition of the natives in Southern California, and what sort of human beings were they?

The natives here were peaceful. They were isolated by mountains, deserts and sea from much contact with others. Their subsistence was principally from small irrigated patches in what are called rancherias or villages, or from native nuts, tubers and fruits and largely from fish. They were not remarkable hunters like the Iroquois. The Indians of Southern California were the most advanced of any Indians on the Pacific Coast outside of Peru. The Montezumas had no civilization on the Mexican Pacific. The relative standing of the Indians in the two Americas was about as follows: First, the civilizations of the Mexican and Peruvian highlands; second, the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, and third, the Indians of Southern California. These were far more advanced than any of the northern tribes of the Atlantic States. The remarkable prosperity and financial success of the great Mission farms established amongst them demonstrated how near to civilization the Southern Californian Indian was—not indeed near enough to prevent extermination by the Aryans' expansive and benevolent assimilation. At the Missions, figs, olives, oranges, fruits, corn, horses and cattle were produced in profusion. Considerable manufacturing was done; wine was made; all being done by the Indians under the direction of the Mission Padres. The advanced condition of these Indians was due to the favorable climatic conditions of Southern California. All of their advance was made in the face of one of the most unfavorable conditions that has or can beset a race. This was isolation. The native Southern Californian Indian had no competition to instruct or stimulate him. He was cut off from the rest of the world. Under the old conditions of lack of facility in transportation and safe communication any isolated body of human beings lost initiative adaptability and resisting power. It became what the Spaniards call "atrasado"—behindhanded or "left." In contact with the advanced world, with its terrible iron law of the survival of the fittest, any isolated race has always been conquered and generally been exterminated.

This disadvantage, in our opinion, is the only reason why the native Southern Californian has not had the same history as the Greek or Roman in similar climates. A slower race evolution under old conditions would be assumed for the Americas on account of the lesser competition in them compared to the old world and the greater isolation of their parts. This disadvantage has been removed in a general way from all parts of the world and entirely from Southern California. Our country is sufficiently accessible to have had last year nearly forty thousand visitors pass through our gates, thirty thousand of whom were from States east of the Rockies.

2d.—What is the effect of our climate on plants and animals, and what conclusion may we draw from observed results?

The climate of Southern California is suited in one part or another, in valley, mesa or mountain, to all plants of the temperate zone; to all those of semi-tropic character, and to many tropical forms. With proper selection of climate and soil and with proper care plants grow faster and produce earlier and longer than anywhere else in the world. The old Mission vines and fruit trees, often with little or no care since the secularization, are found now still strong and thrifty. You can get a vineyard, an apricot or walnut orchard or an orange grove into bearing here several years sooner than can be done anywhere else. The fruits produced are of fine quality and of high keeping and shipping endurance. Seeds produced here have a higher percentage of vigor and fertility than any others. Animals, such as cattle, sheep, horses, etc., are all larger, sounder, more evenly developed and of better average than those produced in other quarters of the world. Fine prize specimens of animals have been produced here. Amongst the most noted of these are horses distinguished for beauty, speed and endurance. In flowers we have a great number of natives with delicacy, beauty and profusion of production. Introduced flowers show the same vigor and reproductive power seen in the animals.

3d.—The effect on man has been the same as on the flowers, plants and animals. He reproduces well, the young are well nourished, well formed and well advanced. No Eastern community can show such fine rosy babies as are produced in Southern California. The only pity is that our high American standards cause many Americans to evade nature's law and a high patriotic duty, and thus destroy their own earth immortalization by refusing to have children. Our population therefore grows from Huns, Goths and Vandals, with a plentiful sprinkling of Mongols on one side and from intelligent and appreciative home-seeking emigrants to a better land on the other. The natural fertility of the American and of all Aryans in Southern California is demonstrated and known. In the great middle-class, where sterilization and self-extinction is most rife all over America, the effect here is entirely due to deliberate intention. When it comes to older people nearly all who come here renew their lives. It is nothing less than astonishing to observe the effects of life in Southern California on the debilitated and those beyond middle age. These, when using fair judgment in location and occupation, and generally even without this, simply and absolutely renew their lives. No one can come here and not find within a few hours' time some place perfectly suited to his constitution. If it is not on this or that beach, or in valley, plain or mesa, it must be on plateau, desert or forest-clad mountain.

4th.—What of the future. In the first place we find our immigrants to be of a high grade. They are energetic and progressive. Many talented people are attracted to the country, and more and more of them permanently settle amongst us. Artists, poets and authors are attracted to us and developed amongst us. Two authors have written their masterpieces amongst us. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" is one, and Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" is another. Many authors here temporarily, like Miss Harraden, or of us, like Van Dyke, Holder, Burdett and Lummis, produce finer and finer work all the time. These are good signs of the kind of people coming here, and that the climate and country promote their vigor and bring out their best work.

The last and present civilization is the only one that did not entirely originate in and remain confined to semi-tropic or semi-arid temperate or warm regions. No humid tropical country has originated a civilization. No country locked in ice for half the year has originated a civilization. Jack Frost has only been civilized at all very lately. The reason for the exclusion of cold countries from the past advance and history of the world is probably due to the vital forces required in man to resist the cold of winter. The reason why countries with cold climates have recently participated in the activities and what we hope is the progress of Humanity is that by artificial devices the vital forces have been in part relieved from the need of resistance to cold. Houses, heating apparatus, perfection of transportation, clothing, etc., have in part overcome the drawbacks of severe cold on the human vitality. The great civilizations of the past have all arisen and lived in semi-arid and semi-tropic lands. Assyria and Persia, Egypt, Baalbeck and Damascus, Tyre and Carthage, Greece and Italy, these are the countries and climates where civilizations have originated. We must include India and China, and to a lesser extent Mexico and Peru as partial civilizers. These, however, have been arrested in development for reasons to us obscure. The great world civilizations the impress of which we most clearly recognize at present are those of Egypt, Greece and Rome. All of these were in countries of climatic conditions similar to those of Southern California. In none of those lands, however, did they have the same range of climates within a similar area or at all, and in none of them are the conditions so favorable for Aryan man at all seasons as here. Now that railroad, steamboat and telegraph have annulled the isolation formerly a governing factor in Southern California, we receive the full impulses of the active world; we get the stimulus of open competition, and we have the mild climate in which to bring man on to his highest estate.

5th.—Why is it that man has had his greatest development in climates like ours?

It must be because what we call semi-tropic climates enable man to secure the largest results with the least effort. At the same time the climatic conditions put no severe strain upon his vital powers. There is a point of elevation too high above sea level for human beings to live at all; there is a point too far below sea level for him to sustain the pressure; there is a heat too great to bear; a cold too severe to endure. There must be somewhere within these limits an average climate condition, oxygen supply and air pressure that will be best suited to human beings. In such climate the highest intellectual, physical and moral life is most likely to occur. Other conditions being equal it must be in such places that the highest human evolution will occur. That has been the history of the world and man thus far.

In countries like the humid tropics, where the heat is constant at a high temperature, and where the air moisture is near the point of saturation, two conditions unfavorable to human evolution exist. The first is that the heat-expanded air contains a less amount of oxygen per cubic foot than colder air. More effort is therefore required to obtain the oxygen necessary. The second is that every human effort produces heat. To overcome an excess of heat so produced, evaporation from perspiration is the natural method. As the air is warm and humid, this evaporation is retarded or at a certain point is entirely prevented. Effort therefore in the humid tropics is a costly process for the human being. Concentrated heat making foods are not appropriate or economical. The human being is at a disadvantage. Effort is discouraged by the conditions. In moderate cold and up to a certain point the need of heat to overcome the cold encourages to heat-producing effort. There is a point, however, beyond which cold also becomes too costly for the human being to overcome to allow of the highest development. A man within the Arctic circle is affected by both the cold and need of immense digestive energy on fats to overcome the cold, and in the winter by the long absence of the stimulus of sunshine. A man at the equator can do no work without creating heat that he must use vital energy in some way to overcome. No inhabitant of the humid tropics can compete with men of the temperate zone in force, energy or work. On high plateaus where the air is on account of elevation cooler, as in Mexico, places near the tropics may produce or maintain civilization. The men in these, however, cannot be expected to compete in vigor with those in the temperate zone. The rarified air after a certain point, say about 2000 feet, while temporarily advantageous, lacks oxygen. The additional heart and lung force required to obtain the oxygen necessary for human life prevents any altitude such as that of the plateau of Mexico from the production of a world competing race. In the French army, conscription has conclusively shown that above 2000 feet exemptions increase that are due to both physical and mental disability. The thousands of years of human history that have passed, point us to the Euphrates, the Nile and the Mediterranean for the conditions best suited to human evolution. Our laws and our religions come from these semi-tropic lands. Rameses, Cambyses, Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon, amongst generals; Homer, Pindar, Sappho, Lucretius and Dante amongst poets; Archimides and Euclid in engineering and mathematics; Plato and Aristotle amongst philosophers, and an endless number of the world-makers and leaders come from these sections. So also do our great religious leaders of the West. Southern California has these climate points in the highest degree of perfection for the human race. Nowhere else is the choice within the best climatic limits so varied. It is here that we should expect the very noblest evolution and development of human beings. It is here that will most likely be produced the great writers, thinkers, artists and inventors of the world. The man or woman who would partake of the highest rewards of world immortality in children should live in Southern California. Here we produce anything from a prize pumpkin to unequaled roofs of roses; from fruits of all kinds to grains; from trotters to the finest running horses, and in men from prize-fighters to poets, musicians, artists and authors.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

50-lb. sack Stockton Flour	$1.10	50-lb. sack City Flour	80c
50-lb. sack Ralph's Best	$1.05	10-lb. sack Cornmeal	20c
50-lb. sack Gold Bar	$1.00	10-lb. sack Graham Flour	20c
50-lb. sack Silver Star	85c	10-lb. sack Hominy	35c

The Saturday Post Insurance Against Death by Accident.

$500 Cash

Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.

The Cheapest Accident Insurance.
No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

The object of the Post in affording its readers a summary of the weekly news, is to place the events in such manner that they may easily be remembered. In tracing the growth of an important event throughout the week those occurrences which have contributed to make up the world's history for the week past are recalled to the reader's mind.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The past week in South Africa has recorded an almost continuous series of minor successes for the Boer forces. In Commandant-General Louis Botha the Boers have found a capable successor to Joubert. The Boers have outgeneraled the British forces and have been aided in their strategy by the heavy rains which have retarded British mobilization. The Boer forces in the field are now estimated at 30,900, while England has in the neighborhood of 220,000 men in South Africa. On Saturday General Roberts had planned for another Paardeberg and an immense cordon of British troops were to capture the Boer forces at Dewetsdorp and Wepener. Commandant Botha realized the situation at once, ordered the withdrawal of the Boer forces, and they are at present commanding strong positions in the mountain passes. There is little likelihood of any decisive battles for some time to come. The advance to Pretoria has not yet begun. On Sunday it was reported that General Lord Roberts was being much discredited by the British press, while Kitchener's name is in some quarters being again placed high in popular favor. It is not thought that the order for Gatacre's return will be countermanded. British feeling demands abler generals in command of England's soldiers. On Monday came the news that General French of the British forces is pressing the Boers as severely as he may. Now that the main Transvaal forces are secure, Gen. French hopes to harass their rear and prevent any well organized retreat. Sir Wm. McComack gives the latest authentic casualties of the battle at Colenso at 1,150 British casualties and 30 the loss of the Boers. On Tuesday, reports disclosed the fact that the Boers were becoming very active at Bloemfontein, and an interruption of Lord Roberts' communications is threatened. Long wagon trains loaded with wheat for the Boer army in the north are moving through Ladybrand, and a dispatch from Basuto Land says the natives are astounded to see the Boers peacefully retiring with herds which they think should be the booty of the British who are said to be the conquerors. The slowness of Gen. Roberts' plans are said to be due to the fact that he aims to secure success without the loss of men. The garrison at Mafeking is said on Wednesday to have sent word by messenger that they were able to "stick it out for two months or more, nobody minds." The German steamer Koenigen lands war material for the Boers at Beira and embarks a quantity of Transvaal wool. England does not seem to regard this as an open mark of German hostility. Secretary Reiz of the South African Republic is reported as saying that every foreigner who was not prepared to shoulder a Mauser and fight for the country would have to leave. Winston Churchill says at Thaba N'Chu the Boer forces maintained such perfect order that at first they were taken by the British for some of their own troops. On Thursday and Friday little of import came from South Africa. Desultory fights without lasting results occur. One London paper states that if Roberts begins his tremendous advance the South African war will be practically over in six weeks. The Boers are laying up heavy supplies from French and German ships. In case of defeat the Boers propose to emigrate to some country where there is a republic. The friends of President Kruger say in that case he will spend the last days of his life in Holland and Germany.

ORIENT.

There has been much news of interest in the Orient during the past week. The great famine in India; our controversy with Turkey over the $90,000 due for missionary claims during the riots of 1895; the passage of the Hawaiian bill; Russia's threatened encroachments in Asia and her attitude towards Japan; the progress of the guerilla war in the Philippines, have all been of much import. As to the Philippines it is now reported to be generally believed by American generals in command in the island that Aguinaldo is dead. This is practically conceded by some of the rebels, who admit that nothing has been heard of him for several months, and were he alive at the present time it is more than likely that he would have made some effort to communicate with the rebel chiefs. Though many reports ostensibly from or concerning Aguinaldo are even now being sent to the American press and press of other countries, these are believed to be cabals published for the purpose of maintaining spirit among the Filipinos and their sympathizers. On Saturday it was reported that the Ottoman Porte showed no disposition to pay up the $90,000 missionary indemnity claim. No ultimatum has been given Turkey, but the demand is sharp and short.

The Porte is not at all inclined to pay the indemnity unless matters can be arranged under cover of a deal for a warship which America flatly declines to do. Wu Ting Fang, the minister from China, makes a free trade speech in Boston; he also says that commerce would increase faster if legislation were less hostile to the Coolie. There was little news from the east on Sunday. Pres. McKinley signed the Hawaiian act on Monday and our island territory government establishment is now a law. The rush to Cape Nome, Alaska, has begun in earnest and there are scarce accommodations on the steamships for the many thousands who desire to go there. Tuesday's news showed that no answer had been made to American demands on Turkey; if within a week the Porte does not answer the United States legation note, Gascom, the United State charge d'affairs, will renew his demand. The merchants in Manila memorialize congress for relief from excessive taxation. Wednesday's news told of the bringing of the Isthmian canal question before the House of Representatives at Washington after 50 years of agitation, and on the day succeeding the Nicaragua bill is passed by the House by a practically unanimous vote. The clause providing for the fortification of the canal by the United States is stricken out. In the Philippines the American garrison on the island of Samar is attacked; after five days' fight 20 soldiers out of thirty are slain, while over 200 Filipinos were killed. The Filipinos are becoming unusually active, and the Sultan of Sulu seems inclined to make trouble. On Friday came additional reports of Filipino activity; the Filipinos are organizing mounted bands to harass the American troops.

EUROPE.

The attention of Europe has been directed during the past week to the Boer war, the Paris exposition, the Turkish-American controversy and the famine sufferers in India. Relative to the Indian famine, news came on Saturday that Mr. Louis Klopsch of New York, editor of the Christian Herald, had left London with English and American money to personally investigate conditions in India. A Russian prince is said to be among the prisoners in St. Helena; there are also many Frenchmen and Germans amongst the prisoners. There was little news of importance from Europe on Sunday and Monday. The shipment of great quantities of gold coin from New York city to Paris continues steadily. The World's Exposition at Paris is steadily drawing larger and larger crowds. Reports from the State Department of Germany at Berlin show an immense increase in the amount of pork raised in Germany. To this fact is no doubt due the long discussed reciprocity meat bill by which a heavy tariff was to be placed on American meats. On Tuesday came the news that the Sultan was favorbly inclined towards America, although as yet the Ottoman Porte has made no reply to American demands for payment of the indemnity. On Wednesday the Boer delegates left the Hague on their peace mission to the United States; their departure was attended by great crowds of sympathizers. The Prince of Wales's famous horse ,Diamond Jubilee, wins a big stake at the Newmarket races. On Thursday came the news that the Agricultural Department at Washington had concluded that our trade with Turkey afforded no means for a trade retaliation with that nation. On Friday Berlin decorates on account of anticipation of the coming of age of the Crown Prince, Frederick William. Many Americans will be present, among them Ambassador White and Lieut.-Col. Hayes, U. S. A. The arbiters at Berne, Switzerland, have not yet made the Delagoa Bay railroad award.

NATIONAL.

Many events have transpired in this country of unusual interest. The passage of the Hawaiian bill, the favorable progress of the Nicaraguan bill, the arrival of Governor Allen at Puerto Rico, the terrible mine horrors in Utah, Admiral Dewey's reception in Chicago, all, with many minor events, have engrossed the attention of the nation. On Saturday came the news of a cloud burst in Waco Texas, whereby eight persons perished in the floods. As also of a terrible fire in Ottawa, Ont., which destroyed $17,000,000 worth of property, and in which eight lives were lost. News reports from all over the United States show that Gen. U. S. Grant's birthday anniversary was very generally observed. Gen. Merriam in the Coeur d'Alene investigations at Washington, D. C., testified that he never received any "original instructions" from Alger. Sunday's news gave little reports of affairs of moment. Admiral Dewey left Washington for Chicago with Mrs. Dewey. Dewey does not speak of his candidacy. Wm. S. Wilson and many others say it will be impossible for the Admiral to secure the nomination. On Monday the War Department gave summaries of four months' trade in the Philippines. China, England and Spain import more goods than does the United States. While England alone leads the United States in Philippine exports. On Wednesday came reports that the death list in the Utah mine horror at Scofield would reach 400; 200 bodies had already been recovered. Thursday's news showed the house at Washington had struck out the clause providing for the fortification of the Nicaragua canal and passed the bill by a practically unanimous vote. The twenty-ninth general conference of the Methodist Church opened at Chicago. The New Hampshire Democrats chose convention delegates and instruct for Bryan. The North German Steamship Company has ordered vessels larger and faster than anything afloat. On Friday reports came of the passage of the free homes bill at Washington; a crowd of 25,000 people had heard Bryan speak at Toledo, O., and Admiral Dewey was enthusiastically received in St Louis.

LOCAL.

A startling number of hold-ups have occurred in this city during the past week, but as yet no one has been apprehended. Last Saturday the California Convention of Republican league clubs chose Mr. Alden Anderson their president and adjourned. Los Angeles seems to be an ideal place for holding conventions, for on the same day the Sunday School Convention closed. On Sunday the usual number of clever sermons were furnished the public by the ministers of this city. The advertisements calling for bids for the new San Pedro breakwater have attracted many contractors all over the country and on May 14 the bids will be opened. The Council granted the Traction street car company's petition on Monday, but final action in favor of the Terminal was deferred for a week. On Tuesday occurred several hold-ups of nocturnal pedestrians by footpads. The Ream-Otis encounter in the Times office Wednesday caused much gossip throughout the city. City Attorney Haas announces that on Saturday he will submit his opinion on the Terminal franchise grant. Mr. Haas considers the grant legal. On Thursday the Police Department decided to purchase 25 sawed-off shotguns in order to let the moonlight through the footpads who have been terrorizing the city. The Chamber of Commerce urges the Council to grant the Terminal railroad franchise. The rain on Friday came too late to save some of the harvest crops, but yet it is a blessing and will prevent many a scorching by the summer sun.

Webster Non-Filling
Typewriter Ribbons and
Multikopy Carbon Paper

SEND FOR SAMPLE

FOWLER BROS.,
AGENTS
Booksellers, Stationers and Engravers

Tel. M. 38. 221 W. Second St., L. A.

Dry Seasons When the Wind
IS DEAD YOUR
WIND MILL
Stands Still. If You Need
WATER
We can Sell You a Small
GASOLINE ENGINE
and PUMP that will run 24 hours a day and bring the water, and so cheap you will be astonished. Call and see them in operation.
S.W. LUITWIELER CO.
405-7 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS,
General Agents
John Wieland and Jos. Schlitz
- LAGER BEER -
Family Trade Solicited
'Phone Main 468. 112-118 Central Av.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Within Two Weeks
or less, the craving for strong drink vanishes through using the Lee Liquor Cure, a harmless remedy that is invigorating to the system. Telephone, write or inquire for particulars. Price $15. DEMOSS BOWERS, Manager, 351 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. *Telephone Main 561.*

Yosemite Valley

A Description of California's Wonderland

Written for The Saturday Post

The valley of the Yosemite is indescribable.

Its beauty, its grandeur, its sublimity, baffle all description. Pens of loftiest genius have glorified it, poets have sung of it, artists have pictured it and yet it is undescribed. No simile can suggest this noble park, this vale of God's own ordering. The Alps, the shining peaks of the Ural or Caucasus, the dizziest summits of the Rockies, the cold, illimitable heights of the Andes, have been brought together in the Yosemite by a wonderful Nature and the whole has been leavened by a Garden of Eden where rolling meadows of native grasses and wild flowers alternate with the darknesses of the primeval forest.

And yet there remains a certain indefinable charm in the Yosemite which human speech cannot convey. It stands alone. It is unique. It is sui generis. A perfection in artistic scenery of every type spreads a marvelous panorama before the eye. Here the human soul finds in nature all it ever felt or dreamed of. The wonderful possibilities of human character find expression in the gigantic handiwork of God. The sublimity of love, the depths of compassion, the breadth of charity and the sweetness of mercy are pictured in the lofty Sierra peaks, in the immeasurable chasms and vastnesses of the Yosemite, in the mountains of relentless granite merciful forever to the fertile bower within their midst. The mighty Sierras swelling from the vale and ascending to majestic summits seem to pillar the very sky. Peaks from 9,000 to 10,000 feet in height tower immediately above while the frowning walls rise sheer often more than 4000 feet from the valley floor, leaving the wonderful chasm.

The contrast between the practically level valley with its sylvan repose, through which glides the Merced river like a ribbon of silver, and the awe-inspiring tremendous precipices and towering pinnacles, in size beyond the wildest fancies of the imagination, is the most striking feature of the Yosemite. The only bit of scenery in the world that can be likened to the Yosemite valley is the Hetch-Hetchy valley, which is an easy ride from the Yosemite and being in the Sierra Nevada mountains possesses much the same geological formations and attains that same marvelous view of the granite of the mountain peaks—granite polished smooth by the glaciers long, long ago in the dark ages which glows as a dazzling mirror and can be seen nowhere else in the world.

As we approach the Yosemite we ride through the giant forest; the Mariposa big trees. The noblest of the sequoias whose groves are called by Emerson "plantations of God" have been described a thousand times but like the Yosemite itself remain indescribable. Ranging from fifty to one hundred feet in girth, they tower to heights of three hundred and four hundred feet. Mingled with the overtopping sequoias are huge firs, cedars and pines. Hoar with antiquity these giants stand. Into this soil they struck their roots when all we think of as ancient was in its youth. Before Rome was, before Greece was, they lifted up their summits to the kisses of the sun. They were venerable with age when the law-giver led his people out of Egypt. The storms of thrice a thousand years had beat upon their stubborn heads when Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Empires and kingdoms, warriors and statesmen, the wise, the good, the glorious, have come and played their parts and passed into dust and dumb forgetfulness whilst these giants of the forest have sunk their roots deep into their mother earth drinking the draught whereby they flourish in immortal youth.

As one comes into the groves he cannot fail to be impressed with the increasing size of the trees. They are growing larger. There are more and more of these forest giants on either side. The gain in girth and height increases. When all the trees are so remarkable and there are no small ones standing near to offer contrast it is impossible to gain a true appreciation of the size. The huge firs, cedars and pines have dwindled and are ashamed before these lords of the forest. Great in themselves, now they are humbled. The "grizzly giant" stands forth a monster. Its circumference exceeds 110 feet, its height is 325 feet and it is said to be 5000 years old. Look up at it. Can you realize that some of those limbs are veritable tree trunks in themselves, that they are five or six feet in diameter. Truly they seem like slender branches. Lie beneath this giant tree and gaze upward. The sunlight is glinting the green and burnishing the copper-colored limbs. Up, up, up, how the eye travels! Surely one must finally realize the height and breadth of these mighty trees. The stage drives through the base of the hardy living giant, Wawona, and one marvels at the vitality of this tree which, despite the huge gash into its very vitals raises itself strong and defiant to the heavens.

Some of these fallen monsters lie in helpless abandonment of their claim to living grandeur, but they are regal even in their fallen dignity, over-topping the stage that passes them, lying outstretched upon what once was their proud domain. Many of them bear the scars of a forest fire and those learned in such matters say that these sequois, of which there are now only a few groves, including Mariposa, Calaveras and the groves of Kings and Kern rivers, are the survivors of a forest of old that once covered California, but which was destroyed by a great conflagration that spared but scarred the mammoth trees left to us in these groves.

As for forest fires and their menace to this pride of California, the danger is one more tangible than we like to think. The danger lies not so much in the grove as in the approach thereto. Henry Washburn of Wawona, who has spent a lifetime in the Sierras, said: "The Indians took better care of the forests than we who have taken the forests from them. In the first place the Indians kept the floor of the forests free from the tangled mass of underbrush. In Yosemite, for instance, they allowed no tree to grow up where it obstructed a view from any of the falls. They cleared away all the rubbish and thinned out all the younger trees. Under the mistaken idea that not a twig or a shrub should be cut on a government reservation, a multitude of young trees are growing up that will soon choke out the finer varieties."

But we digress. On to the chasm of the Yosemite, where distant prospect and nearer view force the traveler to breath deep with wonder! On to the peaceful valley hidden from the world by the gigantic citadels of the Sierras, whose snow-capped minarets keep watch through all the ages!

The Merced river enters the Yosemite valley in two superb falls, the Nevada and the Vernal. The Nevada are 617 feet above the valley and the Vernal 336 feet. The maddening cataracts plunge over cliffs, dash from rock to rock, o'erleap boulders, plunge under, over, behind and before great obstacles of the centuries, and are united in the calm, cool, placid current of the Merced river, which glides so gently through the fertile valley. The surface of the river is as of polished glass. Its brink is fringed with forest trees or level open stretches of luxuriant meadow grasses interwoven with an abundance of wild flowers. Here bountiful Nature seems to have emptied her treasures. The quiet tenor of the beautiful valley contrasts strangely with the surrounding rebellious mountain peaks or the turbulent cascades rushing from above. The reassuring beauty of the calm valley at our feet and the angry crags, precipitous cliffs, and lofty mountain tops reaching to the very heavens before us! We gaze upward with admiration and awe, only to have our feelings changed to peace and quiet when our range of vision is directed to the fertile stretch of the valley. But everywhere the scene is mellowed by the dark green of the endless forests of evergreens which cover the hills and valleys, making it a glowing, beautiful landscape of surpassing loveliness.

The Yosemite Valley is eight miles in length and runs a northeasterly and southwesterly course. It is about 4000 feet above sea level. It was discovered March 21, 1851, by a party of men known as the Mariposa Battalion, under the leadership of Major James D. Savage, while in pursuit of a band of Indians, who had been making raids on the early settlers, driving off their stock, and murdering and plundering. In 1854 the valley was first visited by a party under a Mr. Lehmann, whose brother afterwards settled the valley. To Captain Hutchinson belongs the credit of making this valley known to the public, but the Captain subsequently endeavored to claim it. His claims, however, resulted favorably to the State. The Yosemite Valley was ceded to the State of California, to be held in trust by an act of Congress June 30, 1864. It is under the management of a board of commissioners. This has proved to be a miserable and incompetent system. The roads, trails, bridges and buildings are the property of the State. The hotel and livery charges are supposed to be uniform and are established by the board of commissioners.

After a day and a half stage travel from the railway station through deep forests and past scenes of surpassing loveliness the traveler finds himself at Inspiration Point looking down upon the Yosemite. Far, far below the glorious valley lies, the silvery river threading the pleasant meadows, hemmed in by its mountain walls adorned and ennobled by domes and spires and peaks and crags that tower thousands of feet in air. Down the stupendous cliffs leap the living waters in the splendor of the sunshine; while over all broods the wondrous, etheral, purple haze that glorifies mountain and valley.

The stage roads enter the Yosemite at its western end and thence run through groves of giant pines, cedars, firs, and beneath noble oaks. The most beautiful tree of all the lavish forest flora is the graceful sugar pine which lifts its shapely branches above the others of its brethren as if extending silent benediction to its fellows. Over bright brooks and past the feet of tremendous cliffs, rising abruptly, runs the roadway; past the wondrous Bridal Veil falls, the Ribbon Fall, El Capitan, the Cathedral Spires, Profile Mountain, the Three Brothers, the Sentinel Peak, Yosemite Falls and hundreds of picturesque scenes, until it reaches the hamlet of Yosemite, where are the guardian's office, a few stores and buildings and the hotels in close proximity. High above Eagle Peak, the Sentinel, Glacier Point, North Dome and Cathedral Spires raise their proud heads.

The Falls of the Yosemite are the highest falls of any considerable volume of water in the world. The total fall is 2584 feet. Three beautiful cascades go to make up this distance; Upper Fall of 1502 feet, Middle Fall 559 feet and Lower Fall 487 feet. No wonder the Indians called this splendid scene of falling waters "Yosemite," which means great grizzly bear, the most powerful and tremendous of wild beasts with which they had to contend. Anywhere else in the world but in the marvelous valley of the Yosemite Sentinel Falls would be truly remarkable Here it falls easily into the scene of Nature's most elaborate and gigantic panorama. Sentinel Falls is a silvery stream of water coming over the sheer cliffs a distance of 3270 feet. Its outline may been seen for miles breaking its way over the boulders and cliffs or threading amongst the precipitous ravines and darkly green firs of the forest. Take thy way by mountain path through tall pines and fragrant shrubs to this crystal stream. Drink deep of its refreshing waters; breath in the pine laden air and under the sheltering foliage dream the day away near plashing stream, while deep into the heart sinks the everlasting sermon of Nature's grandest of wonders, the valley of the Yosemite.

The Bridal Veil Falls, with a fall of 860 feet, throws its iridescent gleams far and wide over the rich landscape. The beautiful rainbow catches the burning glances of the passionate Sun's rays and reflects them a thousand times glorified by love across the silent mountain heights. The superstitious redman felt the brilliant colors of the rainbow in Bridal Falls a threat and a menace, for he called it "Po-ho-no," meaning spirit of the evil wind. Bridal Veil Falls is well considered the most beautiful fall of water in the world. The falls of the South Fork are another of the great falls of the Yosemite not before mentioned here. They plunge down the cliffs a distance of 500 feet.

To the artist, the lover of Nature, the botanist, the sportsman, or the angler (and who of us does not lay some rightful claim to one or more of these titles) the Yosemite Valley will yield the richest interest on time well spent that can anywhere be gained.

To the artist the view from Inspiration Point is perhaps the best view. 'Tis a life-long glory. The blue sky; the granite walls; the dazzling snow-clad peaks; the dull green of the stately pines and shrubbery in the valley, and the sharp, bright whiteness of the roaring waterfalls; the threatening cliffs; the awful distances; everything on a gigantic scale;—all these leave an ineffaceable impression upon his nature. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Horace Greeley pronounced the Yosemite the most unique as well as stupendous of the world's great sights which they had enjoyed—and they had seen and were able to appreciate the glories of Europe and this country. Thousands of travelers have visited the great, silent, beautiful valley of the Yosemite, and have said that it surpassed all description and even anticipation.

To Mr. Oliver Lippincott The Post and its readers are indebted for the magnificent views of the Yosemite which we are here able to reproduce. Mr. Lippincott, after many years of study of the wonderful light effects of the Yosemite, has been unusually successful in suggesting in his photographs the startling and beautiful contrasts which forever linger in the minds of those who have visited the valley of the Yosemite. Although the rich colorings of the Yosemite cannot be reproduced by photograph, yet Mr. Lippincott's photographs have reached the pinnacle of modern excellence in up-to-date photography.

City News in Brief.

Dr. F. M. Parker. Dentist. 129½ West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address
S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SALE.—20 Horse-power Westinghouse Automatic Engine and a 200-light Edison 110 volt Dynamo, both in good condition, worth $580.00, will sell for $350.00.
TUFTS-PALMER ELECLRIC WORKS, 701 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Lady Of The Road.

By CLINTON ROSS.

[Copyright, 1900, by Clinton Ross.]

We discussed it many times after the weary day was over and the morrow promised but another as weary. We saw before us vacation and Arcadia. Tommie said you could find it on a wheel, and finaly he persuaded me. My persuasion was complete the third day out. To be sure, we had not yet found Arcadia, but we had the flavor of some good health already and were hopeful that when we least expected it we should cross the boundary. The road had gained our spirits. We knew already why gypsies persist in the gypsying; why the most entertaining pages in "Wilhelm Meister" and in "Kenelm Chillingly" are those where the heroes take the road "over the hills and far away;" why "Prince Otto" is the most delightful of Stevenson's stories and "Walking Tours" the most exquisite of his essays, although I have not heard that he rode a wheel. We recalled that the real charm of Pickwick was in coaching and the tooting of horns and that Dick Turpin was more hero than scamp.

And so, feeling fit and our hearts attuned to simple, natural things, we rode into that bosky wood which was to be the scene of our first misadventure. The road was smooth and promiseful. Through the branches at our right was the glimmer of a lake where Tommie said we might loaf comfortably for an hour with our pipes. So we left our steeds by the roadside and went down by that shore, stretching ourselves out for comfortable contemplation. An hour must have passed when Tommie gripped my arm.

"Look, Fletcher—there in the road."

I followed his eyes and saw by our wheels—a bit of sunlight on her face—a most charming young woman who was gowned in one of those walking costumes that are now the most admirable achievements of the modiste. She was young, I say, and blond, and she was smiling to herself and looking our wheels over. One she raised and—before we even fancied it—was in the saddle as easily as any boy and tearing around a curve and out of our ken.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Tommie.

"I hope she'll bring it back," said I.

"Particularly as it's my wheel," said Tommie. But in the road we could see no trace of her. She had vanished.

"Get on yours and catch her," said Tommie.

"Oh, she'll bring it back. She wasn't"—

"Yes, she was"—

"A gentleman of the road?"

"No; a lady. Times have changed," said Tommie ruefully. "Well, I'm after her, Fletch."

And he, too, was around the curve on my wheel, leaving me laughing and mourning. But in five minutes he was back, hot and irritable.

"There are three forks of the road just beyond. How in thunder am I to know which she took?"

"Try your luck."

"It's bad enough," said he. "I can't afford another wheel this year."

"I think," said I, "that she's just playing a trick."

"It's rather near a theft," said Tommie. "Confound you, it wasn't your machine!"

"No," said I, lighting a cigarette. "We'd better walk on. She's gone. The wheel is—well, perhaps it's pawned by this time."

"You think you're funny!" quoth Tommie. "Ride on, and I'll walk."

"No," said I; "we'll both walk. But she was an infernally pretty"—

"Thief."

"Now, Tommie, you don't know that," said I.

"Well," said he, "haven't I the evidences of my senses?"

"They sometimes lie," said I, for I saw he was not pleased. It wasn't my wheel, and of course I could philosophize more easily than he. We took the most hopeful turn at the three roads, since our map refused to be explicit, and presently we came on a rustic in boots.

"Did you see a woman riding a man's wheel?"

"I swan," said the rustic.

"I should remark," said Tommie. "She stole my wheel."

"You don't say," said the rustic.

"Where does this road lead?"

"Nowheres," said the rustic.

"Don't you live here?" asked Tommie.

"Since I was born, golly," said the rustic.

"Then where the deuce will this road bring us to?" I asked impatiently.

"That depends on where yer goin," remarked the rustic practically.

"Oh, Lord!" said Tommie. "I've a notion to pound this fool!"

The rustic looked frightened and retreated a step.

"We want to go anywhere—to find the stolen wheel," said I.

"This 'ere road goes to Arcadia," said the rustic.

A female Dick Turpin! Arcadia! We opened our eyes.

"It's a queer name that Merivale calls his place," said the rustic. "It's round that thar turn."

We left him, despairful of getting anything more lucid from him, but it appeared that at least we had reached Arcadia. I began to laugh, when Tommie said irritably, "Shut up!"

About the turn we came on a road leading from ours between high gate posts, and there on a grassy bank was our lady of the road. I stepped back embarrassed. She was laughing to herself. Yes, she was undeniably pretty. And as we paused she began to sing in a voice that probably was not a good one by common standard, but here in the wood, singing to herself, it seemed singularly delightful. I clutched Tommie and held him back.

"Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy."

"And of women," said Tommie, stepping forward, cap in hand. At least he remembered so much of his manners. The singer started and drew herself up.

"Sir!" she said, like the affronted lady in the play.

"I beg your pardon," said Tommie. "That was a very pretty song."

"What is that to you, sir? It's Shakespeare."

"You'll excuse me," said Tommie, "but we have had a mishap. My wheel has been stolen."

"Stolen!" she cried, in a crimson glow, and then in a tone that went despairful. "Down by the lake?"

"Yes, down by the lake," said the malicious Tommie.

"Oh!" she cried. "How can I explain? There it is. I thought it was Fred's. I thought Fred and Harry left them there."

"It's no matter," said I. "I'm sorry. It was a natural mistake."

She looked at me with a world of thanks in the blue eyes. Did I tell you before they were blue? Tommie calmly walked to his wheel.

"I am glad you did it," he said, "because it has given me a chance to know you."

"You're atrocious," she said and turned and fled up the road behind the gateway.

"Tommie," said I, "you're a cad."

Tommie leaned on his wheel, laughed and whistled.

"Wasn't she jolly?" he said. "I'm going to follow."

"You are not going to do anything of the kind," I cried. But he always is stubborn, and it ended by me following him.

The road led from the wood into a broad, sunny lawn which was dominated by a great stone house, where a man was just stepping into a high dogcart.

"Why," said Tommie, "it's Harry Wharton."

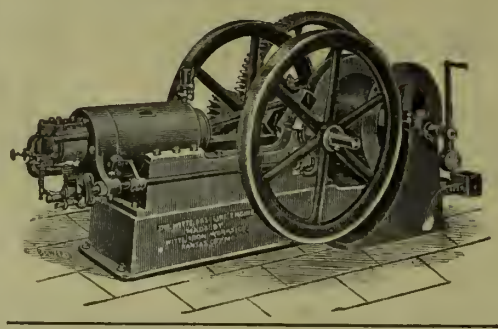
At the moment Wharton saw us. "Well, I declare!" he cried, coming forward.

"She didn't lie after all," said Tommie. "He is the Harry of the 'Fred and Harry' probably."

"Did you think she did?" I cried fiercely; but Tommie was explaining to Wharton that we had lost our way.

Machinery

C. B. BOOTHE & CO.
126 S. Los Angeles Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines
COMPLETE
IRRIGATING PLANTS
Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE
Gasoline Engines
—ARE—
Simple
Reliable
Durable
FULLY GUARANTEED.

THE BEAUTY of the Yosemite Valley is due largely to its wonderful trees, flowers and grasses. You can make your garden beautiful with flowers, shrubs and plants at no great cost.

THE GREATEST VARIETY OF
PALMS, FLOWERS and DECORATIVE PLANTS
FRANK HUSTON, FLORIST
Sixteenth and San Pedro Sts. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891
—SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.—
Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical
A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets
Polished oak floors $1.25 per Sq. Yard. Will last a life-time. Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.
JOHN A. SMITH 707 S. Broadway.

Largest and Best Agency on Pacific Coast. Carefully Selected Help of all Kinds Promptly Furnished.
TELEPHONE MAIN 509
HUMMEL BROS. & CO., Employment Agents
Basement California Bank Building, Corner Broadway,
300-302 WEST SECOND STREET, - - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

DON'T FORGET ... PARTRIDGE
THE FASHIONABLE
TAILOR FOR NOBBY—GOOD FITTING SUITS
Formerly Cutter for Everal & Bros., of Fifth Avenue, New York.
ESTABLISHED 1891 ALL WORK GUARANTEED
A Well Assorted Spring and Summer Stock Just Received.
129 WEST FIRST STREET - - - LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CENTRAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, FOURTH AND BROADWAY
DIRECTORS:
R. M. Baker ..... A. B. Cass
Wm. Mead ..... E. W. Davies
Lewis Thorne
OFFICERS:
R. M. Baker ..... President
Wm. Mead ..... Vice-President and Cashier
W. C. Durgin ..... Assistant Cashier
Deposits Received Subject to Check. Exchange for Sale.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.
There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from
JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street
Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS
Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.
ROBT. JORDAN
Telephone Main 217
641 South Broadway

Los Angeles Hay Storage Co. WHOLESALE HAY
WE SHIP EVERYWHERE TELEPHONE MAIN 1596
Office, corner Third and Central Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

and Wharton was insisting on the hospitality of the Merivale house, which he had rented for the summer, he explained, and Tommie was accepting, while I stood speechless. At the moment our lady of the road came out of the house and blushed at the sight of us and looked as if she wanted nothing so much as to take to her heels, which were very pretty heels, I must assure you, topped by a delicious ankle. Wharton presented us. "Miss Rose Burton," Tommie had the audacity to say, "we've met before."

"You have?" said Wharton.

"I don't remember," said she, giving Tommie a glance that would have troubled me, but only seemed to delight him. But she rewarded me by turning to me and extending her hand and saying in a low voice, "I don't see why your friend is so odious about that mistake."

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said. Mrs. Wharton just then appeared, and I had her—I don't mean Mrs. Wharton—quite to myself, an opportunity I tried to deserve. I began to believe that Arcadia was all the poets have claimed for it. I told her that I knew it was a mistake from the first, and, to be frank, I didn't try very hard to defend Tommie's churlishness. I said she had rather startled me when I saw her mount Tommie's wheel like—

"Like a boy," she interposed.

"Oh, I don't know," said I.

"How Harry and Fred"—

"And Fred," I said, beginning to suspect every man.

"Oh, he's my brother. How they'd laugh, I was going to say. But a joke is with him who laughs last—with your friend," I think.

"He thought you Dick Turpin disguised," I said, trying, I'll confess, to make his case a bit worse.

"He might have known," she said as if much provoked.

"Yes, he might," I assented.

Yet, in strict fairness, I felt called on to let him know my perfidy, and that night, as we sat smoking and reviewing the day's adventures, I said:

"She thinks you insufferable, Tommie."

"She told you that already?"

"Why, yes," I replied, with rather a self conscious air.

"I say, Fletch, I believe there'll be more fun in this house than on the road. I don't believe that we can have another adventure—like"—

"Like getting your wheel stolen. Do you want another?"

"She's an amusing girl," said Tommie inconsequently.

"Yes, she is," I agreed. "But—you see you've offended her."

"And you haven't."

"Oh, I don't know. I said from the first you would get your wheel back"—

"And you told her that and that I insisted she was a thief."

"Well, yes," I admitted guiltily, "I believe I did."

"And you think she'll like you any better for running me down?" he asked as sarcastically as he could.

"Who said I wanted her to like me?"

"Your manner, you conceited ass!"

"You're the conceited ass, Tommie, for you think you've made an impression."

"Well, now that you mention it, I hope I may have."

"And that I haven't."

"Well, yes," Tommie answered honestly.

"You think you can by being disagreeable?"

"Look here, Fletch. Let's solve for ourselves that mooted question, Which way will make the most impression on a girl like that—flattery or brutal frankness?"

"We may break her heart," said I, resolved that of us two I, not he, should do the breakage.

"I think she'll look out for that," Tommie said.

"Or she may break ours," I commented.

"We'll risk that," said Tommie.

"We may end by disliking each other," I went on.

"Oh, if I lose I'll not hold it against you!" said Tommy.

"But I may against you," I said.

"Such a tomboy sort of a girl, too!" said Tommie.

"I think you wrong her. I have found some fine qualities"—

"Oh, you have! Well, you're a quick one," he retorted.

* * * * * * *

Those dear people who formerly lived in Arcadia successfully eliminated pain and jealousy and rivalry—at least, judging from their own accounts. They doubtless lied a bit about it, for in my own experience I am bound to say that there may be drawbacks even to Arcadia. My consciousness of a flaw in the place began when I saw that Tommie was absorbing rather too much of her attention. I felt at first that she was but leading him on, and then I began to have some grave suspicions, which, in the light of subsequent experience, may indeed have been founded on mere jealousy. Yes, I will say I was jealous. I thought in beginning this veracious account that I might well leave the solution ungiven, like the famous riddle of the lady and the tiger. Of our two systems of tactics, which was the more likely to win with a girl like Rose Burton? If Tommie at times had the better, there were other days when I seemed to be more in her favor. Once I accused him of using my flatteries, of not playing fair, when he retorted that I had known him long enough to trust him.

"You never can trust even your best friend when there's a woman in the case."

"Fletcher," said Tommie gravely at this, "that ancient saying is gospel truth."

From that moment I felt that it was not a fair test case, but, indeed, I had ended by not caring a fig about the test. I just wanted to win.

Now, one day the climax of the situation was reached in this wise: I heard she had gone wheeling by herself. That, of course, was a chance. I prepared to follow, when who should appear but Tommie.

"Which way?" he asked.

"I was thinking of following—hem"—

"So was I," he said.

"It's ridiculous for us both to follow her," I observed.

"Yes, it is, but I'm not inclined to turn back, for"—

"Nor I," said Tommie quietly. "It's fair to leave it to the wheels. The one who overtakes her first"—

"All right," I said.

And then began that contest which a certain Tartar tribe conducts more regularly—a chase for a lady. Up and down hill we scorched; now I before, now Tommie. But it was oftener Tommie before than I. He drew away from me until in sheer spite at my luck and him I gave it up, dismounted and wandered drearily enough into the wood and threw myself down and then fell to laughing when I heard voices—hers and Tommie's. I declare I couldn't avoid hearing them.

"Ah, I have been chasing a thief!" he was saying.

"Will you never stop teasing me?" she cried. That remark seemed to show that he had been playing fair after all.

"Will you keep my heart, which you stole"—

"That's a very silly speech," she said. I thought so too. "Besides, it was a wheel," she added.

"No; it was the other essential to a man's comfort."

"Well, if you'll have it so," she said.

As for me, I turned away. They didn't notice me. In the evening I ventured to say to her:

"Ah, I've been congratulating Tommie!"

"He told you?" she said, turning red.

"Ah, yes!" I fibbed. "You know, I thought you thought him—well—rather disagreeable."

"I did—at first. But—you know I believe that was the reason I thought so much about him that"— She paused in confusion.

"Then it's true that you can make more of an impression on a girl by being disagreeable to her than by flattering her?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

I don't believe she did.

Now, don't think that I am still nursing a broken heart. I am too old a bachelor not to know there are many good fish in the sea.

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES

When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices

Take Lunch at

The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE

128 West Third Street.

NEW MACHINERY

We have just put in a lot of new modern improved machinery and are better equipped than ever to turn out first class work.

A trial will satisfy you that our work is all right.

Acme Steam Laundry

'Phone M. 531. 327 E. 2d St.
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

Collections Made Everywhere

Special Reports to Subscribers

We want your bills to collect because we have greater facilities for doing this work than any agent in the Southwest.

WE REPRESENT THE
Mercantile Report and Advertiser
Brock's Commercial Ag'cy, Philadelphia
National Commercial Agency, St. Louis
Guardian Commercial Agency, N. Y.

E. L. WHITTINGTON

The Mercantile Solicitor. Suite 101-122, Hellman Block, 223 W. Second St., Los Angeles, Cal- 'Phone Brown 1016

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.
For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,

401-2 STIMSON BLDG,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

BUY YOUR **SHOES** AT THE

Queen Shoe Store

162-164 North Main Street

Buy Your Roll Paper and Twine

FROM.....

Blake, Moffitt & Towne,

146 North Los Angeles St.

Ring up Main 52

For Choice Buffalo Lager, $1.25 per dozen
Or STEAM BEER, 5 gals., $1.60
10 gals., $3.00

NAPA SODA delivered at your home.

H. BRAUN, Agent,

Junction North Main and Alameda Sts.

Western Fish Co.,

BARACUDA, SMELTS AND SURF FISH
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau

223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO MAY 1, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
7:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
7:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:50 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:50 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:50 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:50 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:50 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5:25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	8:02 am
1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	11:10 am
5:15 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	...Port Los Angeles...	
1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only.

SANTA FE ROUTE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect Nov. 10, 1899.

CITY TICKET Office, Corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angeles		Arrive Los Angeles
6:00 p.m. Sunday Tuesday Thursday Saturday	California Limited The Fastest Train Across the Continent	1:50 p.m. Friday Saturday Sunday Tuesday
10:10 a.m. Daily	Ov'ld Express For Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:25 a.m. Daily
8:50 a.m.	San Diego	12:10 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	San Diego	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.		8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	San Bernardino	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	via	B 1:50 p.m.
A 6:00 p.m.	Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	San Bernardino	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Redlands	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	5:30 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	Pasadena	
S 8:50 a.m.	Redlands	*10:55 a.m
*10:00 a.m.	via Orange	S12:10 a.m
		5:47 p.m.
*8:30 a.m.	Riverside	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	B 1:50 p.m.
	Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	Riverside	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Pasadena	8:25 a.m
10:10 a.m.	Monrovia	9:50 a.m
4:30 p.m.	and Azusa	5:30 p.m.
8:50 a.m.	Santa Ana	8:45 a.m.
2:00 p.m.	Santa Ana	12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	Santa Ana	5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m.	San Jacinto	O*10:55 a.m.
O*10:00 a.m.	and Elsinore	
*2:00 p.m.	Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
9:55 a.m.	Redondo Beach	8:25 a.m.
5:34 p.m.	Redondo Beach	4:25 p.m.
*9:55 a.m.	Santa Monica	*4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sundays; O, via Orange; P, via Pasadena; S, Sundays; A, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday; B, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday. All other trains daily.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*

Employment Agents

123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

SALES OF STOCK

EXCEED ALL EXPECTATIONS

Although it has been but 15 days since the Pacific Crude Oil Company was incorporated, the well-known merit of its large tract of proven oil lands has attracted the attention of hundreds of people. The public have not been slow to recognize the exceptional merit of this company's properties. All agree that the Pacific Crude Oil Company's

Stock at 10c per Share

Is the Best Investment Yet Offered...

Investors Should consider carefully the advantages this Company has to offer before investing elsewhere. Get our prospectus and study our maps carefully. 2074 acres of carefully selected Oil Lands situated in the Puente, Piru and Calabasas Oil Districts. Piru property surrounded on three sides by producing wells. Within 1500 feet of this property the Modello Oil Company has 17 producing wells. Study the map of our Puente lands. The Union Company's property and that of the Puente Oil Company, with 50 big producing wells, join right up to our line. With exceptionally favorable properties and the sales of stock increasing daily, which insures plenty of working capital, we feel confident of success. The Directors of the Company have all paid for their stock at the rate of 10c per share. The Company has no debts, and the personnel of its Officers and Directors is a guarantee that its affairs will be managed in a thoroughly businesslike manner. Call or write for prospectus, maps, etc. Make all money orders, checks, drafts, etc., payable to Pacific Crude Oil Co.

OFFICERS

GEO. W. WALKER, President. *W. E. CUMMINGS, Vice-President.* *B. E. CORBIN, Secretary.*

ROBT. W. KENNY, Broadway Bank and Trust Co., Treasurer.

Pacific Crude Oil Co.

Offices 310-312 Homer Laughlin Building

315 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE LOS ANGELES THEATER.

The most popular play in the Frawley repertoire, "Madame Sans Gene," will follow "The Red Lamp" at the Los Angeles theater. This will be good news to all the admirers of Sardou's great comedy drama and to all the admirers of Mary Van Buren. This was the opening play of the Frawleys here last September, and it was as Catherine Habscher that "Our Mary" made her bow to a Los Angeles matinee audience. All who saw her then will want to see her again, and see how she has improved in nine months. It will be found that her improvement is unusual. It is doubtful if there is another actress on the American stage who has made such rapid strides in one year as "Our Mary." She has forged ahead amazingly, and has accomplished in one year what it took Blanch Bates five years to do. In many ways she is a better actress today than Miss Bates. Anyway, as Bobby Gayton says, she is more popular with the people, and everybody will be glad to see her again as the big-hearted Catherine Hubscher. The presentation of "Madame Sans Gene" will make the first appearance in this city of the distinguished Australian actor, Henry Roberts, who will play Napoleon. Mr. Roberts has been a favorite leading man and star in Australia for the past ten years; last fall he and Maggie Moore brought a company here from Melbourne. Mr. Roberts is an actor of great force and keen intelligence, and is considered one of the best light comedians on the English speaking stage. He has also scored successes in serious roles, and his Hamlet and David Garrick and Iago have added to his fame. He is specially engaged to play Mr. Frawley's roles during the latter's absence in New York. The cast of "Madame Sans Gene" will be as follows:

Napoleon .....Henry Roberts
Marshal Lefevbre .....
..... Harrington Reynolds
Fouche ....Wallace Shaw
De Neiperring .....Francis Byrne
Savary, Duke of Rovigo.....
.. J. R. Amory
Tulip ..... Clarence Chase
Desperau ..... George Gaston
Leroy ..... William Hickman
Lauriston ..... Frank Mathieu
Cannauville ..... Reginald Travers
Junot ..... Frederick Sparr
Duroc .....Harry Kingsbury
Roustan ..... Harry S. Duffield
Coroso ..... Chas. B. Swift
Cop ..... Frank Wilmot
Constant ..... James Stewart
Vivegar ..... Harry Stone
Catherine Hubscher (Madame Sans Gene .....Miss Mary Van Buren
Queen Caroline ... Miss Marion Barney
Princess Eliza .... Miss Christine Hill
Madame De Bulow .....
.....Miss Phosa McAllister
..... Miss Lillian Stafford
Marie ..... Miss Harriet Quimby
Jennie .... Miss Lillian Pearl Landers
Julie .....Miss Minnett Barrett

BURBANK THEATER.

The "Chimes of Normandy," Planquette's beautiful comic opera, will be the bill at the Burbank theater commencing tomorrow evening.

This will be the final opera in which the Morosco company will appear in this city, and as it is considered their best work, it is estimated that the old favorite opera will pack the theater nightly.

The cast for the "Chimes of Normandy" is particularly strong. William Wolff, who has been seen in comedy roles exclusively while in this city, will appear in the great character study, Gaspard, the miser. Mr. Wolff is acknowledged to be the best Gaspard on the American stage today. The "Chimes of Normandy" is so old an opera that it seems foolish to put it on for a week's run, but Manager Morosco states that after his excellent organization has been once seen in it, they will make it appear like a novelty. While it is true that Mr. Wolff has the star part in the opera, Miss Mason and other members of the company also have greater opportunities than have yet been offered them. The character of Serpolette has been played by Miss Mason a number of times, and she classes it as one of her very best performances. Then Mr. Goff, the baritone of the company, will also have a good part to portray, while Arthur Wooley and the remainder of the company will be seen at their best. In speaking of the "Chimes of Normandy" when it was recently played in San Francisco, the Call of that city says:

"Among the most pronounced triumphs of the Morosco Opera company is the "Chimes of Normandy," which brought out a great deal of enthusiasm last week. The great success of William Wolff as Gaspard, the miser, is remarkable and emphatic. Good actor and singer as he is, the excellence he attains in this role comes somewhat in the nature of a surprise, for it reveals an aptitude for a higher class of dramatic work than he has been credited with. In his intensity and mad fury, he is at times quite Irvingesque. During the past ten years he has had many predecessors in the role, but none of them have achieved the artistic triumph that he has. His performance may be summed up as truly great, and its reward in loud and frequent applause and numerous curtain calls is merited. Edith Mason enters thoroughly into the spirit of Serpolette, and both she and Thos. H. Persse, who appears as Henri, maintain an enviable place in popular esteem. The chorus, as usual, is a star attraction of the entertainment.

ORPHEUM.

It has been an unending succession of overflowing houses during the reign of the Hopkins Company at the Orpheum this week, and the novelties exploited were easily deserving of the favor shown them.

Marzella's wonderful performing cockatoos are the sensation of the show. Nothing to equal their feats has ever before been seen on any stage in the world. The cockatoos, with a number of the best features of this week s bill, are to remain next week.

Digby Bell, the famous comic opera star and comedian, is to be the principal new card at the Orpheum next week. He will undoubtedly receive an ovation, as he has hosts of friends in Los Angeles who remember him as the cleverest light opera comedian of the past ten years. He is considered the greatest accession to the vaudeville ranks secured in many a day.

Rae and Brosche, in a merry skit called "Too Much Woman," Bellman and Moore, Australian artists who have a novel singing and dancing specialty; Proto, a sensational toe-dancer, who was one of the principal specialty performers in the, famous "Belle of New York" company in London, are to be new cards next week.

The bill is a long one, a strong one, and attractive throughout.

HOLLENBECK PARK.

Program for Sunday, May 6 1900. Concert by Southern California Band, H. W. Coomber, director.

March, Stars and Stripes, (Sousa).
Waltz, Les Sybarites, (Fahrback).
Operatic Medley, Jubilee, (arr. by Beyer).
Military Fantasia, The Ambuscade, (Laurendeau).
Reverie, Hearts and Flowers, (Tobani)
Overture—Banddittanstreiche, (Suppe).
Selection, Faust, (Gounod).
Russian Mazurka, La Czarine, (Gaune).
Grand March, Hail Columbia, (Chambers).

Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to park.

Labor Protests.

Organized Labor Opposes Any Compromise of the City's Water Rights.

Corresponding and Recording Secretary Los Angeles United Labor Council, Hall 112½ W. Third st, Los Angeles, Cal., Apr. 23, 1900.—To the members of the Los Angeles City Council:

Gentlemen:—Resolutions on the water question, a copy of which I herewith present, were passed by the unanimous vote of all the representatives of the different Unions in the United Labor Council. They have been read, endorsed and signed by the president of each union and are the expression of the sentiment of our Council.

I was ordered by the Labor Council to present these resolutions to your honorable body. Respectfully,

W. M. TOMLINSON,
Secty. United Labor Council of Los Angeles.

Corresponding and Recording Secretary Los Angeles United Labor Council, hall 112½ W. Third st., Los Angeles, Cal., Apr. 23, 1900.—To the Honorable City Council:

We believe that the water company is trying by every means within its power to create a sentiment of re-submitting their case to arbitration in hopes of obtaining a larger award, and we further believe that interests identical with the water company are trying to discredit the sale of city bonds for the purpose of preventing the city owning its water works.

And, whereas, we believe that the award of the arbitrators was more than liberal to the water company, and to now set the same aside in order that the amount may be increased, to be unjust to the people, and we protest against the same.

We further regard the present proposition of a compromise as in the interests of the water company, and we ask the Council not to entertain the same. We believe the acceptance thereof in any manner to be fraught with danger to the interest of the city in the present litigation to obtain possession of the water works.

We, as citizens and taxpayers to the number of over twelve hundred men represented in organized labor unions, subscribe to this protest.

UNITED LABOR COUNCIL,
for
Bakers' Union,
Book Binders' Union,
Brewery Workers Union,
Carpenters 332,
Carpenters 426,
Cigar Makers' Union,
Musicians' Union,
Milkers' Union,
Plumbers' Union,
Press Feeders' Union,
Pressmen's Union,
Tailors' Union,
Stage Employees' Union,
Electrical Workers' Union,
Plasterers' Association,
Typographical Union,
Hod Carriers' Union,
Shinglers' Union,
and unorganized labor at large.

OUT-OF-DOOR EXERCISE IN CALIFORNIA.

Out-of-door exercise is absolutely necessary in a greater or less degree to the perfect health of every man-woman and child in the community. In Southern California, the land of sunshine, where our climate is thoroughly delightful all the year round, it would be a splendid thing if every one were to take regular out-of-door exercise. But there are many people who have neither the time nor the strength to spend in running about in the open air, so occupied are they by business and social cares. Although they need exercise, fatigued as they are, it would do them more harm than good. Its benefits would be doubtful. Yet they feel the need of something to relax the physique and get the pores in working order. Besides many persons take cold while exposed to a chilling wind, which compresses the pores of the body and drives off the perspiration. If you want something to freshen you up, why not take a Turkish bath! Today Messrs. Carpenter and Wilson start up their elegant new Hammam Turkish Baths. They have skilled attendants to wait upon everybody, and each guest receives the same courteous and skilful treatment. If you take a Turkish bath once in a while you will feel O.K. all the time. These gentlemen will give you your money's worth. Their card follows:

NEW HAMMAM BATHS.

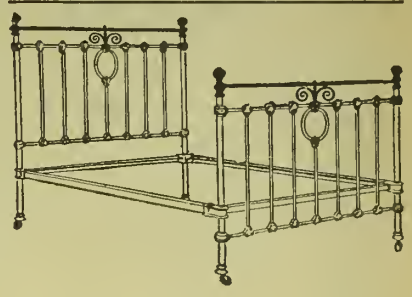
On Saturday, May 5th, we will open our new Bath House, 118 East Third street (late residence of Captain C. E. Thom) which has been remodeled and fitted in elegant shape for their purpose. One of the finest plunges in Southern California has been added.

We will be prepared to give all kinds of baths, such as Turkish, Hammam, Steam, Vapor and Salt Glow for ladies and gentlemen. Room and meals furnished when desired. Give us a call.

Respectfully,
CARPENTER & WILSON,
Proprietors.

The Lee Liquor Cure

takes away the appetite for strong drink A home cure. **PRICE $15.** Inquire for testimonials. DEMOSS BOWERS, Manager, 354 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.



Airy, Fairy Beds

Our Enameled IRON BEDS.... Are the Best for

Health, Comfort,
And Cleanliness.

A GOOD ONE
A PRETTY ONE
BRASS TRIMMED FOR **$9.50**

Our line of Carpets, Mattings, Linoleum, Oil Cloth, Bed Room Suits, Book Cases, Desks, Office Chairs, Stools, Study Tables, etc., is an easy one from which to select just the goods to suit you in Style, Quality and Price.

Wheel Chairs Sold or Rented.
Cook Stoves $8.50 and Up.

I. T. MARTIN,
531-3-5 SOUTH SPRING ST.
LOS ANGELES

It Costs But $15

to be cured of the desire for alcoholic stimulant. The Lee Cure for inebriety is compounded from harmless herbs. A fluid extract taken internally. Write for testimonials. DEMOSS BOWERS, Manager, 354 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

Vernondale Rabbitry

Breeders and dealers in high grade stock only. Orders carefully boxed and shipped to all parts north and east. We have a large stock of the finest strains, viz.,

Lord Britains, Dexters, Sir Styles, English Sovereign, Yukon, Gold Bug, Etc.

We have some bucks of the above especially fine in color, form and ticking. Correspondence invited.

S. B. DURYEA,
Central Avenue and 42nd Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Circulating Library

Room 201, 223 W. 2nd St.,
Los Angeles.
Tel. Main 1415 Membership Fee 50c

Books Rented at 5 Cents the Week--5c for Delivery

Seventy-five cents worth of magazines rented for 25c. Five 10c magazines rented for 20c--one you keep. For $2.50 we rent you five 10c magazines the month and give you a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY POST.

This is equivalent to getting **$7.00** worth of reading matter for the year for only **$2.50.**

Subscriptions taken for all Publications.
All leading Coast and Eastern Papers on File.
Illustrations furnished to the press and public.

Be Independent.

Non-trust Paint $1.50 gal.; Lead 7½c. Non-trust Wallpaper 4½c; Ingrains 8½c; Ingrain Borders 2½c; 7-foot Opaque shades 35c; Mouldings 2c per foot. Walter Bros., 627 South Spring. Tel. M. 1055.

Keep this Copy of the SATURDAY POST. It is Your Accident Insurance For the Next Week.

YOSEMITE REMEDIES PREPARED FROM

YOSEMITE MINERAL WATER

Yosemite Mineral Spring is situated high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, overlooking and fifteen miles distant from the upper end of the National Park, Yosemite. The virtues of the Springs have been known to the Indians for ages, and from time immemorial they have used its waters as a remedy for all the ills that those dusky tribes are heir to.

ANALYSIS — Yosemite Mineral Water carries a greater variety and a larger quantity of natural medicine, and gives quicker and surer relief to the afflicted than any other known mineral water in the world:

	Grains per Gal.		Grains per Gal.
Sodium Chloride	795.24	Calcium Chloride	1,075.05
Sodium Carbonate	26.40	Calcium Carbonate	52.76
Sodium Sulphate	17.10	Calcium Sulphide	Trace
Sodium Phosphate	5.93	Calcium Sulphate	57.07
Potassium Chloride	281.17	Ferrous Carbonate	7.14
Potassium Carbonate	10.60	Borates	19 75
Potassium Phosphate	3.05	Alumina	26.63
Magnesium Chloride	365.60	Silicates	9.62
Magnesium Carbonate	9.45	Organic Matter	Trace
Magnesium Sulphate	127.50	Total Solids	2,890.56
Free Carbonic Acid Gas	17.16 cu. in.	Free Sulphurated Hydrogen	.62 cu. in.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion are the two cases where the use of the Yosemite Water proves most valuable. In diseases of the stomach, bowels, and kidneys it has proved a most effective remedy, especially in catarrhal and ulcerated conditions of the stomach and bowels. Yosemite Crystals are obtained by carefully evaporating the Yosemite mineral water at the springs and are used in preparing Yosemite Soaps, Toilet, and Piute, (Mechanic,) Yosemite Ointments and Catarrh Snuff.

For a full description of these remedies see small circulars.

As to the merits of this most marvelous of Nature's products, we refer to the following testimonials and references of physicians and well-known citizens who have used it.

Dyspepsia...

Los Angeles, Cal., July 22, 99.
I desire to say to those afflicted with stomach trouble that my daughter suffered for months with catarrh of the stomach, receiving no relief from medical treatment. I bought some Yosemite Mineral Spring Water for her, and 3½ bottles cured her.
Yours truly, E. J. CURSON,
President of the Crescent Coal Co.

San Francisco, March 20, 1900.
The Yosemite Company, 419 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.—To Whom it May Concern: I desire to say to those afflicted with stomach trouble that I had been suffering with stomach trouble for years. I was ordered to Los Angeles by my doctor for my health. When I arrived in Los Angeles I was still suffering, and nothing relieved me. I met an acquaintance on the street, and she advised me to try Yosemite Water. I shall be forever thankful for the good it has done me.
I cheerfully recommend it to do all they claim it to do, for I have improved since the first day I began to take it, and now I can eat anything and feel no bad result.
I also sent some of it to Philadelphia, Pa., to my daughter. She had taken it three days, and she sent me word how wonderfully improved she was by taking it.
Gratefully yours, MRS. SARAH WILSON,
No. 1524 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

San Gabriel Sanatorium,
San Gabriel, Cal.
The Yosemite Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Gentlemen: Herewith I hand you five and no 00-100 dollars in payment of my account in full to date for Yosemite Remedies.
I have used the Yosemite Water in derangements of the stomach, bowels and kidneys, with the most gratifying results.
If it be of interest to you to hear of any success attending the use of your remedies at my hands, I will be pleased to furnish such reports.
I might add, too, that I have used the water in diseases of the scalp with perfect satisfaction. The Yosemite Soap makes a very excellent shampoo for the scalp.
Yours very truly,
A. C. THORPE, M. D.

San Luis Obispo, Cal., March 5, 1900.
Yosemite Mineral Spring Co., Los Angeles, Cal. — Dear Sirs: Your sample "Yosemite" Powder came to hand in due time. I have been taking it myself for stomach and liver trouble, and am very well pleased with it.
Enclosed I hand you my check, for which please send me by mail half dozen packages salts or equivalent in bulk, and oblige.
Very truly yours, M. H. COX, M. D.

MEDICINE SPRING OF THE PIUTE INDIANS

Kidney Disorders...

The Yosemite Co.: Gentlemen: — I have found much relief from an aggravated and long standing case of Stomach and Kidney disorders approaching Bright's Disease, by the use of Yosemite Mineral Water. Great improvement was apparent before the first bottle was finished. My appetite is good, and better still what I eat agrees with me. Any person seeking information, I will gladly answer.
Appreciating sincerely the value of the Yosemite Remedies, I am,
Cor. Clay and 3rd Sts., Los Angeles, Cal. MRS. JAMES KERR.

Los Angeles, Cal., October 14, 1899.
Yosemite Company, Los Angeles, Cal.:—Gentlemen: It is needless for me to reiterate my opinion of the Yosemite Mineral Remedies, and my only regret is that I do not own a portion of them myself. Any person who has once used them must of necessity be as enthusiastic as myself, in fact, I have recommended them to a number of my intimate friends and their opinion coincides with mine.
Rest assured I will do all I can to assist you voluntarily at any time.
With the N. K. Fairbanks Co. Sincerely, J. B. LONGUEVAN.

Skin Diseases...

Los Angeles, Cal., April 26, 1900.
The Yosemite Co.: Gentlemen: — I was a sufferer from Eczema for 25 years. I had tried some of the best physicians and numberless remedies, but without success, until I tried your remedies.
My face was in a terrible condition, and I was quite discouraged, but after two week's use of the Yosemite Remedies my face was as clear as if no Eczema had ever been there and it has not returned after several months.
I can most cheerfully recommend the Yosemite Remedies to suffering mankind. One of the great advantages of this cure is that the Yosemite Remedies are perfectly harmless and leave no bad results.
Respectfully, W. E. LUDLOW.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 26, 1900.
Yosemite Mineral Springs Co.: Gentlemen: — I wish to state to you and those whom it may concern that Yosemite Remedies have cured me of a long-standing and troublesome case of Eczema which for 8 or 10 months refused to yield to treatment until I used Yosemite Water internally and the Soap and Ointment locally, when it quickly disappeared leaving my skin soft and smooth. Sincerely, M. S. NORCROSS.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 27, 1900.
Yosemite Mineral Spring Co.: Dear Sirs:—After suffering from Eczema for several years, and doctoring with physicians and patent medicines and various other remedies. I learned from a neighbor the good the Yosemite Mineral Spring Water was doing. I at once started to use it and found relief inside of three days. I have used it about two months and am now just about clear of the disease. I wish there were more who knew about this most excellent remedy. I can recommend this with all my heart, also the soap and salve is just as good.
ROBERT JEFFREY.
817 East 21st St., Los Angeles.

Testimonial of a Noted War Dog, "Maine," Mascot of Battery "D," California Heavy Artillery.
This beautiful Great Dane, after many an adventure and six months' service in the far Philippines, returned to Los Angeles in August, 1899.
During her stay in the Philippines she contracted a very severe case of the mange, which, for a time, threatened to rob her of the glossy coat for which she was so noted. However, thanks to the Yosemite Remedies, she is entirely cured, and possesses the same glossy coat as before.
Too much cannot be said of the above remedies, inasmuch as they effected a cure after trying numerous other remedies.
These remedies are especially effective when the disease is due to germ origin.
C. B. YAW.

Special Sale Now on at the Owl Drug Store, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland, Cal.

For Sale by All Druggists.

W. C. WEAVER, Sole Agent for Pacific Coast,

No. 216 South Spring, Los Angeles. Cal. Tel. Main 26.

As a Table Water the Famous ***Glen Rock Mountain Spring Water*** *Has No Equal*

Endorsed and Recommended by Physicians. Plain by the Gallon or Carbonated in Siphons.

W. C. WEAVER, Proprietor Springs. Main Office: NEWBERRY'S, 216 S. Spring, LOS ANGELES

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.
Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company

Studio and Art Rooms

351 SOUTH BROADWAY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"To Have and to Hold"
"Janice Meredith"
"Richard Carvel"
"David Harum"

95c EACH

Four of the most popular books of the day, bound in cloth, Regular price $1.50

We Rent all the latest novels at 10c first week, 2c per day thereafter. Why wait weeks and somtimes months for a book at the public library when you can get it from us at once.

Jones' Book Store

226 W. FIRST ST. LOS ANGELES

Everybody

Can Play The Piano

By means of the **PIANOLA**

It can be used with any grand square or upright piano, and it will play any piece of music ever composed. The expression is controlled by the player, and responds instantaneously to his will. It may be attached or detached in a moment. Exhibited and sold by us.

Southern California Music Co. 216-8 W. 3d St., Bradbury Bl'g

FIVE CENTS!

THAT'S ALL WE ASK FOR OUR

ICE CREAM SODA

Choice Candies from 10 Cents a Pound Up.

Ice Cream $1.00 per Gallon, delivered to any Part of City.

Bakery and Lunch Parlor in Connection.

SHEPARD & SON

'Phone Brown 1853. 177 N. Spring St.

Don't Throw Away Those Old Magazines

Those Favorite Pieces of Music.
—You'll Miss Them—
Better have them bound.
It don't cost much if done by

HENRY J. PAULY,

Tel. Brown 312,

115½ N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Fresh Foothill Vegetables . .

Tender Summer Squash, Eggplant, String Beans, Etc.

LUDWIG & MATTHEWS

Mott Market

—SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE—

Ship Everywhere Telephone 550

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at 306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.) SANTA MONICA

FERD BLECH

F. BLECH & CO.

PRINTERS

258 South Main Street

TELEPHONE MAIN 1361

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

J. H. MASON

The attention of the public is called to the neat appearance of THE SATURDAY POST which is printed for the Post Publishing Co. by F. BLECH & CO.

We guarantee our work first-class.
We perform what we promise.
We cheerfully give estimates on all kinds of printing.
We charge you reasonable prices.

MAIL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

Now is the time to have your PILLOWS renovated.

It don't cost much and your headaches may be lessened by having clean, sweet feathers to rest on.

Take them to the ACME FEATHER WORKS J. F. ALLEN, Proprietor

TELEPHONE BROWN 1253 513 SOUTH SPRING STREET

Mirror Lake—Yosemite Valley.

ROBERT SHARP & CO.,

Embalmers and Funeral Directors

OPEN ALL HOURS

Telephone Main 1029. 751-753 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED

TURKISH BATH HOUSE

FORMERLY THE THOM RESIDENCE

118 East Third Street

Dr. Carpenter and Wilson, Proprietors

Completely renovated and equipped for Turkish, Russian, and Electric Baths; and having the finest plunge in Southern California.

Rooms and meals when desired. Chiropodist in attendance. Ladies' day every Tuesday.

Opening Day, Saturday, MAY 5th

Abbotsford Inn

The best first-class family hotel in the residence districts of Los Angeles—Convenient to all car lines—Social Centre of Los Angeles—Patronized by the most distinguished people—Everything done for the convenience of guests—Beautiful interior Court—Free Billiard-room—Best Cuisine in California—Advise your friends to stop at the

Abbotsford Inn,

801 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Price 75c. Mail Prepaid 85c.

Mexican Sombreros

Just received 100 dozen Mexican Sombreros.

These hats are rapidly taking the place of all other hats for children in Southern California and Arizona. Three years ago we imported only 50 dozen, now we import from 500 to 600 dozen a year. We also have sizes for adults in fancy straws and trimmings: Children's sizes, 75c.; Adults, $1 to $4.

The only importers in California. Wholesale and retail.

CAMPBELL'S CURIO STORE

325 So. Spring St. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

B. R. BAUMGARDT & CO.

PRINTERS

231 W. First St., Los Angeles

Telephone 1161

We have in the last six months doubled our plant, and are now operating the

Best Equipped Office

In Southern California. With increased facilities we propose in the future as we have in the past, to press forward doing as good work as our customers are willing to pay for, and charging for the same what we believe to be just both to our customers and ourselves.

REMEMBER

We employ only experienced workmen, and have all the latest faces of type and improved cylinder presses.

Don't Send Your Printing East

WE PRINT ANYTHING

From a Card to a Dictionary

At prices that we feel confident will suit

Swell Suits for Boys.

Our Newly Fitted Up and Greatly Enlarged Boys' Department is : : Filled with the Best Lines of Suits That Ever Came to this City. : : Bring the Boys in and let us Demonstrate to you that we are : : Headquarters for Boys' Wear.

SUITS $2.50 and Up.

Mullen, Bluett & Co.

Northwest Corner First and Spring Sts.

A New, Modern Department Store.

DRY GOODS, SHOES, MEN'S CLOTHING, NOTIONS, TOYS, HARDWARE, LADIES' FURNISHINGS, SUITS and CLOAKS, MEN'S and BOYS' HATS, STATIONERY, BOOKS,

Everything Sold at Cut Rates.

Chapin-Tibbot Commercial Co.

437-441 South Broadway.

A Word About Wall Paper.

Nothing is more important in the home than attractive Wall Paper. It makes all the difference in the world. Your home should be papered every Spring. It will be healthier and happier. We are showing the handsomest Spring Patterns and Designs in Wall Paper in Los Angeles. Come in and let us quote you prices.

The Napoleon and Josephine Bicycles.

Built of Thor parts throughout. The handsomest and strongest Bicycle made. Prices - - $40, $50, $55. The Magnet Bicycle is a good bicycle for $30 and $35.

New York Wall Paper Co.

452 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Puritas Coffee

Our Puritas Coffee is a Superior Grade of Coffee—the best in fact that is imported.

Our Puritas Coffee is roasted fresh every day.

We guarantee our Puritas Coffee, Teas, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, or Baking Powder—they are absolutely pure and genuine.

Money back if you are not satisfied.

ALWAYS THE SAME

Puritas Coffee and Tea Company

W. A. GLASSCOCK, Manager

Tel. James 1791 108 WEST THIRD STREET

Mount Lowe Railway.

Ye Alpine Tavern Among the Giant Pines—Mount Lowe Ry.

Rubio Canyon, Echo Mountain, Ye Alpine Tavern,

Summit of Mount Lowe,

6100 Feet Above Sea Level.

GRANDEST TRIP ON EARTH.

HOTELS

ECHO MOUNTAIN CHALET

YE ALPINE TAVERN

The Finest of All Mountain Resorts'

Special Excursions at Reduced Rates Each Saturday and Sunday.

For information regarding hotel accommodations, rates, special excursion rates for parties, etc., call on or address:

CLARENCE A. WARNER, Traffic and Excursion Agent,

Tel. Main 960. 214 South Spring Street, LOS ANGELES.

THE HYGIENIC VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT

315 and 319 West Third St., Bet. Broadway and Hill, LOS ANGELES.

Hot Weather Diet. As the summer season approaches it is well for everybody to consider the superiority of a Vegetarian Diet. While such a diet is always the best, it is especially advantageous during the long, warm summers of Southern California.

The practical Vegetarian enjoys better health, has a clearer mind, is free from morbid thirst and is far less subject to the depressing effects of heat. If you have never given Vegetarianism a practical test now is the best time to convince yourself of its superiority. The bills of fare of the Vegetarian Restaurant are prepared with reference to supplying in proper proportions every food element necessary to perfect nutrition and in a form easily digested and assimilated. Our Dining Room is one of the largest and most attractive in Los Angeles, the service first-class and the prices very reasonable.

We're forging bargains that will appeal to your purse. You know the facts; the Up-to-Date Department Store is going out of business; the entire wholesale and retail stock to be sold at any price. Come at once and choose what you want. A million bargains in Spring Goods.

113-115 North Spring St.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *One Dollar per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 12, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 19.

To Capture an Heiress

AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE IN THE CAREER OF CAPTAIN KETTLE.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

(Copyright, 1900, by Cutcliffe Hyne.)

The Parakeet had discharged the last of her coal into the lighters alongside, had cast off from the mooring buoys and was steaming out of the baking heat of Suez harbor on her way down toward the worse heat of the Red sea beyond.

A passenger, a young man of eight or nine and twenty, lounged on a camp stool under the upper bridge awning and watched the Parakeet's captain as he walked briskly across and across, and presently, when the little sailor faced him, he nodded as though he had decided something that was in his thoughts.

"Well, sir?" said Captain Kettle.

"I wish you wouldn't look so anxious. We've started now and may as well make up our minds to go through it comfortably."

"Quite so," said Kettle. "I'm thinking out how we are to do this business in comfort and safety." And with that he resumed his walk.

The man beside him had introduced himself when the black workers were carrying the Parakeet's cargo of coal in baskets from the holds to the lighters alongside, and Kettle had been rather startled to find that he carried a letter of introduction from the steamboat's owners. The letter gave him no choice of procedure. It stated with clearness that Mr. Hugh Wenlock, solicitor, had laid his wishes before them and that they had agreed to further these wishes through the agency of their servant, Captain Owen Kettle, in consideration of the payment of £200.

The Parakeet was a cargo tramp and carried no passenger certificate, but a letter of recommendation like this was equivalent to a direct order, and Kettle signed Mr. Wenlock on to his crew list as "doctor" and put to sea with an anxious mind.

Wenlock waited awhile, watching squalid Suez sink into the sea behind, and then he spoke again.

"Look here, captain," he said. "Those south Arabian ports have got a lot worse reputation than they really deserve. The people down there 20 years ago were a pack of pirates, I'll grant you, but nowadays they've got the fear of the gunboat always handy, and that's a wonderful civilizing power. I tell you, captain, you needn't be frightened; that pirate business is exploded for now and always."

"I know all about the piratical hankerings of those south Arabian niggers, sir," said Kettle stiffly, "and I know what they can do and what they can't do as well as any man living. And I know also what I can do myself at a push, and the knowledge leaves me pretty comfortable. But if you choose to think me frightened I'll own that I am. It's the navigation down there that gave me cold shivers the first moment you mentioned it."

"Why, it's no worse than the Red sea here anyway."

"The Red sea's bad, but you can get good charts of it and rely on them. South Arabian coast is no better, and the charts aren't worth the paper they are printed on."

"I wouldn't like you to wreck the steamer down there. It might be awkward for me getting back."

"Quite so," said Kettle. "You're thinking of yourself, and I don't blame you. I'm thinking of myself also. I'm a man that's met with a great deal of misfortune, sir, and from one thing and another I've been eight years without a regular command. I had the luck to bring in a derelict the other day and pocket a good salvage out of her, and my present owners heard of it, and they put me as master of this steamer, just because of that luck. I am not anxious to pile up this steamboat on some uncharted reef."

"I'm as keen as you are not to get the steamer wrecked, and if there's any way she can be kept out of a dangerous area, and you can manage to set me ashore where I want in a boat, just you say, and I'll meet you all I can. But at the same time, skipper, if you don't mind doing a swap, you might give me a good deal of help over my matter in return."

"I haven't heard your business yet, sir. All you've told me is that you want to be set down in this place, Dunkhot, and be taken off again after you've staid there four and twenty hours."

"Well, you see, I didn't want it talked over beforehand. If the newspapers got hold of the yarn and made a lot of fuss about it, they might upset a certain marriage that I've very much set my heart upon."

Captain Kettle looked puzzled. "I don't seem to quite follow you, sir."

"You shall hear the tale from the beginning. We have plenty of time ahead of us just now. You remember the wreck of the Rangoon?"

"She was coming home from East Indian ports, wasn't she, and got on fire somewhere off Cape Guardaful? Only about ten of her people saved, if I remember."

"That's about right," said Wenlock. "It's 25 years ago now. Among others lost was a Colonel Anderson and his wife and their child, Teresa, aged 4, and what made their deaths all the more sad was the fact that Anderson's elder brother died just a week before, and he would have come home to find a peerage and large estates waiting for him."

"I can feel for that man," said Kettle.

"I can feel most for the daughter," said Wenlock.

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Well, Colonel Anderson's dead and his wife's dead, but the daughter isn't, or at any rate she was very much alive 12 months ago; that's all. The whole lot of them, with others, got into one of the Rangoon's boats, and after frizzling about at sea till they were nearly starved got chucked on that south Arabian coast, which you say is so rocky and dangerous, and were drowned; all barring Teresa, that is. She was pulled out of the water by the local niggers and was brought up by them, and I've absolutely certain information that not a year ago she was living in Dunkhot, as quite a big personage in her way."

"And she's 'my lady' now, if she only knew?"

"Well, not that. The title doesn't descend in the female line. But Colonel Anderson made a will in her favor after she was born, and the present earl, who's got the estates, would have to shell out if she turned up again."

"My owners in their letter mentioned that you were a solicitor. Then you are employed by his lordship, sir?"

Mr. Wenlock laughed. "Not much," he said. "I'm on my own hook. Why, hang it all, captain, you must see that no man of his own free will would be idiot enough to resurrect a long forgotten niece just to make himself into a beggar."

"I don't see why not, sir, if he got to know she was alive. Some men have consciences, and even a lord, I suppose, is a man."

"This present earl has far too good a time of it to worry about running a conscience. No; I bet he fights like a thief for the plunder, however clear a case we have to show him. And as he's the man in possession and has plenty of ready cash for law expenses, the odds are he'll turn out too big to worry at through all the courts, and we shall compromise. I'd like that best myself. Cash down has a desirable feel about it."

"It has, sir," said Kettle, with a reminiscent sigh. "But will the other relatives of the young lady, those that are employing you, I mean, agree to that?"

"Don't I tell you, captain, I'm on my own hook? There are no other relatives, or at least none that would take a ha'p'oth of interest in Teresa's getting the estates. I've gone into the thing on sheer spec and for what I can make out of it, and that, please the Lord, will be the whole lump."

"But, sir, how? The young lady may give you something in her gratitude of course, but you can't expect it all."

"I do, though, and I'll tell you how I'm going to get it. I shall marry the girl Teresa. Simple as tumbling off a house."

Kettle drew himself up stiffly and walked to the other end of the bridge and began ostentatiously to look with a professional eye over his vessel.

"I don't like the idea of that sort of marriages," said the little sailor acidly.

Wenlock shrugged his shoulders good humoredly. "Neither do I, and if I were a rich man I wouldn't have dreamed of it. Just think of what the girl probably is. She's been with those niggers since she was quite a kid. Of course you'll say there's romance about the thing. But then I don't care tuppence about romance, and, anyway, it's beastly uncomfortable to live with."

"I was not looking at that point of view."

"Let me tell you how I was fixed," said Wenlock, with a burst of confidence. "I'd a small capital. So I qualified as a solicitor and put up a doorplate and waited for a practice. It didn't come. When the news of this girl Teresa came, I tell you I just jumped at the chance. I don't want to marry her of course. There are ten other girls I'd rather have as a wife, but there was no other way out of the difficulty, so I just swallowed my squeamishness for good and always. See?"

"It was Miss Teresa Anderson I was pitying," said Kettle pointedly.

"Good Lord, man, why? Isn't it the finest thing in the world for her?"

"It might be fine to get away from where she is and land home to find a nice property waiting. But I don't care to see a woman have a husband forced on her. It would be nobler of you, Mr. Wenlock, to let the young lady get to England and look round her for awhile and make her own choice."

"I'm too hard up to be noble," said Wenlock dryly. "I've not come here on philanthropy, and marrying that girl is part of my business. Besides, hang it all, man, think of what she is, and think of what I am." He looked himself up and down with a half humorous smile.

"Still," said Kettle doggedly, "I don't like the idea of it."

"Then let me give you an inducement. I said I was not down here on philanthropy, and I don't suppose you are either. If you'll help this marriage on in the way I ask, I'll give you £50."

"There's no man living who could do more usefully with £50 if I saw my way to fingering it. I was wondering, sir, if I could earn it honorably. You must give me time to think this out, and I'll try and give you an answer after tea."

Captain Kettle had not seen necessary to mention the fact to Mr. Wenlock, but while that young man was talking of the Miss Teresa Anderson who at present was "quite a big personage in her way," a memory had come to him that he had heard of the lady before in somewhat less prosaic terms. All sailormen who have done business on the great sea highway between west and east during recent years have had the yarn given to them at one time or another, and most of them have regarded it as a gratuitous legend. Kettle was one of these. But he was beginning to think there was something more in it than a mere sailor's yarn, and he was anxious to see if there was any variance in the telling.

So he sent for Murray, his mate; made him sit, and commenced talk of a purely professional nature. Finally he said: "And since I saw you last the schedule's changed. We call at Dunkhot for that passenger, Mr. [illegible] opsail [illegible] with [illegible] could [illegible] in use

lock, to do some private business ashore before we go on to our Persian gulf ports."

Murray repeated the name thoughtfully. "Dunkot? Let's see. That's on the south Arabian coast, about a day's steam from Aden, and a beast of a place to get at, so I've heard. Oh, and, of course, that's the place where that she sultan or queen or whatever she calls herself is boss."

"So there is really a woman of that kind there, is there? I'd heard of her, like everybody else has, but I thought she was only a yarn."

"No, she's there in the flesh, sir, right enough; lots of flesh, according to what I've gathered. A serang on one of the B. and I. boats who'd been in Dunkhot told me about her only last year. She makes war, leads her troops, cuts off heads and does the eastern potentate up to the mark. The serang said she was English, too, though I didn't believe much in that. One-tenth English would probably be more near the truth. The odds are she'll be Eurasian, and those snuff and butter colored ladies, when they get among people blacker than themselves, always try to ignore their own lick of the tar brush. The serang said she was a big buffalo bull of a woman, with a terror of a temper. I don't know what's Mr. Wenlock's business, sir, but he'd better make up his mind to square her first and foremost."

"Is she the head chief's favorite wife, then?"

"That's the funny part of it; she isn't married. These orientals always get husbands early as a general thing, and you'd have thought they'd have married her to some one about the town whether she liked it or not. But it seems they didn't, because she said she'd certainly poison any man if they sent her into his zenana. Guess there wasn't any man about the place white enough to suit her taste."

Kettle went out then under the awnings of the bridge deck and told Wenlock that he would probably be able to earn his fee for helping on the marriage, and Wenlock confidently thought that he quite understood the situation.

"Skipper's a bit of a methody," thought Mr. Hugh Wenlock, "but if he gets me snugly married to that little girl he'll be cheap at the price."

Dunkhot stood on an eminence, snugly walled and filled with cool, square houses. At one side the high minaret of a mosque stood up like a bayonet, and at the other, standing in a ring of garden, was a larger building, which seemed to call itself palace. The Parakeet lay to, rolling outside the entrance, flying a pilot jack and waiting developments.

Captain Kettle might have his disquieting thoughts; still outwardly he was cool. But Mr. Hugh Wenlock was on deck in the spruncst of his apparel and was visibly anxious and fidgety, as befitted a man who shortly expected to enter into the bonds of matrimony.

A double ended boat came off presently, manned by naked Arabs and steered by a man in white burnoose. She swept up alongside, caught a rope and made fast, and the man in white introduced himself as a pilot.

The pilot spoke some English. He could guide them through the reefs in the most complete of safety, he said, and he could guarantee fine openings for trade, once inside.

"I dare say," grunted Kettle under his breath; "but you're a heap too uncertificated for my taste."

Then he turned to Murray. "Now, look here, Mr. Mate, I'll leave you in charge. Don't let any of these niggers come on board on any pretense whatever, and if they try it on steam out to sea. I'll get through Mr. Wenlock's business ashore as quick as I can and perhaps pick up a ton or two of cargo for ourselves."

Below, the pilot clamored that a ladder might be thrown to him, so that he might come on board and take the Parakeet forthwith into the anchorage, and to him again Kettle turned and temporized. He must go ashore himself first, he said, and see what offer there was of trade before he took the steamer in, to which the pilot, though visibly disappointed, saw fit to agree.

"Now, sir," said Kettle to Wenlock, "into the boat with you. The less time that's wasted the better I shall be pleased."

"All right," said Wenlock, pointing to a big package on the deck. "Just tell some of your men to shove that case down into the boat, and I'm ready."

Kettle eyed the bulky box with disfavor. "What's in it," he asked—"a present?"

"Well, if you must know, captain, it's occurred to me that Teresa is probably an occupant of somebody's harem and that I shall have to buy her off from her husband; hence the case of rifles."

A queer look came over Captain Kettle's face. "And you'd still marry this woman if she had another husband living?"

"Of course. Haven't I told you that I've thought the whole thing thoroughly over already, and I'm not inclined to stick at trifles?"

"Very well," said Kettle. "Now, let me tell you, sir, for the last time that I don't like what you're going to do. To my mind it's a dirty thing—marrying a woman that you evidently despise just for her money."

Wenlock flushed. "Look here," he said. "I refuse to be lectured, especially by you. Aren't you under promise to get £50 from me the moment I'm safely married? And didn't you fairly jump at the chance of fingering it?"

Captain Kettle merely smiled grimly and said, "Get down into the boat, you and your case of rifles."

For the moment Wenlock started and hesitated. He seemed to detect something ominous in this order. But then he took a brace on his courage, and, after a couple of deckhands had lowered the rifles into the dancing boat, he clambered gingerly down after them and sat himself beside the white robed man in the stern sheets. Kettle followed, and the boat headed off for the opening between the reefs.

The boat passed between the cluster of ragged shipping swaying at the anchorage, and Wenlock might have stared with curious eyes, had he been so minded, on real dhows which had even then got real slaves ready for market in their stuffy 'tween decks. Over the arch of the water gate, for which they were heading, was what at first appeared to be a frieze of small, rounded balls; but a nearer view resolved these into human heads, in various stages of desiccation. Wenlock stared at the gate, with its dressing of heads, as though they fascinated him.

"And Teresa will have been brought up within sight of all this," Wenlock murmured to himself, "and will be accustomed to it. Fancy marrying a woman who has spent 24 years of her life in the neighborhood of all this savagery."

They passed in through the gate, the sentries staring at them curiously, and, once inside, in the full heat and smell of the narrow street beyond, Wenlock said: "Look here, skipper; you're resourceful, and you know these out of the way places. How had we better start to find the girl?"

Kettle glanced coolly round at the grim buildings and the savage Arabs who jostled them, and said with fine sarcasm: "Well, sir, if you'll take the tip from me, you'll crowd back to my steamboat as fast as you can go. You'll find it healthier."

"I'm going on with it," said Wenlock doggedly. "And I ask you to earn your £50 and give me help."

"Then, if you distinctly ask me to help you on into trouble like that, of course the best thing to do is to go straight on to the palace."

"Show the way, then," said Wenlock curtly.

Kettle gave the word to the white robed pilot, and together they set off down the narrow winding streets, with an ever increasing train of Arabs and negroes following in their wake. Wenlock said nothing as he walked, but it was evident from the working of his face that his mind was very full. But Kettle looked about him with open interest and thought in verse about this eastern town came to him with pleasant readiness.

The royal residence was the large building enclosured with gardens which they had seen from the sea, and they entered with little formality. There was no trouble either about obtaining an audience. Armed guards to the number of some 40 men were posted round the walls, and at the farther end, apparently belonging to the civil population, were some dozen other men squatted on the floor. In the center of the room was a naked wretch in chains, but sentence was hurriedly pronounced on him, and he was hustled away as the two Englishmen entered, and they found themselves face to face with the only woman in the room, the supreme ruler of this savage south Arabian coast town.

She was seated on a raised divan, propped by cushions, and in front of her was a huge water pipe at which she occasionally took a meditative pull. She was dressed quite in oriental fashion, in trousers, zouave jacket, sash and all the rest of it, but she was unmistakably English in features, though strongly suggestive of the Boadicea. She was a large, heavily honed woman, enormously covered with flesh, and she dandled across her knees that very unfeminine scepter, an English cavalryman's sword. But the eye neglected these details and was irresistibly drawn by the strongness of her face. Even Kettle was almost awed by it.

But Captain Owen Kettle was not a man who could be kept in awe for long. He took off his helmet, marched briskly up toward the divan and bowed.

"Good afternoon, your ladyship," he said. "I trust I see you well. I'm Captain Kettle, master of that steamboat now lying in your roads, and this is Mr. Wenlock, a passenger of mine, who heard that you were English and has come to put you in the way of some property at home."

The lady sat more upright. "I am English," she said. "I was called in the glaour faith Teresa Anderson."

"That's the name," said Kettle. "Mr. Wenlock's come to take you away to step into a nice thing at home."

"I am emir here. Am I asked to be emir in your country?"

"Why, no," said Kettle. "That job's filled already, and we aren't thinking of making a change. Our present emir in England (who, by the way, is a lady like yourself) seems to suit us very well."

"I do not understand," said the woman. "I have not spoke your language since I was child. Speak what you say again."

"I'll leave it to Mr. Wenlock, your majesty, if you've no objections, as he's the party mostly interested. I see you don't mind smoke," he added and lit a fresh cheroot.

Now, it was clear from the attitude of the guards and the civilians present that Kettle was jostling heavily on court etiquette, and at first the lady emir was very clearly inclined to resent it and had sharp orders for his repression ready upon her lips. But she evidently changed her mind. In the meanwhile Mr. Wenlock was stating his case with small forensic eloquence. The sight of Miss Teresa Anderson in the flesh awed him. The woman before him, whose actual age was 28, looked 50 and even for a desperate man like himself was impossible as a wife in England. He felt daunted before her already.

But the lady emir looked on Wenlock in a very different way from that in which she had regarded Kettle. Mr. Wenlock possessed, as indeed he had himself pointed out on the Parakeet, a fine outward presence, and, in fact, anywhere he could have been remarked on as a personable man. The lady emir had not remained unmarried all these years through sheer distaste for matrimony. She had been celibate through an unconquerable pride of blood. Here, now, stood before her a male of her own race, handsome, upstanding and obviously impressed by her power and majesty. He would not rule her. He would not even attempt a mastery. She would still be emir—and a wife. The chance had never occurred to her before; might never occur again. She was quick to make her decision.

Ruling potentates are not as other folk with their love affairs, and the lady emir of Dunkhot unconsciously fell in with the rule of her caste. The English speech, long disused, came to her unhandily, but the purport of what she said was plain. She made proclamation that the Englishman Wenlock should there and then become her husband, and let slaves fetch the mollah to unite them before the sun had dropped below another bar of the windows.

She did not ask her future husband's wishes or his permission. She simply stated her sovereign will and looked that it should be carried out forthwith.

For long enough Wenlock stood wordless in front of the divan, far more like a criminal than a prospective bridegroom. The lady, with the tube of the water pipe between her lips, puffed smoke and made no further speech. But at last Wenlock, as though wrenching himself into wakefulness out of some horrid dream, turned wildly to Kettle and in a torrent of words implored for rescue.

The little sailor heard him quite unmoved. "You asked my help," he said, "in a certain matter, and I've given it, and things have turned out just as I've guessed they would. You maundered about your dear Teresa on my steamboat till I was nearly sick, and, by James, you've got her now, and no error about it."

Now the lady emir was not listening to all this tirade by any means unmoved. Although she did not understand one word in ten of what was being spoken, she gathered the gist of it. She threw away the snaky stem of water pipe and gripped both hands on the trooper's sword till the muscles stood out in high relief.

"Do you say," she demanded, "you unwilling marry me?"

"Yes," said Wenlock, with sullen emphasis.

She turned her head and gave curt orders in Arabic. With marvelous readiness, as though it was one of the regular appointments of the place, a couple of the guards trundled a stained wooden block into the middle of the floor, another took his station beside it with an ominous ax poised over his shoulders, and, almost before Wenlock knew what was happening, he was pinned by a dozen more—pinioned at wrist and ankle and thrust down to kneel with his neck over the block.

"Do you say," the lady emir repeated, "you unwilling marry me?"

"I'm a British subject!" Wenlock shouted. "I've a foreign office passport in my pocket. I'll appeal to my government over this."

"My lad," said Kettle, "you won't have time to appeal. The lady isn't being funny. She means square biz. If you don't be sensible and see things in the same way she does, it'll be one chop, and what happens afterward won't interest you."

"Those spikes," said Wenlock faintly.

"Above the water gate?" said Kettle. "Queer, but the same thing occurred to me too. You'd feel a bit lonely stuck up there getting sun dried."

"I'll marry her."

With this Wenlock poured out all the pretty speeches which he had in store and which he had looked to use to this very woman under such very different circumstances. But he did not even suggest taking his future spouse back to England.

She, too, when she graciously pardoned his previous outburst, mentioned her decision on this matter also. "I am emir here," she said, "and I could not be emir in your England without many fights. So here I shall stay, and you with me."

The mollah had come in, and they were forthwith married, solemnly and irrevocably, according to the rights and ceremonies of the Mohammedan church as practiced in the kingdom of Dunkhot.

"And now, Mr. Wenlock, if you please," said Kettle, "as you're comfortably tied to the lady of your choice, I'll trouble you for that fee you promised."

"I'll see you in somewhere hotter than Arabia!" said the bridegroom, mopping his pale face.

"Now, look," said Kettle, "I'm not going to scrap with you here, and I don't want to break up this happy home with domestic unpleasantness, but if you don't hand me over that £50

I shall ask your good lady to get it for me."

Wenlock sullenly handed out a note.

"Thank you. I know you feel injured. If you don't quite like what's been done, you must remember that it's your own fault for not wording the agreement a bit more carefully. And now, as I seem to have got through my business here, if it's agreeable to all parties I'll be going. Goodby, Mrs. Wenlock, madam. Let me call you by your name for the first time."

The lady emir set back her great shoulders. "That is not my name," she said. "I am emir. My name does not change."

"Beg pardon," said Kettle. "He takes yours, does he? Didn't know that was the custom of this country. Well, good afternoon."

"But do you want no present?" said the lady.

"Thank you," said Kettle, with a cock of the head, "but I take presents from no one. What bit of a living I get, your ladyship, I earn."

"I do not understand. But you are sailor. You have sheep. You wish cargo?"

Captain Kettle snapped his fingers ecstatically. "Now, ma'am, there you've hit it. Cargo's what I do want. I'll have to tell you that freights are up a good deal just now, and you'll have to pay for accommodation."

"I do not understand."

"Of course you don't, your majesty. But just give me a line to the principal merchants in the town, saying that you'd like me to have a few tons of their stuff, and that'll do."

"You wish me write. I will write. Now we will wash hands, and there is banquet."

And so it came to pass that some 24 hours later Captain Kettle returned to the Parakeet, sun scorched and flushed with success. I relieved the anxious Murray from his watch. The mate was naturally curious to know what had happened ashore.

"Let me get a glass of Christian beer to wash all their sticky nastiness from my neck, and I'll tell you," said Kettle, and he did with fine detail and circumstance.

"Well, Wenlock's got his heiress, anyway," said Murray, with a sigh, when the tale was over. "I suppose we may as well get under way now, sir?"

"Not much," said Kettle jubilantly. "Why, man, I've squeezed every ton of cargo they have in the place and stuck them for freights in a way that would surprise you. They daren't say no to any rate. Oh, I tell you that emir woman has a wonderful power over them. We'll open a market here and keep it all to ourselves. It'll be as good as a back yard gold mine. The bulk isn't much, of course, but you should see the freight. And mark you," said Kettle, hitting the table, "that or more will be here waiting for me every time I come, and no other skipper need apply."

"H'm!" said the mate thoughtfully. "But will Wenlock be as civil and limp next time you call, sir?"

Captain Kettle winked pleasantly and put a £50 note in his lockup drawer. "That's all right, my lad. No fear of Master Wenlock. If you'd seen the good lady, his wife, you'd know why. That's the man that went hunting an heiress, Mr. Murray, and, by the holy James, he's got her and no error."

Effective Remedy.

A good story is told of one of the chiefs of the civil service department who had two afflictions—an obliging and easy doorkeeper and a pertinacious office seeker, who was a distant relative of the chief. Scarcely a week passed but the latter called, and the former was much too polite to shut him out.

The chief at last, after one of the usual interviews, resolved to stand the nuisance no longer, so, summoning the doorkeeper when the visitor had departed, he said, "X., do you know what that man comes after?"

"No, sir," replied the functionary.

"Well, then, I may as well tell you. He wants your place."

The bore was admitted no more.—Tit-Bits.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER I.—Dr. De Normanville, an English physician at Hongkong, hears of a woman called the Beautiful White Devil, making her home on an island in the Pacific, of which she is the sovereign and leading a piratical life in a white yacht on the ocean. Dr. De Normanville receives a call from a stranger who engages his professional services to go to an unknown place to treat an epidemic of smallpox. They leave Hongkong that night on a Chinese junk. The Chinese crew prove treacherous and attack Dr. De Normanville and his companion and are cowed only after four of their number are killed. Dr. De Normanville is wounded and loses consciousness just as they come in sight of the mysterious schooner to which they are to be transferred.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL.

When I opened my eyes again, I found myself, to my intense astonishment, lying, fully dressed, in a comfortable hammock beneath a well constructed awning. The canvas walls of my resting place prevented me from seeing anything more of my surroundings than my toes, but when I lifted myself up and peered over the side it was not the junk's evil planks that I saw before me, but the deck of a handsome, well appointed yacht. My hammock was seemingly swung amidships, and judging from the side upon which I looked—save the man at the wheel and a couple of hands polishing brasswork for'ard—I appeared to have the entire deck to myself. Whose boat was she? How had I come to be aboard her, and how long had I been there? But though I puzzled my brains for an answer to these questions I could find none. My memory refused to serve me, and so, feeling tired, I laid myself back again upon my pillow and once more closed my eyes.

I had scarcely done so before I heard a noise on the other side which caused me to look over again. How shall I describe what I saw there? Three years have passed since then, but I have the recollection of even the minutest detail connected with the picture that was before me at that moment just as plainly engraved upon my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday.

Seated in a long cane chair, one elbow balanced on the arm rest and one tiny hand supporting her dimpled chin, was the most beautiful woman—and I say it advisedly, knowing it to be true—that I had ever or have ever beheld or shall ever behold in my life. Though she was seated, and for that reason I could not determine her exact height, I was convinced it was considerably above the average; her figure, as much as I could see of it, was beautifully molded; her face was exquisitely shaped; her eyes were large and of a deep sea blue; while the wealth of rippling hair that crowned her head was of a natural golden hue and enhanced rather than detracted from the softness of her delicate complexion. As if still further to add to her general fairness she was dressed entirely in white, even to her deck shoes and the broad panama hat upon her head. Only one thing marred the picture. By her side, presenting a fitting contrast to so much loveliness, crouched, his head resting between his fore paws, a ferocious white bulldog, who ever and anon looked up with big bloodshot eyes into her face as if to make quite sure that there was no one within reach whom she might wish him to destroy.

She was evidently absorbed in her own thoughts, and presently the hand that was hanging down beside the chair found the dog's head and began softly to stroke his tulip ears. Then her eyes looked up, caught mine, and seeing that I was no longer asleep she rose and came toward me.

"So you are awake at last, Dr. De Normanville?" she said, with a smile, and as I heard her it struck me that her voice was even more beautiful than all her other attributes put together. "You have had a long sleep—12 hours!"

"Twelve hours!" I cried in amazement, at the same time gazing at her with admiration only too plainly written on my face. "You don't mean to say that I've been 12 hours asleep? I can hardly believe it. Why, it seems only a few minutes since we were aboard that rascally junk. And what has happened since then? Is this the vessel we left Hongkong to meet?"

"Yes, this is the boat. We were just beginning to grow anxious about you when the junk was sighted. I am afraid, from your companion's account, you must have had a desperate time on board her."

"I should not care to go through it again certainly," I answered truthfully. "One such experience is enough to last a man a lifetime. By the way, how is my companion? I hope he is none the worse for his adventures."

"You need have no fear on that score. He is accustomed to that sort of thing and thrives on it, as you may have noticed. He is below at present, but as soon as he comes on deck I will send him to you. Now you had better lie down again and try to get some more sleep. You must remember that your strength is of the utmost value to us."

"I don't think I quite understand. But before we go any further will you tell me what yacht this is and to whom I am indebted for my rescue?"

"This yacht is called the Lone Star," she answered, "and I am the owner." As she said this she looked at me in rather a queer sort of a way, I thought, but I let it pass and asked another question.

"I am very much afraid you will think me pertinacious, but is it permissible for me to know your name?"

"You may certainly know it if you wish to," she answered with a short and, I could not help thinking, rather bitter laugh. "But I don't think you will be any too pleased when you hear it. My real name is Alie, but by the benighted inhabitants of this part of the globe I am called by another and more picturesque cognomen."

She stopped, and I almost caught my breath with excitement. A light was breaking upon me.

"And that is"— I said, trying in vain to keep my voice down to a steady level.

"The Beautiful White Devil," she answered, with another of her peculiar smiles, and then, calling her bulldog to her, she bowed to me, turned on her heel and went slowly aft along the deck.

So my thoughtless wish was gratified after all. I had now seen the Beautiful White Devil face to face, and, what was more to the point, I was likely to be compelled to see more of her than I should consider necessary for my own amusement. Like the sultan of Surabaya and Vesey of Hongkong, I was now her prisoner. And by what a simple ruse I had been caught. By all that was reasonable in woman, however, what possible advantage could she hope to gain by abducting me! At the very most, I could not lay my hands on more than £3,000, and what earthly use could that be to a woman who was known to deal in millions? But perhaps, I reflected, it was not money she was after; perhaps she had some other desperate game to play—some other move in that wonderful life of hers in which my science could be of use to her and the nature of which I could not be expected to fathom. Situated as I was, she could compel me to do her bidding if she pleased or make it extremely awkward for me if I felt it my duty to refuse.

You will doubtless have noticed that I had quite abandoned the idea of the smallpox epidemic. The notion of that island with the raging pestilence probably only existed in the fertile brain of the man who had been sent to induce me to leave Hongkong. But in that case—and here the original argument wheeled back upon me—what possible advantage could accrue to her through abducting me? There were hundreds of richer men in Hongkong. Why had not one of them been chosen? But as the more I thought it out the further I seemed to be from getting at the truth of it, I gave the problem up and turned my thoughts in another direction.

As I did so I heard somebody coming along the deck. This time it was a man's footstep; so I looked out to see who it might be. It was Walworth, the individual who had visited me in Hongkong and enticed me away. He was dressed in European habiliments now and carried a cigarette in his hand. Seeing that I was aware of his presence, he came across to the hammock and held out his hand.

"Good morning, doctor!" he said cheerily enough. "I'm glad to see you're better. All things considered, you've had a nasty time of it since you said goodby to the Victoria hotel, haven't you?"

"A pretty cheeky way of putting it, considering he was the cause of it all," I thought to myself. "However, I'll give him a Roland for his Oliver. He shall not think I'm wanting in pluck."

"You have certainly contrived a good many stirring adventures for my entertainment, I must say," I answered aloud. "But will you tell me one thing—why did you not let me know in Hongkong who my hostess would turn out to be?"

"Because in that case you would probably have informed the police, and we should not then have been able to give ourselves the pleasure of your company and assistance."

"Well, all I can say is I am sorry you didn't try for higher game while you were about it, for even with that five hundred you gave me your leader will only get a sop for her pains. You can't force blood out of a stone, can you?"

He seated himself in the chair she had occupied and lit a fresh cigarette. Having done so, he continued:

"I don't know that I quite follow you."

"Well, I don't think I could make it much plainer without being absolutely rude. The long and the short of it is, Mr. Walworth, if it's money you're after—why not have gone in for a pigeon better worth plucking?"

"But then we're not after the money, you see. Why should I have paid you that £500 else? No. Dr. De Normanville, you need have no fear on that score—our motive was perfectly honest. We are on our way to the island now where the smallpox exists, and, believe me, when your work is accomplished you will be conveyed safely back to your hotel. I can't say more than that. Play fair by us and we'll play fair by you. In the meantime we shall hope to make your stay with us as pleasant as possible."

I breathed freely again. I was not abducted. I was only wanted in my professional capacity after all. Well, that was a relief. I was in a unique position, for it was evident I was not only to be permitted the opportunity of making the Beautiful White Devil's acquaintance, but I was to be well paid for doing so. In the first freedom from anxiety I began to look forward with almost pleasure to what lay before me.

"Don't you think you could get up for a little while?" Walworth said, when he had finished his smoke. "It would do you good. Let me help you."

With his assistance I scrambled out of the hammock into a cane chair alongside the companion hatch. I was still very weak and incapable of much exertion. There could be no doubt that I had lost a good deal more blood than I had at first imagined.

Once seated in the chair, I looked about me. I was now permitted a full and uninterrupted view of the vessel and was able to make good use of my eyes. Roughly speaking, that is to say as far as I could tell, not being a nautical man, she must have been a topsail schooner of about 300 tons burden, with auxiliary steaming power, for I could see the funnel, which was not in use

just then, lying along the deck. In what part of the world she had been built I could not tell, but wherever it was she did credit to her designer, for her lines were perfection, and nothing short of it. If ever a boat were built for speed she was that one, and I said as much to my companion, who laughed.

"There can be no doubt about that," he answered. "But then, you see, no other boat but the fastest built would suit her ladyship. Believe me, there are times when even the Lone Star is pretty well put to it to throw dust in her enemies' eyes. If you feel strong enough, shall we take a walk round and examine her?"

There was nothing I should have liked more, so, taking the arm he offered me, we set off. The first thing that attracted my attention was the spotless neatness and cleanliness prevailing. The decks, which were flush fore and aft, were as white as cards; the brasses on the wheel, capstans, masts, skylights, belaying pins, shone till you could see your face in them. Not a detail seemed to have been overlooked. Even the great sheets of canvas, bellying into balloons above our heads, appeared at first sight to have been lately washed, while the very ropes were white and, when not in actual use, flemish coiled upon the decks. She carried six boats, an unusually large number for a craft of her size; two were surfboats, I found on inspection; two were uncollapsible lifeboats; one was an ordinary ship's gig, while the other was a small steam launch of excellent build and workmanship. For a craft of 300 tons her spars were enormous; her topmast head must have been 150 feet from her deck, if an inch, while from her rig for'ard I could guess the amount of extra canvas she was capable of carrying. Walking to the side, I discovered that she was painted white, with a broad gold stripe a little above the water line; below this she was sheathed with copper, which shone like gold whenever the water left it.

Inside the bulwarks, and reaching to within an inch of the scuppers, were some contrivances that caused me a considerable amount of curiosity. At first glance they looked like reversible shop shutters more than anything else, being about 6 feet long by 3 wide, and were attached to the rail of the bulwarks by enormous hinges. On my asking for what purpose they were intended, my guide again laughed and said:

"You must not ask too many questions, my friend, for obvious reasons. In this case, however, and since you have given your word not to tell what you may see, I will explain."

Detaching the catch of one, he lifted it from the deck and threw it over the side, where it hung, just reaching to the top of the copper below water.

"Do you grasp the idea?" he continued. "The next one fits into that, and the next one into that again, and so on all round the boat. You see, they can be attached in no time, and when they are once fixed, the shape of the masts altered, the funnel differently cased or done away with altogether, the character of her bows and stern changed beyond recognition by another appliance, she can be three different crafts inside of 24 hours."

This, then, accounted for the number of different vessels the Beautiful White Devil was supposed to possess. I began to understand the marvelous escapes more clearly now.

"And whose idea was this ingenious invention?" I ventured to ask.

"Like most of our things, her ladyship's own," he replied, "and wonderfully successful it has proved."

"And shall I be presuming too much on your good nature if I seek to learn something of the lady herself?"

"Ah, I'm afraid there I cannot satisfy your curiosity," he answered, shaking his head. "We have strict instructions on that point, and there's not a man aboard this ship who values his life so little as to dream of disobeying. One piece of advice I will give you, however, for the sake of what we went through together yesterday. Take care how you behave toward her. In spite of her quiet demeanor and frank, artless manner she sees, takes in and realizes the motive and importance of everything you say or do. If you act fairly toward her, she will act fairly by you, but if you play her false you're a dead man. Remember that. Now you must excuse me if I go to my duties. My absence in Hongkong has delayed my work sadly. And there goes eight bells."

As the silvery voice of a bell chimed out from the forecastle he left me and went below. Hardly knowing what to do with myself, I went back to my chair. A tall man with a gray beard close cropped, sharp glittering eyes and a not unhandsome face, marred, however, by what looked like a saber cut extending from the left temple to his chin, resigned the deck to another officer and went below.

While the watch was being changed I had an opportunity of examining the crew. They were nearly all natives, smart, intelligent looking fellows, and excellently disciplined. Whether they were Dyaks or Malays, however, I had not sufficient experience to determine, and for more than one reason I did not like to ask.

But at that moment my reverie was interrupted by the appearance of a neatly clad steward, who in broken English presented me with an invitation from her ladyship to tiffin in the saloon in half an hour. This was an unexpected honor, and one which, you may be sure, I did not hesitate to accept. I wanted, however, to make a suitable toilet first, but where to do it puzzled me, for so far as I knew no cabin had yet been apportioned to me. I placed my difficulty before an officer who was standing near me. He said something in native dialect to the steward, who replied, and then turned again to me.

"Your traps have been placed in a cabin next to Mr. Walworth's, he says, and if you will follow him he will conduct you to it."

I followed the steward down the main companion (I afterward discovered that the one aft was sacred to her ladyship) as requested and found myself in a large messroom, in which three officers were seated at lunch. On either side a number of fair sized berths were situated. The one set apart for me was nearest the companion and contained a bunk, a small settee and locker combined, a washstand basin and a place for hanging clothes. The first operation was to shave, a bath followed, to which another steward conducted me, after which I returned to my berth, dressed my wound, and, having selected a clean suit of white ducks, attired myself and repaired on deck.

Punctual to the stroke of two bells (1 o'clock) I was summoned to the after saloon by my first messenger. I followed him, and descending the companion, the scantling of which was prettily picked out in white and gold, found myself in her ladyship's own quarters. There was no one present, and I must own I was glad of that, for I wanted an opportunity to look about me.

In the small space I can allot to it, it would be difficult to do adequate justice to the cabin in which I found myself, but for the better understanding of my story I must endeavor to give you some description of it. In the first place, you must understand that the companion ladder opened directly into the saloon itself. This otherwise commonplace effect was, however, rendered most artistic by a heavy pile of carpet which covered the steps and by the curtains which draped the entrance and the portholes. More of the same noiseless carpet covered the floor, while light was supplied from ports on either side and from a richly decorated skylight in the deck above. The effect of the thick butt of the mainmast was entirely taken away by a number of artfully contrived and molded Japanese mirrors, which, besides fulfilling their original purpose, gave an additional air of light and elegance to the room. The walls, which were exquisitely paneled and molded in ivory and gold, were loaded with bric-a-brac of every description, including much china and many pictures of rare value, while deep chairs and couches, Turkish and Indian divans, piles of soft cushions and furs were scattered about here and there, as if inviting the cabin's occupants to an existence of continual repose. A grand piano stood in one corner, firmly cleated to the deck; on the bulkhead above it were an exquisitely inlaid Spanish guitar and a Hungarian zither, while above them again were several fine specimens of the old Venetian lute. Altogether a more luxurious and beautifully furnished apartment it has never been my good fortune to behold, and I settled myself down in a comfortable chair prepared to spend a really critical and enjoyable time. Then a daintily bound volume, open on a cushion near where I sat, attracted my attention. I took it up to find that it was a volume of Heine's poems in the original.

"So my lady understands German and reads Heine, too, does she?" I said to myself. "I must"—

But I was prevented saying what I would do by the drawing aside of a curtain that covered a door at the farther end of the saloon and the entrance of my hostess herself. If she were capable of such a weakness, my astonishment must have flattered her, for, prepared as I was to see a beautiful woman, I had no idea she would prove as lovely as she looked then. She had discarded the close fitting white dress she had worn earlier in the day and was now attired in some soft clinging fabric of a dark color, which not only brought out all the lines of her superb figure, but rendered her even more attractive than before. There must have been a quantity of jet scattered about the costume, for I was conscious of a shimmering sensation which accompanied her every movement. She carried herself with a truly regal air, and I had a better opportunity permitted me now of seeing what a beautiful face it really was and how exquisitely her head was set upon her shoulders. Her hands and feet were very small, as was her mouth, while her ears were like shells tucked into fragrant nests against her head. But the glory that eclipsed all others was the wealth of golden hair that crowned her. Such hair I have never seen before or since. It seemed to have caught all the sunshine of the world and to be jealous of dispersing it again.

Once more, as if to afford as great a contrast as possible to so much loveliness, the same ferocious bulldog followed at her heels, and when she approached me stood regarding me with calmly scrutinizing eyes.

"Welcome to my cabin, Dr. De Normanville," she said, coming over to me and holding out her tiny hand with a frank gesture. "I am delighted to see that you are looking so much better."

"I'm feeling quite strong again, thank you," I answered, completely carried away by the charm of her manner. "I cannot think what made me break down in that undignified fashion. I'm afraid you will despise me for giving such an exhibition of weakness."

She seated herself in a deep chair beside me and slowly fanned herself with a black ostrich plume, at the same time stroking the dog's ugly head with her little foot.

"I don't really see why I should," she said seriously after a moment's pause. "You must have had a terrible time on that horrible junk. I feel as if I was personally to blame for it. However, I shall have more to say on that subject later. In the meantime let us be thankful that you came out of it as safely as you did. I do not like the Chinese!"

I saw a little shudder sweep over her as she said this, so to turn the conversation into a pleasanter channel I commented on the sailing qualities of her schooner. The subject evidently pleased her, for her eyes sparkled with a new light.

"There is no boat like her in the wide, wide world!" she cried enthusiastically. "I had her built for me on my own lines, and I have tried her on every wind and in every sea, till I have come to know her better than a rider knows his horse. She is the most beautiful and the swiftest craft in the world. And there are times, Dr. De Normanville"—here she sank her voice a little, and it seemed to me it trembled—"when it is of the utmost importance to me that I should move quickly. She has saved my life not once, but a hundred times. Can you wonder, therefore, that I love her? But I'm afraid you are too prejudiced against me to have much sympathy in my escapes."

"I hope you will not think so. I"—

"Forgive my interrupting you, but don't you think it would be better if we sat down to table instead of discussing my unfortunate self?"

She pressed an electric bell in the woodwork by her side and ordered tiffin. When it was served, we went over to the table and the meal commenced.

I am not going to tell you what we ate, for, to confess the honest truth, within half an hour I had forgotten what it was myself. I only know that it was admirably cooked and served. As it proceeded we chatted on various minor matters—literature of all nations, music and painting—and it was not until we had finished and the cloth had been removed and we were alone together that my hostess touched upon the reason of my presence on board.

"You know, of course, Dr. De Normanville," she said, ensconcing herself in a big chair when we had left the table, "why I sent for you?"

"It was explained to me by your messenger. But I must confess I do not quite understand it yet. He said something about an island."

"And he was quite right. An outbreak of smallpox has occurred on the island which I make my depot. Where that island is I cannot of course tell you. But you will see it for yourself soon enough. In the meantime I may inform you that the havoc wrought by the disease has been terrible, and it was only when I found that I could make no headway against it myself that I determined to send to Hongkong for assistance. To get hold of you was a piece of good fortune I did not expect."

I bowed my acknowledgment of the compliment she paid me and asked if she herself had been much among the cases.

"Why, of course!" she answered. "My poor people call me their mother and naturally turn to me for assistance in their trouble. It went to my very heart not to be able to help them."

"But were you quite wise, do you think, to run so much risk?"

"I did not think of myself at all. How could I? Do you think of the risk you run when you are called in to an infectious case?"

"I take all proper precaution, at least. When were you vaccinated last, may I ask?"

"In Rome, in June, 1883."

"Then, with your mission, I'll do it again, and at once. You cannot be too careful."

Receiving her assent I went off to my cabin, where I had noticed that a large portion of my medical outfit had been stored, and having obtained what I sought returned with it to the saloon. Alie, for by that name I must henceforward call her, was waiting for me, her arm bared to the shoulder. Never, if I live to be a hundred, shall I forget the impression that snow white arm made upon me. It seemed like an act of basest sacrilege to perform even such a simple operation upon it. Beelzebub, the bulldog, evidently thought so, too, for he watched me attentively enough during the whole of the time it took me. However, it had to be done, and done it accordingly was. Then, when I had put my paraphernalia back into its case, I bade her goodby and turned to go. She stopped me, however, and held out her hand.

"Do you know, Dr. De Normanville, I want to make you like me. I want you to forget, if you can—while you are with us, at any rate—the stories you have heard about me. Some day perhaps I will attempt to show you that I am not altogether as bad as people have painted me."

For the moment I was so completely carried away by her outburst of girlish frankness that I hardly knew what to say.

"'Pon my soul, I really don't believe you are," I blurted out, like a schoolboy.

"Thank you for that, at least," she said, smiling at my earnestness, and then, making me a little courtesy, she turned and disappeared through the door by which she had first entered the saloon.

After dinner, of which I partook in the officer's messroom, I returned to the deck. It was nearly 8 o'clock, and as fine a night as I had seen since I came into the east. Lighting a cigar, I walked aft, and, leaning upon the taffrail, scanned the quiet sea. Situated as I was, it is not to be wondered at that a variety of thoughts thronged my brain. I tried to think what my dear old mother would have said could she have seen

the position my overrash acceptance of a tempting offer had placed me in. From my mother, who, with my father, had been dead nearly five years, my thoughts passed on to other relatives—to a girl whom I had once thought I loved, but who had jilted me in favor of a brother student. The old heartache was almost gone now, but it had been a most unfortunate affair. Since then, however, I flattered myself, I had been heart whole, and I deluded myself with the notion that I was likely to remain so.

Since dinner the breeze had freshened, and the schooner, with all sail set, was now slipping swiftly through the water. I turned, and, leaning against the rail, looked aloft at the stretch of canvas which seemed to reach up almost to the stars, then back again at the wake and the wonderful exhibition of phosphorized water below the counter.

Suddenly I became aware of some one standing by my side, and turning my head I discovered it was none other than the Beautiful White Devil herself. She was still dressed in black, with a sort of mantilla of soft lace draped about her head.

"What a supreme fascination there is about the sea at night, isn't there?" she said softly, looking down at the sparkling water. I noticed the beauty of the little white hand upon the rail as I replied in appropriate terms.

"There is somebody," she continued, "who says that 'the sea belongs to eternity, and not time, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.'"

"That is a very beautiful idea," I answered, "but don't you think there are others that fully equal it? What do you say to 'the sea complains upon a thousand shores?'"

"Or your English poet Wordsworth, 'The sea that bares her bosom to the wind?'"

"Let me meet you with an American, 'The sea tosses and foams to find its way up to the cloud and wind.' Could anything be finer than that? There you have the true picture—the utter restlessness and the striving of the untamed sea."

" 'Would'st thou,' so that helmsman answered,
'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!' "

"Bravo! That caps all."

For some seconds my companion stood silent, gazing across the deep. Then she said very softly:

"And who is better able to speak about its dangers than I, whose home it is? Dr. De Normanville, I think if I were to tell you some of the dangers through which I have passed you would hardly believe me."

"I think I could believe anything you told me."

"I rather doubt it. You see, you have no idea what an extraordinary existence mine is. Why, my life is one long battle with despair. I am like a hunted animal flying before that hellhound, man. Do you know how near I was to being caught once? Let me tell you about it and see if it will convey any idea to you. It was in Singapore, and I was dining at the house of a prominent police official, as the friend of his wife. I had met her some months before under peculiar circumstances, and we had become intimate. During the meal my host spoke of the Beautiful White Devil and commented on her audacity. 'However, we have at last received a clew concerning her,' he said. 'She is not far away from Singapore at the present moment, and I have every reason to believe that in 48 hours she will be in our hands.' I had a full glass of champagne in my hand at the moment, and it is a compliment to the strength of my nerves to say that I raised it to my lips before answering him without spilling one drop."

"And did he never suspect?"

"No, indeed. To tell the truth, I doubt if he knows to this day how close the Beautiful White Devil really was to him. Yet one moment's hesitation might have cost me my life. Another time I attended a viceregal ball in Colombo in the capacity of an heiress from England. In the middle of the evening the partner with whom I was dancing, a young inspector of police, apologized for having to leave me. He said he had received information concerning the Beautiful White Devil, who was known to be in the town. During supper he had been telling me about his prospects and the girl who was coming out from England to marry him when he got his step. 'It will be a good thing for you if you catch this woman, won't it?' I inquired. 'It will get me promotion, and that will mean the greatest happiness of my life—my marriage!' he answered. 'Won't you wish me luck?' I did wish him luck and then went off to dance the lancers with his excellency the governor."

"Do you think it wise to run such awful risks?" I asked, amazed at her audacity.

"Perhaps not, but in that particular case I could not help myself. I stood in need of some important information and could trust nobody to obtain it but myself."

"It must have been a terrible five minutes for you."

"I expect you have been told some very curious stories about me, Dr. De Normanville?" my companion said after a little while. "I wish I could induce you to tell me what you have heard. Believe me, I have very good reason for wanting you to know the truth about me."

"That is easily told," I answered. "I have heard a great many variations of the same story, but knowing how news travels out here I have placed very little credence in any of them."

"You have heard perhaps about the sultan of Surabaya?"

I intimated that I had.

"At first you must have thought that rather a cruel action on my part. And yet if you knew all your blame would probably turn to admiration. You do not know perhaps what a character that man bore in his own state, the life he led, his excesses, his constant crimes, his tyranny over his unfortunate subjects. I tell you, sir, that that man was and is one of the greatest scoundrels upon the face of this earth. I had heard over and over again of him, and when I discovered that his people could obtain no redress for their grievances I determined to meet him on his own ground. I arranged my plans accordingly, abducted him, made him disgorge a large sum of money, half of which I caused to be anonymously distributed among the poor wretches he had robbed, and at the same time told him his character for the first and only time in his heathen existence, promising him as I did so that if he did not mend his ways I'd catch him again and silence him forever. Punishment was surely never more fitly earned. Then there was a merchant in Hongkong named Vesey. I expect you have heard of him and the trick I played him. Well, that man made an assertion about me in a public place to the effect that I was— But never mind what it was. It was so vile that I cannot repeat it to you, but I made a vow I would be revenged on him for it sooner or later. I was revenged, and in the only way he could be made to feel—that is, through his banker. He will never forgive me, of course. Now, what else have you heard?"

"Pardon my alluding to it," I said, "but—the Vectis Queen—the Oodnadatta."

"So you have heard of those affairs? Well, I do not deny them. I must have money. Look at the expenses I have to meet. Look at this boat—think of the settlement I maintain, of the hundreds of pensioners I have all through the east, of the number of people whose services it is necessary for me to retain. And pray do not misunderstand me. To you it may seem that such transactions make me neither more nor less than a thief—a common cheat and swindler. In your eyes I may be that, but I must own I do not look upon it in the same light myself. I am, and have been all my life, at war with what you call society. The reason I may perhaps explain to you some day. I know the risk I run. If society catches me, in all probability my life will pay the forfeit. I know that, and I am naturally resolved not to be caught.

"One thing is certain—I prey only on those who can afford to lose, and, like the freebooters of romance, I make it my boast that I have never knowingly robbed a poor man, while, on the other hand, I have materially assisted many. There are those, of course, who judge me harshly. Heaven forbid that they ever find themselves in the position in which I am placed! Think of it! I am hunted by all men; every man's hand is against me. I am cut off from country and friends. A price is put upon my head, and for that reason I am obliged to distrust every one on principle. Think of having the knowledge continually before you that if you are not constantly on the watch you may be caught! And then"—

"And then?"

I heard her grind her little white teeth viciously.

"There will be no then, Dr. De Normanville, so we need not talk of it. While I live they will never catch me, and when I am dead it cannot matter who has possession of my body. Good night!"

Before I could answer she had left me and vanished down the companion ladder. I turned to the sea and my own thoughts. The ship's bell struck four (10 o'clock), the lookout at the forecastle head cried, "All's well!" and silence reigned—a wonderful quiet broken only by the humming of the breeze in the shrouds and the tinkling of the water alongside. I leaned against the rail and considered the life of the Beautiful White Devil as I had heard it from her own lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STATE DIVISION.

With the increase of population and wealth on the Pacific coast, the necessity of increased representation in Congress is apparent. The country is not well balanced when little states like Rhode Island and Delaware have as many Senators as California when neither one of them is as large as San Bernardino county. The senatorial representation is of great advantage to little states like Oregon or Washington which get as much and sometimes more dividends out of the great River and Harbor bill than the great state of California. The sole reason for this is that each of those states has equally as many Senators as California.

Of course, in the House of Representatives, the representation is equal because it is justly based on the proportion of the population. It is not so in the Senate, where only two Senators are allowed for each state. The Senate is the most important of the two Houses of Congress. It is, therefore, manifestly unjust that great states like California and Texas, with immense population and wealth, should have no more representation in the Senate than the little states mentioned whose population and wealth does not exceed that of many counties in the larger states.

There are two plans by which a just equalization might be effected. First, a consolidation of the smaller states along the Atlantic coast into single states equal in population and wealth to the states of the middle West and the Pacific coast. Second, a division of the larger states of the middle west and the Pacific coast, which will give them equal senatorial representation with the smaller states on the Atlantic coast.

The consolidation of the small states, if attempted, would probably lead to a ruction almost as large and forcible as the secession of the south, and therefore, is impractical.

State division is practical. The history of the United States gives twelve separate instances of states having been divided. State division is provided for in the national constitution, and has been confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The pioneers and native sons of California voiced their sentiments in the first Constitutional Convention at Monterey, in 1849, in favor of state division, and ten years later they passed a law in the Legislature dividing the state, which law was submitted to the people and approved by an overwhelming (two-third) majority, and is still in full force and effect. (See Statutes of California, 1859, pages 310-11.)

It only remains for the people of South California to organize a state government and get the consent of Congress to erect a new state, and add another bright star to the azure field of Old Glory. The day for action on this important question is at hand. B. A. STEPHENS.

Keep this Copy of the SATURDAY POST. It is Your Accident Insurance For the Next Week.

WATER COMPROMISE.

"Pa," said the little boy at the supper table, "what is a compromise?"

"A compromise, my son," said his father carefully, "is a mutual agreement which two or more persons reach by making concessions on both sides."

"Then do each of the parties to the compromise make concessions to the other, pa?"

"Yes, William; they each agree to certain claims of the other side and withdraw claims of their own in order that they may reach a mutual agreement."

"Must they each give up something in order to make a compromise?"

"That's it, William!" exclaimed his father, "you are a bright boy."

"But, pa, if a party who is right makes a compromise, does he have to give up his rights?"

"One who is in the right should not make a compromise; he should insist upon his rights."

"If the city and the City Water Company should make a compromise, would the city have to give up some of its rights?"

"I suppose so," said his father. "Yes, William, you're right."

"The water company wouldn't make any concessions to the city, would they?"

"No!"

"That would be a funny compromise, pa. Why do some people say it would be better to make a compromise like that?"

"Why, my son, they say it would prevent a lot of expensive litigation between the city and the City Water Company."

"But the water company won't pay the city as they agreed to do in their thirty-year lease with the city because they assert the award of the arbitrators fixing the price was invalid and the contract isn't good, yet they try to enforce their claims or defend themselves through that very contract. How can they repudiate one part of their contract and assert another?"

"William," said his father, "you had better go out in the back yard and play."

"But, pa," insisted the little boy, "all the city can get out of the water company in the compromise is that the city will not have to enforce its rights in a lawsuit against the water company. What will the water company get out of the city?"

"Nobody can tell what they want to get, William."

"But they want to get more than they've got now or else they wouldn't want a compromise."

"That's what the Union Labor Councils thought, William; you can read their resolutions to the council in last week's issue of the Saturday Post, which is the only paper in the city which dared publish the resolutions. The Union Labor Councils said the movement to compromise was only a movement to re-arbitrate the amount of the award and make the city pay a bigger price."

"I think, pa, that maybe the water company wants to talk compromise so that they can keep up their big water bills all the time and keep making $350,000 a year profit out of the people who use water."

"That's true, too, William. But as I told you at first the city of Los Angeles is in the right, the City Water Company concede this every time they insist upon the contract of which the disputed award is a part, and being in the right, the city will abandon none of its rights, but will stand by them."

"Then you don't think there will be any compromise, pa?"

"No, William."

"Pa," said the little boy rising from the table, "when I get to be a great big man can I be in a big water company which makes a profit of over $350,000 a year?"

ONE CENT PER SHARE.

One dollar will buy 100 shares of the capital stock of the Juanita Oil Company. It has one tract, ten miles west of McKittrick, in San Luis Obispo county, where nature is already producing oil in springs and asphaltum beds. It has proven oil land at Summerland in Santa Barbara county. It owns some valuable land on Point Loma peninsula, in San Diego county. The company has reasonable expectations of having producing wells within a short time. Send for circular and at least $1 for 100 shares. Address JUANITA OIL COMPANY, 175 N. Spring St., Los Angeles, Ca.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

Since, in the opinion of all reasonable men, no further attempt is ever likely to be made to place one of the Stuart family on the throne of Great Britain, at least by force of arms, I can now, without prejudice to any, tell the story of the strange adventure which brought me face to face for the first and last time with Charles Edward Stuart, commonly known as the Young Pretender.

Late in the afternoon of Sept. 22, 1750, I received the following letter:

DEAR FRIEND—By the time this is placed in your hands I shall be at sea on my way to Antwerp. It is all over. Under the name of John Douglas the prince has been in London for nearly a week, and nothing has come of it. There is no prospect of a rising. Gentlemen of quality and influence, however devoted to the prince, have no mind to risk their lives and estates by marching on London unless supported by a strong body of regular troops, believing that exile or more probably the scaffold would be the sure and certain end of any such rash undertaking. To speak the plain truth, I am much of that way of thinking myself, and, having wife and child, will not draw my sword until I perceive some fair prospect of success.

I write to warn you of that which concerns you nearly. The other day the prince came unexpectedly to a party at Lady Primrose's, greatly to the consternation of her ladyship and of most of her guests. Indeed, he met with but a cold reception from any but your betrothed, Miss Kate Gordon, and her cousin, Andrew Macintyre, who were both present.

Miss Gordon went down on her knee before them all and kissed his hand. It was very bravely done and moved him greatly, but indeed it was scarcely prudent. Macintyre followed her example, and I heard him whisper to the prince that if his royal highness would deign to honor his poor house with a visit this evening (ye 22d) he would meet with a very different kind of welcome. Learning that Miss Gordon would be present, the prince consented.

Now, a word in your ear. This Macintyre is not to be trusted. I have information from a sure source that he is a spy in the pay of the government, and that the man with one eye, the odious creature, Donald Fraser, who follows him about like a shadow, is, if possible, a more infamous wretch than himself.

The house is in a lonely situation, and I am convinced that these scoundrels are concocting some plot to betray the prince and are making use of Miss Gordon's grace and beauty and well known devotion to the Jacobite cause to entice him into a trap. I tried to give the prince a hint of this, but he listened to me coldly, and indeed of late he has become notoriously impatient of advice from his best and truest friends.

That Miss Gordon should be made an accomplice in this villainous scheme will, I know, be hateful to you, and I doubt not you will do what lies in your power to prevent it. Yours most faithfully, MATTHEW FIELDING.

My blood boiled as I read this letter. I was no friend to the Stuarts, and indeed cared little whether the Pretender was taken or not, but that Kate should be involved in this infamous plot was indescribably painful to me, and I resolutely determined that she never should be, if word or act of mine could prevent it.

Yet it was no very pleasant task for me to interfere in the matter, for there had already been a sharp quarrel between Kate and myself with regard to this Macintyre and her passionate devotion to the cause of the unhappy Stuarts. She was an orphan, and Macintyre, being her cousin, had undertaken to act as her guardian, a piece of presumption which I bitterly resented, for I had good reason to believe that he hated me and meant, by fair means or foul, to supplant me in Kate's affections and win her and her small fortune for himself. But he had been out with the highlanders in 1845, and the courage he had then displayed and his hypocritical professions of attachment to the prince cast a glamour about him in the eyes of a young and romantic girl. Nothing I could say would induce her to put an end to their friendship, and we had finally parted with bitter words on both sides.

But Fielding's letter drove my anger to the winds. Come of it what would, I was resolved to go boldly to Macintyre's house and insist upon her leaving it at once. I would escort her to the lodgings of my aunt, Lady Chester, who would, I knew, receive her gladly.

So I buckled on my sword, procured a coach and drove quickly to Macintyre's house, which lay some distance from the city. Within 200 or 300 yards of the gate I alighted and, leaving the coach hidden in a lane near the road, walked forward by myself.

I could hear a faint rustling in the bushes to right and left, as though invisible spies were stealthily dogging my footsteps. Then a thing happened that confirmed my worst suspicions. The door suddenly opened and was swiftly shut again, but not before I caught a glimpse of two or three figures slipping hurriedly inside. What could these things mean if they did not indicate treachery and foul play?

I am not ashamed to say that my limbs trembled and the cold sweat stood on my forehead as, after a moment's hesitation, I set my teeth, and, stepping quickly forward, knocked at the door. It was opened by a man with a very evil and forbidding countenance and but one eye. He was no other than Donald Fraser, the detestable parasite of Andrew Macintyre, against whom my good friend Fielding had particularly warned me. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to me that his greenish gray eye sparkled with a kind of malignant triumph at the sight of me. I think a spider might so regard the fly that ventured innocently among the meshes of his web.

Yet he readily made way for me to enter and went at my request to tell Kate that I wished to speak with her. He was gone some time, and I was sure that he was informing Macintyre of my presence, before carrying the message to Kate. It would have surprised me little had I been refused speech with her, but presently I could hear her fresh girlish voice, high and sweet and clear, singing "The White Cockade:"

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling kame and spinning wheel,
To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,
A broadsword, dirk and white cockade.
Oh, he's a ranting, roving lad!
Oh, he's a brisk and bonnie lad!
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

She sang it defiantly as she came down the wide staircase, a flush on her brave young face, her eyes shining with a kind of passionate enthusiasm, the sweetest maid, it seemed to me, in all broad England, and, to my mind, at that moment the foolishest. She seemed like a reckless child playing with fire, and I could have snatched away the white cockade she wore at her breast and crushed it beneath my heel.

Yet as she came nearer I was convinced that she was but playing a part, for more than once I noticed her glance apprehensively about her, and I felt her hand tremble as I clasped it in mine. Yet even at that moment, in a position, as I believed, of imminent peril, my heart leaped with joy to perceive that all trace of the coldness that had been for some time between us had passed away and that she was unfeignedly rejoiced to see me.

"This is a pleasure I did not anticipate," she said in a formal voice and with a slight side glance at Fraser, who stood again leering beside the door. "Will you come this way, if you please?"

She led the way up stairs, and I followed her into a sitting room brilliantly lighted with wax candles as though for the reception of a distinguished guest. I closed the door behind me and was about to speak to her, when she laid her finger on her lips, and taking one of the candles looked beneath the table and behind the couch and even opened the door of an empty cupboard and glanced hurriedly inside. She was very pale, and the candle trembled in her hand as she returned it to its place. Then she suddenly sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands and broke into stifled sobs.

"Why, Kate," said I, "this is not like you. What is the matter?"

"Indeed, I—I scarce know, Frank," she faltered, raising her pale face and smiling faintly through her tears. "It is very silly and childish of me, but I—I am frightened. Andrew and his mother are out, and all the servants have been sent away, and I have been alone in the house for hours, with no one to speak to but that odious wretch Donald Fraser, and—and I got nervous and began to think I could hear strange noises, whisperings at the door and footsteps on the stairs, until I was quite sure there were strange men in the house. I thought one might be in the cupboard there, watching us and listening to all we said. I think it must have been fancy. If not, what can it all mean?"

"I fear there is no doubt of what it means, Kate," said I, "and the time has come to speak plainly. I have learned that tonight the Young Pretender, Charles Stuart, is coming here. I see you have tricked yourself out in all your finery with the white cockade on your breast to meet him. Oh, Kate, you foolish child! Can't you see that this vile man, this glib, plausible, double faced spy and traitor, Andrew Macintyre, is using your pretty face and innocent enthusiasm to lure the unfortunate young prince into a trap?"

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed despairingly, "surely this cannot be true! I have thought of late he was growing lukewarm; that his zeal for the cause had cooled. But he could not be capable of such treachery as this. Indeed he could not. I cannot believe it."

"The man is a spy," I said impatiently. "I have it from a sure source, and there can be no doubt about it. Moreover, there are men lurking in the garden and about the house. I heard them rustling among the bushes and saw them slinking through the door. They are here to seize the prince, and we are powerless to prevent them. No one will believe in your innocence if you are present when the prince is taken, and if you do not wish your name to become infamous you must come away this minute. I have a coach waiting and will take you to my aunt, Lady Chester. I will bribe Fraser to let us pass before your cousin returns, or if necessary run him through the body and trust to escape in the darkness."

She wrung her hands in agony.

"Come, come," I said impatiently, "we are wasting time, and there is not a moment to lose. Your cousin may return at any moment. We must go at once."

"And leave the prince to his fate," she exclaimed, "without making one effort to warn him? I cannot do it, Frank—indeed I cannot do it. I should loathe and despise myself ever afterward. I must do what I can to save him, and I know you will help me, Frank. You will help me, Frank, will you not?"

Now, what was I to do? As I have said, I was no Jacobite. To interfere in the matter was against both my principles and my interest. If it became known that I had assisted the prince to escape, I should embroil myself with the government and ruin my career, if I did not risk my neck. But yet—ah, well, what man with any heart could listen to the cold dictates of prudence when moved by the sight of that innocent child's face, quivering with pain and shame, and those sweet, tear filled eyes gazing beseechingly into his? I may have been rash, disloyal, what you will, but I could not do it. God knows that, however foolish I may have thought her in the past, I loved the girl infinitely more, if that were possible, for her fidelity to the unfortunate prince in his hour of need. Yet I knew well that it was a desperate business and like to end badly for both of us, however it ended.

"If we think of any plan that has the least chance of success, I will do what I can to help you, Kate," I answered. "But for my part I can see no way but one, and that is to intercept him before he reaches the house. For God's sake, let us get out of this vile place! The air chokes me. It reeks of treachery. Come, get your cloak, and"—

"Hush!" she exclaimed suddenly.

In the silence that followed I heard steps on the path outside, a loud knock and then the tramping of feet and the sound of voices in the hall. Kate sprang to the door which commanded a partial view of the hall and, opening it cautiously, looked out.

"Is it the prince?" I asked breathlessly.

"No," she faltered, "it is Andrew Macintyre, with half a dozen strange men—coarse, brutal looking wretches, with swords and pistols. Oh, Frank, what is to become of you? He hates you. He told me so today. He threatened what he would do to you if I did not give you up. Fraser will tell him you are here, and he—they may kill you. Hush! I hear his foot on the stairs. He is coming here. You must hide—some-

AMUSEMENTS.

Los Angeles Theatre C. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, Lessees

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY
Tonight and until Tuesday last Times of
Madame Sans Gene
NEXT WEEK—First half of week, commencing Tuesday, "WITH FLYING COLORS;" last half, Double Bill, "RIZPAH MISERY" "DAVID GARRICK."
15c, 25c, 35c, 50c | | | SEATS NOW ON SALE | | | Tel. Main 70

To Catalina and Seaside Resorts
THE LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY is
The only line selling tickets to SAN PEDRO, TERMINAL ISLAND and CATALINA ISLAND, giving stop-over privileges at Long Beach, the Chautauqua of Southern California, without extra charge. A ten-mile ride along the sea shore and first choice of steamer accommodations going to Catalina. For a fishing and sailing cruise on the Pacific Ocean, no better place can be found than at Terminal Island and Long Beach. Elegant Hotels, Golf Links, Charming Climate, Sea Bathing Year Around.
Trains leave 8.50 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m. daily, and 10.50 a.m., Saturdays and Sundays. Catalina train 8.50 a.m. daily.
Information and tickets TERMINAL OFFICE, Telephone Main 960. 214 South Spring Street.

A VACATION AT THE BEACH FREE...
ELEGANTLY FURNISHED COTTAGES AT
OCEAN PARK
South Santa Monica
Rent Free for Three Months to Each Person Securing 100 Subscriptions to
THE SATURDAY POST
The Greatest Weekly on the Pacific Coast at $1.00 per year. For particulars, Sample Copies, etc., apply
POST PUBLISHING COMPANY
401-402 Stimson Building
Telephone RED 756... Los Angeles, Cal.

where—anywhere—in the cupboard—quick, get into the cupboard."

"But Fraser will tell him I am here," I expostulated.

"Perhaps not," she exclaimed, pushing me in her excitement toward the door of the cupboard. "They are not so friendly as they appear to be. Quick—quick—he is coming."

Yielding reluctantly to her entreaties, I stepped inside, leaving the door slightly ajar so that I might see what passed. Then she sat down at a harpsichord and began to sing a rollicking Jacobite ballad as gayly and gallantly as if the prince had been present with all the clans around him.

She was still singing when the door opened, and Andrew Macintyre came in.

"Ah, Kate," said he, and I fancied I could detect a faint sneer in the tones of his voice, "I thought I heard you singing. Upon my soul, your voice sends the blood dancing through my veins. 'Tis more inspiriting than a bugle call. If you would ride at the head of the troops singing your battle songs, with the white cockade on your breast, the king would soon enjoy his own again. With your voice to lead him to victory who would not live or die with Charlie?"

His eyes dwelt on her with a look that made me grind my teeth and grip the hilt of my sword. I would have given all I possessed to spring forward and settle the matter with the cold steel, but I knew that with a shout he could bring his cutthroats upon me, and my death would leave Kate defenseless in his hands.

Kate was ever quick witted and ready of speech, but the sure knowledge of his treachery and the tragic situation in which she was placed seemed to freeze the words on her lips. She bent her white face over the harpsichord, and I saw her fingers trembling as they wandered over the keys. I think 'twas the bitterest moment of my life. I could neither get her away from the house nor warn the prince. I was not, I think, devoid of courage and enjoyed some reputation as a swordsman, and yet I was absolutely helpless. I could do nothing that was not utterly reckless and foolhardy, and stood there grinding my teeth in impotent fury while this loathsome spy and traitor made love to my betrothed.

Macintyre glanced at the clock.

"Some few minutes to the hour at which his royal highness promised to be here," he continued in the same tone of subdued mockery. "Let us have another song, Kate. Let us have something to stir the blood, something about the gathering of the clans and the fluttering of the kilts, the flash of the broadswords and the skirl of the pipes. 'Twill raise the prince's spirits if he hears you. He was dashed by the coldness with which he was received at Lady Primrose's. We must give him a heartier reception tonight."

I think from the malicious twinkle in his eyes that he knew she suspected him and was playing with her as a cat with a mouse. Her cheeks flushed, and I thought she was about to give an angry reply, but with an effort she controlled herself and began to play a spirited prelude. But at that moment he held up his hand.

"Hush," he said, "I hear voices at the door. I think he must have arrived."

He turned away and stepped hurriedly to the window. In a moment Kate was on her feet, darted an appealing look at me, pointed to him and rushed to the door. I was in the room, sword in hand, before she reached it. But I was no quicker than he. I saw the gleam of his eyes and the flash of his sword before I was half way across the room. He parried the savage lunge I made at him and, leaping aside with the agility of a cat, rushed after Kate. Through the door and along the passage she went like a deer, he close on her heels and I on his. When she reached the stairs, she seemed to fly down them, and beyond her I caught a glimpse of the prince stepping into the hall.

"Go back!" she cried. "Go back! You are betrayed! Go back!"

But she was too late. Clang went the heavy door, out from the adjoining rooms sprang half a dozen men with naked swords, and there in the middle of the hall, surrounded by a ring of steel, with the sobbing girl at his feet, caught like a rat in a trap, stood Prince Charlie.

Whig as I was, I cannot describe the sick feeling of pity and shame that overwhelmed me at the sight. 'Twould have been a fitting death for the hero of Prestonpans and Falkirk to die sword in hand on the battlefield, but it was heartbreaking to see him betrayed and trapped by this scurvy crew of spies and traitors, and still keener was my pity for the innocent child who was sobbing at his feet, crushed with shame that her devotion to his cause should have been made the bait to lure him to the scaffold.

He stood perfectly still, pale and with flashing eyes, but without a trace of fear.

"Well, Mr. Macintyre," said he, "this is a strange welcome. May I beg you to inform me what I am to understand by it?"

Brought face to face with the man he had betrayed, even Macintyre lost his nerve, though he tried to brazen it out.

"You may understand"— he began, and then his eyes fell and he looked moodily at the floor. "I think the situation explains itself," he said gloomily.

The prince drew himself up and looked at Macintyre with unutterable scorn and contempt.

"It does indeed," said he. "I have had to do with spies and traitors before, but never with one who invited me to his house as a guest in order to betray me. But this time, thank God, you have overestimated your cunning and my simplicity. You fool, do you suppose that I have walked blindfold into your clumsy trap? Look around you."

Almost before I realized what had taken place I saw Macintyre turn white, and heard the sword drop clattering from his nerveless fingers, while his accomplices glanced round about seeking a way of escape. All eyes had been fixed on the prince, so that the men who now stood sword in hand at every door and at the head of every passage had come upon us unheard and unseen.

At a glance I recognized the faces of several well known Jacobite gentlemen, both Englishmen and highlanders, and I saw at once that Macintyre had been cleverly caught in his own trap, entangled in the very meshes of the web he had spun to entrap the prince. These were the men who had lurked in the garden, who had stealthily entered the house, and the author of this plot within a plot—Donald Fraser—who had betrayed the betrayer, was now leering triumphantly at Macintyre from his post behind the door. Macintyre caught a glimpse of his grinning face, and his eyes gleamed with diabolical fury.

"You hound!" he exclaimed, "this is your work."

"Yes," said the prince coolly, "you forget what most of your kind would do well to remember, that it is as easy to set a spy upon a spy as upon an honest man, and much easier to find those who will betray him. I pretended to fall into your trap in order to trap you, lest good friends of mine should suffer in future by your treachery. It would be but bare justice to hang every man of you, but your lives shall be spared for the present if you instantly lay down your arms. Take their weapons, gentlemen."

The conspirators were so thoroughly cowed that they gave up their arms without a struggle. In the meantime Kate had whispered a few words to the prince, and he beckoned me toward him.

"I find that I owe you a debt of gratitude for your conduct this night," he said graciously, "and I sincerely trust that at some future time it may lie within my power to repay you."

Then he turned to Kate.

"As for such loyalty as yours, Miss Gordon," he said, "a poor exile has no fitting reward. Nay, I think the only reward I can give you is to release you from further service to a race so unfortunate as mine. Pardon me."

He took the white cockade from her breast and handed it to me.

"See," he continued, "I give it into the keeping of your future husband, and I pray that you will not wear it again unless he himself pins it upon your breast. My errand here is accomplished, and tonight I leave London. Sloth and avarice have eaten away the loyalty of those who should have flocked to my standard. They wish to save their estates and will not thrust their own heads into danger, though they would be willing enough that the poor highland lads should leave their bones on another Culloden moor. But I will have no more useless bloodshed, please God, and so sail for France till better times. Farewell."

Kate could not speak for the sobs that choked her, and I—well, I feel no shame at the confession—knelt and kissed his hand with tears in my eyes. 'Twas the last we ever saw of Prince Charlie, the bravest and most unfortunate of all the Stuarts.

Toward Macintyre and his accomplices he behaved with his usual clemency. They were released when it was too late for them to interfere with his departure.

I have still the white cockade Kate wore on her breast that night, but I think even she has lost all desire to wear it again, for if what we hear of the once gallant prince be true his best friends might wish that he had died at the head of his brave highlanders on Culloden moor.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SITE.

Splendid Plan to Secure a Building.

For some time past there have been persistent rumors afloat that the new location of the Chamber of Commerce would be on North Main street, presumably in the Downey block. These rumors are without foundation. President Newmark, of the Chamber of Commerce, says that no decisive move has yet been made by the board of directors concerning the new location. A great many locations have been considered and it is the desire of the board to select a building for the Chamber of Commerce which, both, as regards its appearance, and its site, will reflect credit upon our city and be worthy of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles. President Newmark states that any personal preference which he or any member of the board of directors might entertain will in no way be allowed to influence the choice of the new Chamber of Commerce building. The building will be chosen purely and simply on account of its desirability to the Chamber of Commerce and merchants of Los Angeles.

The best location available at the present time is probably the corner of Fifth and Main streets, owned by Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones recently sold his interest in the Fourth and Spring street location for $40,000 and, might build for the Chamber of Commerce on the site named. Or he might sell that corner, and improve his corner on Fifth and Spring, that is still in small buildings. Fifth and Main is accessible to all street car lines, either direct or by a short walk. It is near the large hotels, Post Office, etc. The Public Library is also likely to be soon established on the city lot extending from Broadway to Spring, and near Fifth street. This would help the Chamber of Commerce at Fifth. In case the city lot is found to be better, how would it do to make the city a proposition under which the city lot could be used for the Library, technical, and other schools, and for the Chamber of Commerce. This splendid city lot would hold them all. The ground floor on Spring and Broadway could be used for stores and furnish revenue as a sinking fund to pay for the improvements. The city, by a well arranged agreement could, in this way, get its Library, and schools well housed without cost. The Chamber of Commerce could do the same. The Chamber is really a public institution. It is supported by a voluntary tax instead of by a forced tax. The ground and building would in the way suggested be properly exempted from taxation, and its revenue from stores would pay the interest on a loan, and a sinking fund to pay the loan itself. The city finally owning the entire building, and having everything to gain and nothing to lose would, when the loan was paid, enjoy the store revenues for its library and schools, and be able to lease at a nominal figure to the Chamber the quarters adequate and arranged for.

This is the best plan of action yet suggested. The financiers and business men who have the public spirit and capacity shown by them in the Chamber of Commerce management can put this plan through successfully. The building can be put up for $120,000, as per estimates already made by architects. The money can be had at 4 per cent. The rents will average for the next five years for both streets $1,000 a month with a distinct tendency to increase. This would pay interest and sinking fund.

F. BLECH & CO.
PRINTERS
258 South Main Street
TELEPHONE MAIN 1361
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

BETTER OWN YOUR PIANO
There is so much pride and comfort and enjoyment in using a piano that is all your own.
Our exceptional prices and easy payment plan make it possible for all to have their own piano and to have the use of it while they are paying for it. Investigate our "Play while you pay" plan.
SOUTERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC CO. 216-218 W. Third St. Bradbury Building

Webster Non-Filling Typewriter Ribbons and Multi Kopy Carbon Paper
SEND FOR SAMPLE
FOWLER BROS.,
AGENTS
Booksellers, Stationers and Engravers
Tel. Main 48. 221 W. Second St., L. A.

OUR PURITAS COFFEE
is a Superior Grade of Coffee—The best in fact that is imported. Roasted fresh every day. Money back if you are not satisfied.
ALWAYS THE SAME
Puritas Coffee and Tea Company
W. A. GLASSCOCK, Manager
108 WEST THIRD ST.
Tel. James 1791...

TURKISH BATH HOUSE
Formerly the Thom Residence
...108 East Third Street
Dr. Carpenter and Wilson, Props.
Rooms and Meals When Desired
Ladies' Day EVERY TUESDAY

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS,
General Agents
John Wieland and Jos. Schlitz
- LAGER BEER -
Family Trade Solicited
'Phone Main 468. 112-118 Central Av. Los Angeles, Cal.

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. Telephone Main 561.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at
306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.)
SANTA MONICA

Be Independent.
Non-trust Paint $1.50 gal.; Lead 7½c. Non-trust Wallpaper 4½c; Ingrains 8½c; Ingrain Borders 2½c; 7-foot Opaque shades 35c; Mouldings 2c per foot. Walter Bros., 627 South Spring. Tel. M. 1055.

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER

ISSUED WEEKLY BY
The Post Publishing Company
ABBOT KINNEY.
S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,
401-402 STIMSON BUILDING
Telephone Red 756. Los Angeles, Cal.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, One Dollar per Year, Payable in Advance.

Saturday, May 12th, 1900.

THE TIMES-MIRROR OF MANNERS.

Many have wondered where the Mirror came in on the Times. It is now explained to be the mirror of manners (not the smashed saloon mirror on First street). The explanation has been confirmed by a recent incident.

One of the leading officers of the Mirror of Manners had been engaged in a saloon brawl at midday. An evening paper sent its reporter to enquire about the facts. The reporter called at the Mirror office, and there found the fine mirror saloon fighter and the Major General, of Rubicon fame. The staff of the Times-Mirror was there in force. The reporter came in politely to enquire for the Times man's side of the case. Up to this point all accounts agree. Thereafter the incidents still are agreed to but their meaning is not interpreted in the same way.

The incidents of the meeting were that the Major-general answered the reporter by the remark "That he supposed he was going to lie about Chapin as he had lied about him." After a few other remarks the Major General slid a Cuban machete out of a paper and motioned to Reporter Ream so as to induce him to believe it an assault with a deadly weapon upon an unarmed man. The knife was thrust against Ream hard enough to cut his vest. During the fracas Major General Rubicon Otis used language which in part is not deemed proper to print in calling Ream names. He used other language such as "Get out of here, you damned fool," or words to that effect. Mr. Ream, who had been on the Times and had been dismissed, which is said by some to mean, "the blacklist and get out of Los Angeles or die," feared Otis. He thought that it was an assault or, at least such a provocation as to be the preliminary of an assault. Ream stood his ground and dared the Major General to complete his assault. He has sworn to the assault and had the Major General arrested.

The Major General's idea of the incident is different. He thought that he was in a particularly happy humor when he accused Ream of lying about him and of coming to the office of the Mirror of Manners to lie about another. This, according to the Major General, was a pleasantry, "Pickwickian" as he says, and a sort of Times-Mirror welcome. The unprintable epithets were for comfortable conversation and of the same refined type as the "Selah" and "Huh" editorials of the Mirror of Manners. "Get out of here, you damned fool," was a pleasing Times-Mirror way to speed the parting guest. This happy hospitality was brought to Times-Mirror of Manners' sharpest point when the Major General thrust the machete into Ream's vest. Otis thought he was polite and pleasant. Ream thought him rude and murderous. Thus do men differ. What a pity it is from any point of view that so gallant and accomplished a knife man should not have stayed in the Philippines and done execution on those island sinners instead of crossing the Rubicon of manners in Los Angeles. The Towers of Silence did not have much to say about this incident. We believe that the "Towers of Silence" are afraid of the major general. Even the water partnership could hardly hold them all off from at least fair comment unless they were "scared of their lives." Still, water may have done the work. Water is all right up to a certain point, but all water is a dreary business, a case of "toujours perdrix" —besides it sometimes drowns you, a sad fact that one of the Towers of Silence may find out. Anyone who visits the Times-Mirror of Manners, after the numerous illustrations of their standard of manners, deserves to be stuck by a machete and carved up in the general's pleasant style and swept out of the office "weskit" and all.

CORPORATION VERACITY.

A disinguished authority has recently given corporations a black reputation for veracity. Ex-City Attorney Dunn, one of our clever and experienced politicians, says that the word of a corporation is worthless. This was said in a public speech to the council of the City of Los Angeles. Mr. Dunn was acting as attorney for the Southern Pacific of blood-stained Kentucky, in opposing the franchise sought by the Terminal. The Terminal, while from necessity asking for both a steam and electric franchise for the link required for their proposed electric construction to connect their Pasadena electric franchise with Los Angeles, promised to use only electricity. Besides the verbal promise the Terminal offered to enter into a contract that would secure the city as to the use of the Los Angeles link franchise by electric power.

Mr. Dunn asked the council not to take the Terminal's word or agreement. This was on the ground that a corporation's word was worthless. By unavoidable inference Mr. Dunn held a corporation's written agreement to be equally worthless. His experience with the City Water Company, while he was city attorney, doubtless had something to do with Dunn's opinion on corporation veracity. However, he brought up as a special illustration of the force of his position the numerous lies which he stated that the Southern Pacific Company had told to the city authorities of Los Angeles. Mr. Dunn was at the time representing the Souhern Pacific Company. No one can claim that Mr. Dunn was attacking the Southern Pacific. He was merely enforcing his argument by stating a fact presumably well known to the council and himself, that from the precedents set by the Southern Pacific, corporations should be considered congenital liars. We are reminded by this Dunn-frankness of the ancient saying that corporations have no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned. It is severe on the Southern Pacific people to be set up as the most prominent example to prove that a corporation's word or contract is like our political platforms, "only useful to get in on."

We decline to believe that men in all corporations are generally liars. We know a number of fine, honorable men in our two big railroads. An interesting development of the opposition to the Terminal was the appearance of the Santa Fe as a tail to the S. P. kite.

TURKEY FOR MISSIONARIES.

The detailed claims of the American missionaries in Armenia, as published in the Express, are certainly interesting. The missionary building at Harpoot, it seems, was not destroyed but only damaged. The damage to the building is set at $43,700. A building that could be damaged to that extent must have been a very fine one. It must have been a palace in such an obscure place as Harpoot. Another item is $11,608 for stock and apparatus. Few missions in America could lose so much, because they have not so much to lose. When we come to the claim for personal effects of $32,677 we are impressed with the luxury and elegance of the missionaries in Armenia. The American people can not be charged with a lack of generosity to these religious emissaries in far-away Harpoot. The Rev. C. H. Wheeler lost $9,010. Of this considerable sum, $2,200 was in notes and bonds, and $1,500 in accrued interest. The notes must have carried a pretty good square interest rate. Mr. Wheeler was quite a wealthy man to serve Christ in Armenia. His clothing was worth $1,342, furniture $1,000, bedding $230, provisions, fuel and medicines $750. So much medicine would suggest that he was not well. This claim for medicine is not the claim of the mission, but the Rev. Wheeler's claim. He also lost his shoes worth $25. The Rev. E. C. Cates was better equipped in shoes than was Wheeler. His loss on shoes was $72. His numerous other losses were: For clothing, $879; food, $132; saddlery, $146; horse, donkey and cow, $188; and bedding, $379. Miss E. C. Wheeler lost as follows: clothing, $1,138; bedding, $215; photographs and pictures, $300. This estimable lady lost more shoes than anyone. The shoes must have been first class for their value was $76. We have, then, damage to a building in Harpoot and personal losses of three missionaries conducting this establishment in Armenia of the value of $00,000. We are bound to admit that a missionary in Turkey deserves Turkey. It is plain that the missionaries had Turkey all right. How would it be if these wealthy people spent their money at home? There is a field right here in Los Angeles for first-class missionaries. We venture to suggest that such a humane and Christian work as that so nobly conducted at the Florence Home could use such riches as these missionaries claim to have had to far greater advantage than they were in the barren works to convert an Armenian from one form of Christian observance to another.

PRIVATE PENSIONS.

Congress has again broken the record on rapid railroading of private pensions. The record was 91 such acts at one session. It was at this congress. The new record is 137 in the Senate. Amongst them is a pension of $50 to the distinguished Confederate officer, General James Longstreet. This efficient rebel general's pension is said to be due to his conversion to the Republican party. Another one of these private pensions is for $100 a month to the widow of General Henry. These private pensions are due to either the personal favor of Congressmen or to party service and party interest. It is a form of favoritism that should not continue. All applicants for pensions should submit to the same rules. Equal justice should be meted out to all. The private pension bills all do one of three things.

They either unfairly advance a claim over the claim of others or they grant sums in excess of the unexampled liberality of American pension laws, or else they grant pensions on claims not lawful at all. Of this latter class is the pension to the ex-Confederate general. The abuses of the private pension system are notorious in Washington. Pension Commissioners have repeatedly shown the injustice and often grave dishonesty attaching to this favoritism. Every year the abuses grow with the growth of numbers of private pensions passed. How is it possible for the Senate or for any deliberative body to pass 137 bills at the end of a short session and know what they are doing? The presumption that such pensions could not pass the pension commissioner either as to amount or at all would demand for them a most careful scrutiny. Instead of this the Congressmen trade pensions with each other, and it is the rarest of events to see one of these private pension deals held up or examined at all. Private pensions should not be granted. The law should not be violated. No lawful pension seeker should be required to step aside for a Conrgessman's friend or to take less than one of these obtains in a private act. Congress has no moral right to pass private bills of any kind. The entire business is open to favoritism, and corruption, and withdraws the attention and activity of the Congressman from public affairs. The people send their representatives to Washington to deal with public questions of general interest. Congressmen betray their trust when they enter the broad down grade of serving private interest in a public debauch.

CURIOUS CONSTITUTIONAL INCIDENT.

The theory of the recent Congressional and Executive action as to Puerto Rico is that the Constitution of the United States does not prevail there. Repeated arguments to sustain this position have been made in Washington. Civil Governor Allen, in taking his oath of office before the Chief Justice of Puerto Rico, swore to sustain the Constitution of the United States. This is a curious complexity of contradiction. Governor Allen goes to territory not subject to the Constitution to enforce laws of various kinds contrary to the Constitution, and especially to enforce a tariff against the United States, which the Constitution prohibits absolutely. Where the Constitution has force no tariff can exist. He is inaugurated by a Judicial officer not subject to the provisions of the Constitution. With all this, Allen swears to enforce the Constitution of the United States as Governor of Puerto Rico. This condition of contradiction is the result of a new policy. We have never before taken territory which we have treated as though not an integral part of the United States. Our experience in the old policy is that it is broad, practical, and assimilative. Even widely divergent interests, alien languages and races have been peacefully assimilated under this old policy. The results of the new imperial policy is very different. Hostility to us, either smoldering, as in Cuba, or open as in the Philippine, exists everywhere. The policy of the present Hanna regime is to make trade war for private profit between us and our new possessions. As a government, economic or trade-expansion policy, Hanna's scheme is bad. It is venal and narrow-minded. It has been costly to the country in treasure, and in blood. It has been solely for private advantage. Its confusing contradictions are well shown in a Puerto Rican officer swearing to enforce the Constitution which he is there expressly to nullify or openly violate. Hanna's imperial policy is not of the mind or of the heart. It is a policy of the purse.

WEBSTER WANTS WAR.

Webster Davis said in a speech at New York: "I wish to God 100,000 Americans would arm themselves, and with an American fleet go to the help of the Boers."

That is the logical outcome of any African meddling by Americans. That is the way to put it so the people will look before they leap. We have some occupation for an army for assimilative purposes in Asia. We need soldiers in Puerto Rico and are likely to need a good many in Cuba. In a war with England we would need some for ports and coast forts. Others would be required on the Canadian border. Altogether we would have uses for an army in such a war that might make it inconvenient to send 100,000 men to Africa. Our fleet would in such a war have some business at home, and some other business in looking out for our new islands. As our naval force of men and ships is only a fraction of the present English navy, we may assume that our navy would be busy without protecting a transport fleet with 100,000 American soldiers in the long voyage to Africa. Where these soldiers would land is not set forth by Mr. Davis. We present our compliments to this emotional and noisy man, and suggest to him the opinion that the war he wants would be a game from which America could not get the cost of the candle. Nor could anyone else.

S. P .VOICE FROM THE CENSUS.

Frank Davis, now properly paid for spell-binding politics by being made head of the local census force at $5 each day, is opposed to the new franchises. Mr. Davis appeared for the S. P. side to oppose the Terminal franchise at an East Side meeting. Doubtless the clients he represented at the meeting hired him for his oratory, which is said to be brilliant. What these oratorical abilities have to do with competency for census work is not clear. The fact doubtless is that in his census appointment the question that settled it on Davis was his political eloquence and his political pull. He is the man who compared Abraham Lincoln to Jesus Christ at a political banquet. Men not in the holy alliance of the professional patriots considered the comparison to be in very bad tase. It could only have come from the levity of mind of a professional patriot. Davis is a thoroughbred old stager. If some one will look in his mouth when he gets it well open in a spell-binding speech we would like the observer to count the rings in his teeth.

COTTAGE RENT FREE.

The Post offers to any lady bringing in one hundred paid subscriptions to the Saturday Post a furnished cottage, rent free, for three months at Ocean Park. This is a fine opportunity for a summer outing at our most popular and most accessible beach resort. Any active lady can easily and quickly secure this number of subscriptions.

The Post furnishes more first-class and interesting reading than any ten papers in California. It is only one dollar a year. Each issue contains stories by the very best authors. Timely articles on important subjects accompany forcible and independent editorials. Frequent illustrated issues are published. There is no paper anywhere that gives as much for the money. The Post has only to be seen to be appreciated. Our contemporary, the Express, is offering to send two people out of California to far-away and costly Paris. The expense of the Express coupon trip to Paris will necessarily exceed the expense allowance. The Express scheme gives a splendid free advertisement to Paris, and is likely to cause many of our citizens to spend their money abroad this summer. The Post proposal keeps the energetic right here in Southern California. The Post advocates home resorts. It is best for Southern California to have our citizens' money spent at home.

For samples and particulars apply to S. D. Chubb, Bus. Mgr., 401 and 402 Stimson Blk., Los Angeles.

THE BOER COMMISSIONERS.

A body of Boer missionaries is coming from the land "Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand." These missionaries have tried to embroil various European nations in their fight, and failing, they come to the United States. We are the last resort of the Boers for foreign intervention. The Boer commissioners will be banqueted and entertained. Their coming will be a fine chance to bring in oratory and to allow our professional patriots to air their valor in words.

There are here a large number of Boer sympathizers. To these the politician can appeal. Most of these sympathizers believe that the African fight is one started by England to destroy two self-governing republics. They believe that the war is to enforce unjust oppression upon a fair, honest, and really representative government. The facts are ignored by these numerous sympathizers, but that is for most of the sympathizers, not material. The facts are that the Boer government invited settlers and capital to the Transvaal on an official guarantee, signed by President Kruger, offering fair and equal treatment to all. Amongst these promises was one guaranteeing the franchise to new-comers. Upon these promises settlers came to the Transvaal and, by their development of the gold mines, made the oligarchy wealthy. From being bankrupt the Transvaal rolled in riches. No Boer did any of this developing. Instead of the fair treatment promised, all sorts of oppression was practiced by the Pretorian oligarchy. Monopolies were created in miners' supplies, and in transportation. The franchise was refused by indirection. A settler had to declare his intention to become a Boer; he had to abjure his native country and wait for seventeen years before he could become a citizen of the Transvaal. In the meantime he was a citizen of nowhere. Even after seventeen years probation the mere veto of a Boer field cornet could prevent the applicant from taking out his papers. Amongst the greatest sufferers from these unjust measures have been American miners. At the present time an ukase has just been issued by Kruger that the few Americans left in the Transvaal must do one of two things; viz: get into the army or get out of the Transvaal. The Boer government opened hostilities to maintain their oppressions, violation of faith, refusals of fair treatment, and their enormous monopoly gains. All of these gains and profits came from the work of the Uitlanders. The English government after the Boer armed invasion of five English colonies, had no choice but to resist the invasion of English territory. The Boers, high-handed, and with a superb confidence, declared war, and invaded England as clearly as though they had landed on the Thames. The fight is really one for a representative government like that of Australia on the part of England and for class rule by an oppressive oligarchy of non-workers on the part of the Boers. Besides this, England is actually fighting for its own territory and its own flag. Only under Roberts, and recently, has the fighting been on Boer territory at all. One of the first acts in the African drama was the surrender to the Boers of a number of American miners in Johannesburg upon a promise of safety. No sooner were the Americans in Boer hands than the promises were blown to the winds. The Americans were tried in a packed court that decided as Kruger ordered. The Americans were condemned to a disgraceful death. The death penalty on the Americans was only used to extort money from them. It cost one of these Americans $250,000 paid to Kruger and the coterie to save his life. Do Americans go so far in venality as to sell commutations on crimes vile enough to warrant the death sentence? Can Americans endorse such a doctrine? If a man is criminal enough to deserve the death sentence, he is too criminal to warrant the authorities of any country in entering into a bargain and sale dicker with him for cash or his life. If a man's price for life in the Transvaal is $200,000 he lives if he pays; he dies if he don't. The Transvaal coterie or Trust Cabal running that oligarchy has long been noted for extortion, cruelty and corruption. It is run by a minority. This minority is governed by another minority. The first minority is of profoundly ignorant, straight-shooting, cowboy Boers. The second minority is of the smart politicians holding the monopolies. Most of these are Boers, but many are Germans, French and Russians. These latter Uitlanders stand in on the monopolies and are all right. One of the last Boer dispatches is that a well-to-do American at Pretoria has been arrested for blowing up a Boer magazine. No evidence is adduced that he had anything to do with the explosion. The evidence against him is that he has some good property and mines. If he gives up his property he will be put safely over the border, otherwise it will be different. Where does the American sympathy for such a government come from? It is on the sentiment and sympathy for the smaller man in a fight; for the word Republic, for old antagonisms to England and out of general, irresponsible, meddling ignorance. The sympathy with the Boer, however, exists. The politicians know the fact. These professional patriots have already been riding on this sympathy with an office or other political plunder in view. So far this riding animal has been like a balky burro mount. When the commissioners arrive, however, it will be a burro or a horse of a different color, and things are likely to offer a faster riding pace. We had an example in Washington's time of what foreign political emissaries seeking American aid can do in the way of embroiling us with other nations and with each other. The occasion was the tremendous upheaval of the French Revolution. That nation had beheaded its king, queen, and all of the nobles that could be caught. After this little clearing away of impedimenta, confiscation, assassination, and legalized murder ran wide open. One set of professional patriots succeeded another, each one more extreme than its predecessor and of course more patriotic. Each successful set beheaded its defeated predecessors. The guillotine was the busiest machine in France. By thousands and tens of thousands men and women went to death. In country districts where facilities for cutting off heads were lacking, they had "Noyades" or drownings. In these the radicals took scows and loaded them with men and women fettered or tied together; then towing the scow into the river current, sunk or upset it. Women sat in the windows about the Paris guillotine knitting stockings, a full stitch for every head that fell in the basket. It was the "Reign of Terror." France was a menace to freedom. Hell itself could not be less a republic. At this time France was at war with England. There was in this country a strong sentiment against England and for France. Washington, however, steered clear of the fight. He and the more reasonable men saw that France had passed the boundaries of a republic and fallen into a reign of blood, robbery and murder which could only end in the destruction of France or in the man on horseback. At this stage arrived the political agent of the "terror," Citizen Ganet. He was received at Charleston with banquets, applause and support. He then proceeded on a triumphal progress to Philadelphia. He violated American laws, issued letters of marque to American privateers to attack English ships in our own waters. He defied the government and had a large political following of both good and of noisy, thoughtless men. Washington was probably the one man in the country who could by judgment and the hold he had on the American masses, stem Citizen Ganet's appeal to popular sympathy, and prevent the United States from being forced to mix in the European wars. The Boer commissioners' reception will doubtless be far less important, and less dangerous than was that of the agent of the French republic during the Reign of Terror. Citizen Ganet actually nearly succeeded in getting up an armed revolt in America against Washington. What Americans can do best is to mind their own political business. In that one job there is enough to do for plenty of useful home activity.

HIGH POLICY FOR AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

This is "peace." That is our policy and England's highest policy. Real interest is as near to being complimentary or mutual between these two divisions of the speakers of English as it is between any countries or even between outlying parts or colonies under the same flag in either case. On the other hand each of these nations has more to lose and less to gain in an Anglo-American war than in any other war. American and English interests in the world demand mutual respect. It is policy for both to avoid friction in trade, boundary and direct political relations. England has sense enough to keep out of our internal troubles with Indians and Mormons. She was not so wise in the rebellion. The sympathy for the South by the English aristocracy cost both countries vast sums and first opened the door of the sea to Germany. We Americans have mixed up in an irresponsible way with Fenians, Clan na Gaels, etc., without doing serious damage to England, or doing any good to anyone. Sensible people should frown on all such promoters of war between the two countries. These remarks are germain to the probable outbreak of Boer sympathy when the Boer political agents arrive. America has nothing to gain by mixing itself up in the African fight. It has nothing but words that have to be translated into Dutch to give to the Boer fighting cattlemen. The words can do no good to the Boer. It may do him harm. Words of hostility to England are not going to make our relations in Canada or elsewhere under the English flag any better. The situation is pretty plain. The honor of the British nation has been placed at stake by the Boer invasion of English colonies. The English government can not lay down under the Boer aggression in Africa without a revolution in England against such a disgrace. One or the other of the fighters has got to be soundly thrashed. That is the only way to expect peace in Africa. Meddling by foreign nations in such a case can only be effective in the form of armed intervention. We have no more business in Africa than Moliere's hero had in the phantom pirate ship. This hero's father, repeatedly induced to ransom his son through the rascality of the valet, moaned at each tax, "What the devil was the boy doing in the pirate ship anyhow?" Our American taxpayers would have the same moan over futile sacrifices if we mixed up in a fight in the interior of Africa. Our taxpayers could also ask what the devil we were doing at the opposite end of the earth amongst Boers, blacks and British. Americans ought to look at this and other foreign questions coolly and carefully, and not go off at half-cock on emotional lines, and mix ourselves in fights where we do not belong, and that are none of our business.

American trade with our English-speaking fellows is greater than with all the rest of the world combined. All of Asia's trade with us is not a drop in the bucket to our trade with the little island of England alone. England has fortresses and naval bases all around the world and a preponderating and efficient navy. England in a war could probably blockade our coasts from her chain of fortresses and naval bases from Halifax, Bermuda and Jamaica to Esquimault. Her navy could destroy vast wealth on our coasts. On the other hand such a blockade would injure England in shutting off American raw material and foods from herself more than it could us. Her great mercantile fleet would be in constant danger and might be destroyed. The Canadian border would offer an opening for blood and fire with the final result probably favorable by force of weight of numbers to the United States. Still we would not now want to take or hold Canada by force even if we could, nor would Canada want to try such a scheme on us. America and England have too much to lose and too little to gain to get into war. The way for both of us to keep out of war and on good terms is to eliminate as time serves the American-made trade war with Canada and Britain generally and next for each country to mind its own business.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

6 lbs. No. 1 French Prunes.....25c	4 pkgs. Libby's Mince Meat.....25c
3 lbs. No. 1 Peaches.....25c	1 lb. New Walnuts.....10c
3 pkgs. Seeded Raisins.....25c	1 pkg. None Such Pumpkin.....10c
3 pkgs. Cleaned Currants.....25c	1 lb. Bulk Cocoanut.....20c

CENTRAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, FOURTH AND BROADWAY

DIRECTORS: R. M. Baker, A. B. Cass, Wm. Mead, E. W. Davies, Lewis Thorne

OFFICERS: R. M. Baker, President; Wm. Mead, Vice-President and Cashier; W. C. Durgin, Assistant Cashier

Deposits Received Subject to Check. Exchange for Sale.

DON'T FORGET ... PARTRIDGE THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR FOR NOBBY GOOD FITTING SUITS

Formerly Cutter for Everal & Bros., of Fifth Avenue, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1891 ALL WORK GUARANTEED

A Well Assorted Spring and Summer Stock Just Received.

129 WEST FIRST STREET - - - LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ALASKA Refrigerators, FREEZERS, Etc.

Cass & Smurr Stove Co.

314 and 316 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES.

Largest and Best Agency on Pacific Coast. Carefully Selected Help of all Kinds Promptly Furnished.

TELEPHONE MAIN 509

HUMMEL BROS. & CO., Employment Agents

Basement California Bank Building, Corner Broadway,

300-302 WEST SECOND STREET, - - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The Saturday Post Insurance Against Death by Accident.

$500 Cash

Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.

The Cheapest Accident Insurance.

No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

The object of the Post in affording its readers a summary of the weekly news, is to place the events in such manner that they may easily be remembered. In tracing the growth of an important event throughout the week those occurrences which have contributed to make up the world's history for the week past are recalled to the reader's mind.

SOUTH AFRICA

The past week in South Africa has recorded the irresistable advance of Lord Roberts' army against the opposing Boer forces. The immense cordon of the British army 40 miles in width is slowly pushing back the opposing handful of Boers. The British army, depending for supplies on the railroad, does not leave the course of the road, but in a series of curves and zigzags crosses and recrosses the Bloemfontein-Pretoria single track line. The country through which the British army must travel on the road to Pretoria is rough and suited to Boer tactics, particularly so between Ladybrand and Winburg. The English forces are likely to be considerably harassed during their progress through this territory. Their movements are, therefore, necessarily slow. On Saturday it was reported that Lord Roberts was moving on to Winburg, thus losing no time in following up the occupation of Brandfort. Sunday's news reported fresh successes for the British arms. Although the Boer fire is of great precision and accuracy and their discipline and mobilization nearly perfect, they were unable to stem Lord Roberts' advance. Gen. Hunter's division engaged the Boers successfully at the Little Vet river, forcing them to retire leaving their dead and wounded to be cared for by a number of surgeons. On Monday it was reported that the English army had been successful in reaching Winburg. This is an unexpected success, and in all directions except the Mafeking region the Boers are slowly retiring before the British advance. Tuesday's reports showed that the Burghers are everywhere retreating and that they hold positions only at Mafeking and in Natal. It is believed that the Boers will make a final stand in the hills at Kroonstadt. The grip of famine and fever closes tightly on beleaguered Mafeking; the garrison is much depressed, there being no signs of relief. From Warrenton comes the news that the Boers have been driven out of Fourteen streams and the British, who are moving to Mafeking's relief are now encamped on the north bank of the Vaal river. On Wednesday came the news that the Boers were growing panicky and did not even seem inclined to make a stand at Kroonstadt. Roberts' advance guard is now only forty-five miles from Kroonstadt and, as he has five men for every opposing Boer soldier, British authorities are unanimous in their opinions that the capture of Pretoria is near at hand. Thursday's and Friday's news showed that Lord Roberts had made a big jump of 38 miles in his advance on Pretoria. The Boers everywhere retire in good order and it is scarcely expected a stand will be made at Kroonstadt, which is the logical and strategic centre for them to make a determined resistance to the large British army.

ORIENT.

The affairs in the Orient during the past week have been interesting. Although the month of April reported the loss, in killed, wounded and captured, of 721 Filipinos to but a similar loss of 40 men on the American side, and, although Major General E. S. Otis has retired from command in the Philippines, still the insurrection in the islands is far from being subdued. On leaving Manila on Saturday, General Otis issued an order providing for civil municipal government in the Philippines. Everything pertaining to government in the islands was said to be in first-class order, so that the Philippine commission, which is expected to arrive in Manila about May 20, might at once assume the civil and semi-military administration of the government which has been delegated to it. Notwithstanding the rumors that the island is in a condition to receive civil government, still it is reported that Aguinaldo has again come to life and is fanning the rebellion into flames in the north. The insurgents are everywhere remarkably active. Bolo-men, savages with arrows, and the better class of half-breed population, well armed with modern weapons, have come forth against the American forces to be slaughtered like sheep, and yet greater hordes seem to be forthcoming. The rebellious and hostile spirit amongst the more intelligent and dangerous class of natives will demand fresh troops from this country to resist their encroachments. Altogether, affairs in the Philippines may be looked to with interest for yet some time to come. The news from the Orient on Sunday and Monday tells of terrible suffering from famine and plague in India, which is increased by the outbreak of cholera. A hundred million people are said to be in misery. The work of Christian missionaries is greatly hampered by the Chinese. Tuesday's news discloses considerable friction between Russians and Chinese in Manchuria. In the Philippines Aguinaldo is said to have reappeared and to have joined General Tino in the north, where large forces or rebels are concentrating. Authorities at Washington formulate plans for the perfection of an electric street railway in Havana. Wednesday's news showed that the Filipino insurgents were continuing their attacks on American troops in spite of frequent defeats. Thursday and Friday's news stated the necessity for fresh troops in the Philippines was daily becoming more pressing. There are many desertions in the American ranks and the old troops who have now been for a long time in the Philippines are considerably impaired by the climate.

EUROPE.

Affairs in Europe during the week past have been unusually interesting. The Boer war, however, is losing the hold it first maintained on public attention. It is now generally considered that the war proper cannot last much over two or three months, by which time Roberts will have reached Pretoria. English war authorities state at the expiration of the three months the war will have relapsed into a state of guerrilla warfare. Enemies to this theory assert that the Boers will never surrender. The recent insurrectionary spirit in Spain has proven no surprise to the nations of Europe or of the world who for some years have been conversant with the disorganized civil condition that there prevailed. The revolution is said to have arisen on account of the schemes for heavy taxation by the government. The Catalonians are most indignant since they claim that their prosperous territory is being condemned to support the rest of the government. Fierce rioting has already begun and a general revolution may well be expected. On Saturday came the news that Madame Modjeska, who for many years has lived in Southern California, will visit Poland, to which she has been forbidden by the Russian government on account of a speech delivered by her in Chicago during the world's fair; Modjeska does not anticipate trouble with the Rusian government. News came on Sunday that Austria's emperor was royally entertained by the German emperor. The Paris exposition is becoming daily more crowded. On Monday came the news that all Germany was en fete in honor of the coming of age of the crown prince. The celebrations were held at Berlin and Ambassador White presented telegrams of congratulation from President McKinley. That the reply of the Turkish government to the American missionary indemnity claims has not yet been put in official form is a part of Tuesday's news budget. On Wednesday came news of the revolutionary movement in Spain. A league has been formed in Madrid to protest against exorbitant and oppressive taxation. Thursday and Friday recorded few events of additional importance in Europe. "La Patrie," a Parisian sensational newspaper, anticipates a quarrel between the United States and Germany over the trouble between Diedericks and Dewey at Manila; Germany is said to desire to establish a greater Germany in South America.

NATIONAL.

Politics and conventions have been of great interest in national affairs during the week past. Bryan's nomination by the Populists at Sioux Falls, S. D., was a point won for the Democratic statesman. The great street car strike in St. Louis; the unexpected obstacle to the Nicaraguan bill in the form of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty also receive a due share of public attention. On Saturday St. Louis had a big parade in honor of Dewey, while the Yale boys defeated our California athletes from the University of California at New Haven, Conn. Sunday came the news of the many criminal trials which have developed from the killing of the late Governor Goebel, of Kentucky. The murderer of Goebel has not yet been apprehended On Monday Webster Davis' fiery pro-Boer speech in the Academy of Music, New York city, was reported. Davis is causing much agitation. Democrats, Populists and Lincoln Republicans in conference at Chicago agree on Congressman Towne as Bryan's running mate. Central Kansas is visited by half a dozen destructive cyclones. Congress will adjourn in June. Tuesday's news showed there had been another visitation of cyclones, but this time in Texas. The senate at Washington is holding up the Nicaragua canal bill but, as soon as the treaties with England can be acted upon, the bill will go through. Wednesday's news told that not a street car was moving in St. Louis, and that the loss to companies and employes was estimated at $25,000 per day. The police are helpless to stop the attacks of the howling mobs on non-union men. On Thursday came the news of the invention of the Johnson soft-nose penetrative projectiles. This invention will give the United States a decided advantage in warfare over other nations. The invention will be immediately considered by the senate at Washington behind closed doors. On Friday comes the news that the Senate at Washington postpones consideration of the Clark case until next Tuesday ,while the House for the third time this season, unseats a Democrat to make room for a Republican.

LOCAL.

Nothing has been of greater interest or benefit during the past week than the good rains which have fallen in Southern California. It was generally bountiful and in many places the precipitation has averaged almost two inches. Last Saturday a precipitation of 1.43 inches fell in Los Angeles, and in San Bernardino the rain was especially heavy, over one-half inch falling in 20 minutes. The drouth in Southern California is broken. City Attorney Haas decides the council can grant the Terminal franchise with restrictions. Mr. E. T. Earl, of the Earl Fruit Company, undergoes cross-examination in the taking of testimony for the benefit of the interstate commerce commission. There was little local news of interest on Sunday. On Monday the council did not dispose of the Terminal franchise matter since Councilman Lauder was absent. A highwayman robs Fritz Stratman on Los Angeles street Tuesday Mayor Eaton declares himself to the council as suspicious of the liquor dealers since there are 150 more government liquor licenses than there are city licenses. Wednesday shows that the school census indicates a population in Los Angeles of 140,000 people, or the belief of a gain of 20,000 over last year. Formation of two new oil exchanges; a street car conductor catches a burglar; J. Ross Clark says this will be a big sugar year in Southern California. Thursday General H. G. Otis, of the Times, is acquitted of the charge of battery preferred against him in Judge Morgan's court. More good rain on Friday.

AMUSEMENTS.

LOS ANGELES THEATRE

Business with the Frawley Company at the Los Angeles theatre, continues at the very top notch, and will undoubtedly remain so until the balance of the season. The last performance of "Madame Sans Gene" will be given tonight, and tomorrow night the big English melodrama, "With Flying Colors," will be presented for the first half of the week.

"With Flying Colors" is a melodrama by Seymour Hicks and Fred G. Lathan. It was produced at the Adelphi theatre, London, last August and is still running there. It tells the old-new story of villainy and virtue. Lotan Hackett is the manager of the shipbuilding and banking house of Andover & Derrick, and he is led to commit forgery on the firm by a friend named James Strangeways. The police start in search of him. Just at this juncture Charles Andover, who has been away from home and in the navy for fourteen years, cables that he is about to return to London for a visit, This information is given to Strangeways, who has also been a naval officer, and who is scarcely known at all in London. He decides upon a horrible scheme. He goes to Southampton, meets young Andover, goes to a hotel with him, murders him, changes clothes with him, and, taking his haggage, etc., returns to London as Charles Andover. The murdered man, from papers found on him, is believed to be the fugitive forger, James Strangeways, who has committed suicide. Strangeways is accepted in London as Charles Andover for a while, but his identity is finally discovered and his villainy and that of Hackett is punished. There are, as in all melodramas, some other sub-plots running through the play. The production is the heaviest Frawley has ever made.

Thursday night a double bill will be presented, consisting of a one-act drama, entitled "Rispah Miscry," and "David Garrick." This will be the first performance of "Rispah Misery" in this country. It was written by Mrs. Vere Campbell, and was first presented by Herman Vegin at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, England. There are but two characters in this play, and they will be personated by Harrington Reynolds and Miss Keith Wakeman. In "David Garrick" Henry Roberts will play Garrick, and Miss Van Buren, Ada Ingot.

BURBANK THEATRE

Unlooked for complications frequently arise when people fired with love's young dream seek a congenial partner through the medium of the matrimonial papers. This is what happens to the "Real Widow Brown," Manager Morosco's offering at the Burbank theatre for next week. It is a clean farcical play, bubbling over with jollity. In most plays the characters are made to bring about situations which are strained and unnatural, but in Mr. A. Q. Seammon's latest bid for recognition, old lines have been ignored. The real widow is impersonated by an audacious young man, while another gay young man "makes up" and assumes to be an old deacon, who believes he has found his affinity through the "Matrimonial Times," and with whom he has been in correspondence. The mistaken identities furnish excellent opportunities for fun and merriment. The situations and climaxes are irresistably funny, and the combined efforts of a clever company of farcaceurs to amuse and create a vast deal of laughter is crowned with success. The acting is terse, sharp and brisk. Interspersed throughout the play are the latest songs, pleasing dances and first-class specialties, and contain everything to please the senses—melody, mirth and movement. Attractive organization, charming ensemble, comely girls and exquisite costumes all go to make this the ideal attraction of its kind. Much time was given to the selection of the cast, which contains some of New York's best comedians, a few of whom are Mr. Hal W. Brown, for five years with the "Milk White Flag Co.," Mr. Charles W. Barrington, the great "Human orchestra," Frederick E. Beane, of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, Mr. Edward Clark, of "1492," and Willie Collier's Company, Miss Blanche Aldrich, prima donna soprano, The Sisters Mullaly, Miss Louise Henry, Miss Leslie Spencer and others.

ORPHEUM THEATER.

A splendid show, one of the very best ever secured by the Orpheum management, is promised for next week. The Fulgora company of stars, as the play bills run, will constitute the new features of the bill.

Little Fred, the greatest animal trainer

in Europe, is at the head of the company. He has a bunch of animals, including a trained pig, that do tricks, never before dreamed of in the animal training business.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidman will provide a beautiful dramatic sketch called "Back Home," written on the style of "The Old Homestead," and similar pastoral pieces. It is said to be one of the most enjoyable bits of dramatic playing in the vaudeville.

Buoman and Ardelle, liveliest of specialty performers will interject spice into the proceedings with their inimitable dances, songs, cakewalks and comedy business.

The Bros. Forrest are English clowns of high degree who are to have a prominent place on the bill.

Digby Bell, who has made a delightful impression, will be retained on the bill. Others will be held over.

HOLLENBECK PARK.

Concert program, Sunday, May 13, 1900, by Southern California Band, H. W. Coomber, Director:

1. Grand March, "Niebelungen," (Wagner).
2. Waltz, "Iser Lieder" (Gungl).
3. Patrol, "Yankee" (Missud).
4. Overture, "Il Barbiere" (Rossini).
5. Ragtime, "Impecunious" (Mills).
6. Grand Selection, "A Night in Granada" (Kreutzer).
7. Popular Song Medley (Mackie).
8. Sextette, "Lucia" (Donizetti).
9. Dance, "La Belle Creole" (Herrman).
10. Clorindy, (Marion).

"America."

Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to park.

CENTRAL BANK

The Central Bank of Los Angeles, situated on the corner of Fourth and Broadway, is composed of gentlemen of this city who are both strong financially and who are strong as men. These gentlemen have lived long in the community, and, by their business enterprise and energy, have done much to build up the city of Los Angeles. Mr. R. M. Baker is president of the bank. Mr. Baker is a well known capitalist of this city. He owns property and business blocks on Main and Spring streets and on Broadway. Mr. Wm. Mead, vice-president and cashier of the bank, is well known as one of the strongest young men in the public affairs in this part of the state. Mr. Mead served with distinction two terms as assemblyman of the 73rd district, being elected to the assembly in 1896 and re-elected in 1898. At the last regular session he received the vote of the minority for speaker. Mr. Mead has always taken a prominent part in the councils of the Democratic party, and has more than once acted as chairman of the local party conventions. Mr. Mead has lived in this city for 14 years, and during that time has been in the real estate and insurance business. During this period Mr. Mead has built over 100 houses which he has sold on the installment plan. Since 1891 he has been connected with the Los Angeles Building and Loan association and also with similar associations. Mr. Durgin, the well known business man, is assistant cashier. Mr. A. B. Cass is one of the directors. Mr. Cass is well known by his interest in the Cass-Smurr stove company, also as being 1st vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce. E. W. Davies, of Patten-Davies lumber company, and Lewis Thorne, of the Columbia Loan and Building society and of the electric light company, together with the officers of the bank, complete the list of directors.

The situation of the Central bank on Fourth street and Broadway is a particularly happy one, it being in a business section of the city and in the Chamber of Commerce building. The Central bank opened on April 24. The business exceeded all expectations. During the first two weeks the deposits equalled $20,000. The bank has a capital of $100,000 and $20,000 paid up surplus, one-fourth of which has been paid up in cash. The remaining payments are made at intervals of three and four months apart, as the business situation shows the money can be profitably used.

Take advantage of the Post's offer of a cottage, rent free, at the Beach for three months by securing 100 subscribers to the Saturday Post.

Incompetent Police.

Civil War Pensioners Cannot Be Competent Police Officers.

If nothing else comes of the disorganized condition of the city police, it has at least forced public attention to the inherent vices of the police system. For a long time it has been a very open secret that there were a large number of persons in the city privileged to violate the law. Gambling, lotteries, bunco methods, the seduction of young girls in saloon back rooms after being forced to take heavy and deadening doses of liquor, abortionists and violators of closing ordinances have been notoriously immune when their political contributions have been satisfactory. Now affairs have taken another back step. Crime from being only prophetic in certain places has come to be violent, organized and general. The trouble with the police is the system. It is in fact a part of the political machine. Office holding, salaries and rake-offs come first. Police administration is not only under the machine dictation, but its activity must serve the office seekers and salary holders' interest. The suppression of crime is secondary. The first thing is the influence obtainable for such and such a councilman. His friends must go on the force and his friends must have a blind eye toward their business methods. The commission is the creature of these council interests. The police can not be an efficient force to maintain law and order under such conditions. The police service, like pretty much every other part of the public service, becomes under political machine methods a reward in its offices for machine capacity. The question at issue in its personnel is not police capacity, it is political capacity. The recent immunity of robbers and murderers in this city forces attention to the capacity of our police force to physically perform police duties. We find amongst the police officers a number who are drawing pensions for disabilities incurred during the civil war of the sixties. The first thought in facing this fact is that these pensioners, both by age and bodily injuries of the civil war, cannot be physically able police officers.

We subjoin an official letter showing some of the pension records for present police officers. We are bound to assume that these men are physically incompetent, as they swear is the case. This being granted, it is certain that they cannot be competent for police officers:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
BUREAU OF PENSIONS.

Office of the Commissioner.
WASHINGTON, April 24, 1900.

Post Publishing Company, 421 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.:

My dear sirs: In reply to your request for information relative to pensioners who are members of your police force, I take pleasure in forwarding herewith a statement concerning the information indicated in the cases of all the persons named by you except Stephen J. Hill, whose claim can not be identified from the data furnished.

If you can give me the designation of his company and regiment and the correct number of his pension certificate I will have another search made for his case.

You will please excuse the delay in answering your communication, but the information requested by you is often sought to be obtained for other than legitimate purposes and for that reason I deemed it proper that this Bureau should be assured that the information furnished will not be used for political or other illegitimate purposes.

Very respectfully,
H. CLAY EVANS,
Commissioner.

Cert. No. 99,938, William C. Roberts, Priv. Co. H, 2nd Ill. Vol. Cav.

Pensioned on account of wounds received in civil war, at $8 per month from June 15, 1863; $14 per month from November -, 1875, and $17 per month from October 29, 1890, deducting from February 24, 1865 to March 6, 1866, periods during which he was in the military service.

Cert. No. 98,169, George W. Woodward, Priv. Co. G, 2nd Vt. Vol. Inf.

Pensioned for disability contracted in the civil war, at $6 per month from August 9, 1862, and $8 per month from May 4, 1881.

Cert. No. 209,673, Sanford G. Morton, Corpl. Co. H, 16th Mich. Vol. Inf.

Pensioned on account of disease contracted during the civil war, at $2 per month from May 11, 1865; $4 per month from March 27, 1889, and $6 per month from March 2, 1895

SUNSET CLUB ON DELAYS OF JUSTICE.

Messrs. Graff, McKinley, Slauson, Wilson and Judge Shaw discussed this question at the last meeting of the club. Attorney Wilson was the only one who was doubtful or unfavorable to the remedy proposed for delays in California justice. This remedy is a support of the constitutional amendments on the judiciary that will come before the people at the next election.

The amendment changes the judiciary of California as follows:

The Supreme Court is reduced from seven judges and five commissioners to five judges. Instead of being peripatetic as at present, this court is to constantly sit in San Francisco. Cases of constitutional interpretation or of the highest importance alone go to this court. It is, however, doubtful if the intention is actually provided for in the amendment. Too many cases appear to be appealable from the intermediate courts to the Supreme Court. Consequently its present clogged calendar may not be materially relieved. Next there are to be three appellate courts, of three judges each, whose decisions on cases are intended to be generally final. One of these courts is to sit constantly in San Francisco, one in Sacramento and one in Los Angeles. The net addition of judges under this amendment is two, or from the present 12 on the Supreme bench to 5 in that court and 9 in the appellate courts.

STATE DIVISION IS THE TRUE REMEDY.

The constitutional amendment on the judiciary recognizes the diverse interests between north and south in the state, but it does not give us any guarantee of relief. If we adopt the amendment we must "Trust to luck and hope for the best."

The true remedy and the only real and satisfactory remedy for the denial of justice by delay is to enforce the adopted law on state division. Then we can have a Supreme Court of three judges of our own. We will not be bothered or delayed with the disputes of Alta California. Nor will we bother and delay them. State Division is a necessity for our best interests and for the best interests of the north. Two more senators will greatly strengthen the position of this coast. Examination in any detail of government or of the administration of law in California immediately impresses the inquirer with the great advantage state division would be to both sections. State division and a court of our own is the true remedy for the costly rubbish of court delays we now have. The present judicial system recognizes the entity of Southern California by holding sessions of the Supreme Court here. The results, however, are highly unsatisfactory. Delays are felt to be next to interminable. The Supreme judges have an expression and manner of being bored. They look and act while in Los Angeles as if their dominant idea was to get back to San Francisco. It is not surprising that the judges feel that way. San Francisco is in fact the home of the court. The clubs, or home of the judges are there. It is in San Francisco that they keep their books and permanent chambers.

The Supreme Court in Los Angeles is a sort of hasty-pudding affair. Every attorney who comes before the court is oppressed by this feeling that the judges want to go home as soon as they can. He feels that he delays them as they and their encumbered calendar delay him and his clients.

The situation of this congested calendar in connection with the constitutional provision prohibiting a judge from drawing salary while cases submitted for more than ninety days remain undecided is curious. The Supreme Court has become the most open and the most constant evader of a constitutional provision. The judges have to evade the constitution to draw their salaries. A series of tricks have been invented to nullify or evade the state constitution so that the Supreme Court judges could draw their salaries. "Evade" is the polite word; "violate" is the more accurate word for this court treatment of the constutition. Odd, is it not, that the highest court in the state should be the most persistent violator of the fundamental law?

State division is the true remedy. If there was no other reason than the present denial of justice by delay; if there was no other reason than the fact that the judges to draw salary and live have to evade the law of which they are the infallible interpreters; if there was nothing but the difference in the legal questions that are mainly before our courts in the two sections; or if there was nothing but questions arising out the administration of the law and the honor of the judges—these questions alone would and do demand state division.

ARIZONA HEADQUARTERS IN LOS ANGELES

The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, is becoming recognized as Arizona headquarters. This is largely due to the management's efforts to please Arizona visitors while in Los Angeles. The Abbotsford Inn retains its reasonable family rates, while keeping the best chef and setting the best table in Los Angeles. Its orchestra will be continued during the summer. Its reading room has a full line of illustrated papers. Arizona papers always on file. These attractions together with its breezy location, just outside of the business center of the city, at Eighth and Hope streets, combine to make theAbbottsford Inn the most delightful summer residence on the coast. It is convenient to all car lines. For rates and other information address The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE BOOTHE COMPANY.

The business heretofore conducted under the firm name of C. B. Boothe & Co., was transferred May 1, 1900, to the Boothe Manufacturing and Supply Co., and incorporated with an authorized capitalization of $100,000. The same lines of Machinery and Supplies will be handled as heretofore, and with increased facilities a considerable extension of the business is contemplated. C. B. Boothe is president and manager of the new corporation. All correspondence or new business is to be addressed to BOOTHE MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY CO., 126-128 S. Los Angeles street, Los Angeles, Cal.

City News in Brief.

Dr. F. M. Parker. Dentist. 129½ West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address
S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SALE.—20 Horse-power Westinghouse Automatic Engine and a 200-light Edison 110 volt Dynamo, both in good condition, worth $580.00, will sell for $350.00.
TUFTS-PALMER ELECLRIC WORKS, 701 south Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

Within Two Weeks

or less, the craving for strong drink vanishes through using the Lee Liquor Cure, a harmless remedy that is invigorating to the system. Telephone, write or inquire for particulars. Price $15. DEMOSS BOWERS, Manager, 354 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE COUNT'S APOLOGY

BY ROBERT BARR.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.

The 15 nobles who formed the council of state for the Moselle valley stood in little groups in the rittersaal of Winneburg's castle, situated on a hilltop in the Ender valley, a league or so from the water of the Moselle. The nobles spoke in low tones together, for a greater than they was present, no other than their overlord, the archbishop of Treves, who, in his stately robes of office, paced up and down the long room, glancing now and then through the narrow windows which gave a view down the Ender valley. There was a trace of impatience in his lordship's bearing, and well there might be, for here was the council of state in assemblage, yet their chairman was absent, and the nobles stood there helplessly, like a flock of sheep whose shepherd is missing. The chairman was no other than the Count of Winneburg himself, in whose castle they were now collected, and his lack of punctuality was thus a double discourtesy, for he was host as well as president.

Each in turn had tried to soothe the anger of the archbishop, for all liked the Count of Winneburg, a bluff and generous hearted giant, who would stand by his friends against all comers, was the quarrel his own or no. In truth, little cared the stalwart Count of Winneburg whose quarrel it was so long as his arm got opportunity of wielding a blow in it. His lordship of Treves had not taken this championship of the absent man with good grace and now strode apart from the group, holding himself haughtily, muttering, perhaps prayers, perhaps something else.

When one by one the nobles had arrived at Winneburg's castle, they were informed that its master had gone hunting that morning, saying he would return in time for the midday meal, but nothing had been heard of him since, although mounted messengers had been sent forth, and the great bell in the southern tower had been set ringing when the archbishop arrived. It was the general opinion that Count Winneburg, becoming interested in the chase, had forgotten all about the meeting, for it was well known that the count's body was better suited for athletic sports or warfare than was his mind for the consideration of questions of state, and the nobles, themselves of similar caliber, probably liked him none the less on that account.

Presently the archbishop stopped in his walk and faced the assemblage. "My lords," he said, "we have already waited longer than the utmost stretch of courtesy demands. The esteem in which Count Winneburg holds our deliberations is indicated by his inexcusable neglect of a duty conferred upon him by you and voluntarily accepted by him. I shall therefore take my place in his chair, and I call upon you to seat yourselves at the council table."

Saying which the archbishop strode to the vacant chair and seated himself in it at the head of the board. The nobles looked one at the other with some dismay, for it was never their intention that the archbishop should preside over their meeting, the object of which was rather to curb that high prelate's ambition than to confirm still further the power he already had over them. When a year before these councils of state had been inaugurated, the archbishop had opposed them; but, finding that the emperor was inclined to defer to the wishes of his nobles, the lord of Treves had insisted upon his right to be present during the deliberations, and this right the emperor had conceded. He further proposed that the meeting should be held at his own castle of Cochem as being conveniently situated midway between Coblentz and Treves, but to this the nobles had with fervent unanimity objected.

Cochem castle, they remembered, possessed strong walls and deep dungeons, and they had no desire to trust themselves within the lion's jaws, having little faith in his lordship's benevolent intentions toward them. The emperor seemed favorable to the selection of Cochem as a convenient place of meeting, and the nobles were nonplused, because they could not give their real reason for wishing to avoid it, and the archbishop continued to press the claims of Cochem as being of equal advantage to all.

"It is not as though I asked them to come to Treves," said the archbishop, "for that would entail a long journey upon those living near the Rhine, and in going to Cochem I shall myself have to travel as far as those who come from Coblentz."

The emperor said:

"It seems a most reasonable selection, and unless some strong objection be urged I shall confirm the choice of Cochem."

The nobles were all struck with apprehension at these words and knew not what to say, when suddenly, to their great delight, up spoke the stalwart Count of Winneburg.

"Your majesty," he said, "my castle stands but a short league from Cochem and has a rittersaal as large as that in the pinnacled palace owned by the archbishop. It is equally convenient to all concerned, and every gentleman is right welcome to its hospitality. My cellars are well filled with good wine, and my larders are stocked with abundance of food. All that can be urged in favor of Cochem applies with equal truth to the Schloss Winneburg. If, therefore, the council will accept of my roof, it is theirs."

The nobles with universal enthusiasm cried:

"Yes, yes; Winneburg is the spot!"

The emperor smiled, for he well knew that his lordship of Treves was somewhat miserly in the dispensing of his hospitality. He preferred to see his guests drink the wine of a poor vintage rather than tap the bottle which contained the wine of a yield of a good year. His majesty smiled because he imagined his nobles thought of the replenishing of their stomachs, whereas they were concerned for the safety of their necks; but, seeing them unanimous in their choice, he nominated Schloss Winneburg as the place of meeting, and so it remained.

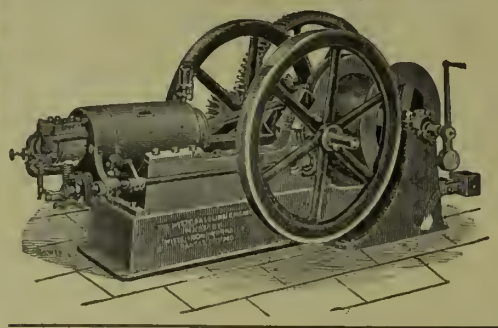
When, therefore, the archbishop of Treves set himself down in the ample chair to which those present had without a dissenting vote elected Count Winneburg, distrust at once took hold of them, for they were ever jealous of the encroachments of their overlord. The archbishop glared angrily around him, but no man moved from where he stood.

"I ask you to be seated. The council is called to order."

Baron Beilstein cleared his throat and spoke, seemingly with some hesitation, but nevertheless with a touch of obstinacy in his voice:

"May we beg a little more time for Count Winneburg? He has doubtless gone farther afield than he intended when he set out. I myself know something of the fascination of the chase

Machinery
BOOTHE
Manufacturing and Supply Co.
126 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines
COMPLETE
IRRIGATING PLANTS
Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE
Gasoline Engines
—ARE—
Simple
Reliable
Durable
FULLY GUARANTEED.

A. I. LIKE
Successor to
The Tabor Carriage Works
Carriage painting and repairing, work and materials first class.
New business wagons, carriages, buggies and milk wagons made to order.
FIRST CLASS HORSE SHOEING.
Horses Shod for $1.00 up.
Telephone Main 405 800-802 South Spring Street 801-803 South Main Street Los Angeles

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891
—SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.—
Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical
A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets
Polished oak floors $1.25 per Sq. Yard. Will last a life-time. Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.
JOHN A. SMITH 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.
There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from
JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS
Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.
ROBT. JORDAN Telephone Main 217 641 South Broadway

Ocean Park.
THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.
T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P. O.

PUREST WINES and LIQUORS at Woollacott's
124-6 North Spring Street

and can easily understand that it wipes out all remembrance of lesser things."

"Call you this council a lesser thing?" demanded the archbishop. "We have waited an hour already, and I shall not give the laggard a moment more."

"Indeed, my lord, then I am sorry to hear it. I would not willingly be the man who sits in Winneburg's chair should he come suddenly upon us."

"Is that a threat?" asked the archbishop, frowning.

"It is not a threat, but rather a warning. I am a neighbor of the count and know him well, and whatever his virtues may be calm patience is not one of them. If time hangs heavily, may I venture to suggest that your lordship remove the prohibition you proclaimed when the count's servants offered us wine and allow me to act temporarily as host and order the flagons to be filled, which, I think, will please Winneburg better when he comes than finding another in his chair."

"This is no drunken revel, but a council of state," said the archbishop sternly, "and I drink no wine when the host is not here to proffer it."

"Indeed, my lord," said Beilstein, with a shrug of the shoulders, "some of us are so thirsty that we care not who makes the offer so long as the wine be sound."

What reply the archbishop would have made can only be conjectured, for at that moment the door burst open, and in came Count Winneburg, a head and shoulders above any man in that room and huge in proportion.

"My lords, my lords," he cried, his loud voice booming to the rafters, "how can I ask you to excuse such a breach of hospitality? What! Not a single flagon of wine in the room! This makes my deep regret almost unbearable. Surely, Beilstein, you might have amended that, if only for the sake of an old and constant comrade. Truth, gentlemen, until I heard the bell of the castle toll I had no thought that this was the day of our meeting, and then, to my despair, I found myself an hour away and have ridden hard to be among you."

Then, noticing there was something ominous in the air and an unaccustomed silence to greet his words, he looked from one to the other, and his eye, traveling up the table, rested finally upon the archbishop in his chair. Count Winneburg drew himself up, his ruddy face coloring like fire. Then, before any person could reach out hand to check him or move lip in counsel, the count, with a fierce oath, strode to the usurper, grasped him by the shoulders, whirled his heels high above his head and flung him like a sack of corn to the smooth floor, where the unfortunate archbishop, huddled in a helpless heap, slid along the polished surface as if he were on ice. The 15 nobles stood stock still, appalled at this unexpected outrage upon their overlord. Winneburg seated himself in the chair with an emphasis that made even the solid table rattle and, bringing down his huge fist crashing on the board before him, shouted:

"Let no man occupy my chair unless he has weight enough to remain there!"

Baron Beilstein and one or two others hurried to the prostrate archbishop and assisted him to his feet.

"Count Winneburg," said Beilstein, "you can expect no sympathy from us for such a course of violence in your own hall."

"I want none of your sympathy!" roared the angry count. "Bestow it on the man now in your hands, who needs it. If you want the archbishop of Treves to act as your chairman, elect him to the position in welcome. I shall have no usurpation in my castle. While I am chairman I sit in the chair and none other."

There was a murmur of approval at this, for one and all were deeply suspicious of the archbishop's continued encroachments.

His lordship of Treves, once more on his feet, his lips pallid and his face colorless, looked with undisguised hatred at his assailant. "Winneburg," he said slowly, "you will apologize abjectly for this insult, and that in the presence of the nobles of this empire, or I shall see to it that not one stone of this castle remains upon another."

"Indeed," said the count nonchalantly. "I shall apologize to you, my lord, when you apologize to me for taking my place. As to the castle, it is said that the devil assisted in the building of it, and it is quite likely that through friendship for you he may preside over its destruction."

The archbishop made no reply, but, bowing haughtily to the rest of the company, who looked glum enough, well knowing that the episode they had witnessed meant in all probability red war let loose down the smiling valley of the Moselle, left the rittersaal.

"Now that the council is duly convened in regular order," said Count Winneburg when the others had seated themselves round his table, "what questions of state come up for discussion?"

For a moment there was no answer to this query, the delegates looking at one another speechless. But at last Baron Beilstein, shrugging his shoulder, said dryly:

"Indeed, my lord count, I think the time for talk is past, and I suggest that we all look closely to the strengthening of our walls, which are likely to be tested before long by the lion of Treves. It may have been unwise, Winneburg, to have used the archbishop so roughly, he being unaccustomed to athletic exercise; but, let the consequences be what they may, I for one will stand by you."

"And I, and I, and I, and I!" cried the others, with the exception of the knight of Ehrenburg, who, living as he did near the town of Coblentz, was learned in the law and not so ready as some of his comrades to speak first and think afterward.

"My good friends," cried their presiding officer, quite evidently deeply moved by this token of their fealty, "what I have done I have done, be it wise or the reverse, and the results must fall on my head alone. No words of mine can remove the dust of the floor from the archbishop's cloak, so, if he comes, let him come. I shall give him as hearty a welcome as it is in my power to render. All I ask is fair play, and those who stand aside shall see a good fight. It is not right that a hasty act of mine should embroil the peaceful countryside, so if Treves comes on I shall meet him alone, here in my castle. But nevertheless I thank you all for your offers of help; that is, all except the knight of Ehrenburg, whose tender of assistance, if made, has escaped my ear."

The knight of Ehrenburg had up to that moment been studying the texture of the oaken table on which his flagon sat. Now he looked up and spoke slowly.

"I made no proffer of help," he said, "because none will be needed, I believe, so far as the archbishop of Treves is concerned. The count a moment ago said that all he wanted was fair play, but that is just what he has no right to expect from his present antagonist. The archbishop will make no attempt on this castle. He will act much more subtly than that. The archbishop will lay the redress of his quarrel upon the shoulders of the emperor, and it is the oncoming of the imperial troops you have to fear and not an invasion from Treves. Against the forces of the emperor we are powerless, united or divided. Indeed, his majesty may call upon us to invest this castle, whereupon, if we refuse, we are rebels, who have broken our oaths."

"What, then, is there left for me to do?" asked the count, dismayed at the coil in which he had involved himself.

"Nothing," advised the knight of Ehrenburg, "except apologize abjectly to the archbishop, and that not too soon, for his lordship may not accept it. But when he formally demands it I should render it to him on his own terms and think myself well out of an awkward position."

The Count of Winneburg rose from his seat and, lifting his clinched fist high above his head, shook it at the timbers of the roof.

"That," he cried, "will I never do while one stone of Winneburg stands

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES

When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices

Take Lunch at

The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE

128 West Third Street.

NEW MACHINERY

We have just put in a lot of new modern improved machinery and are better equipped than ever to turn out first class work.

A trial will satisfy you that our work is all right.

Acme Steam Laundry

'Phone M. 531. 327 E. 2d St.
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

FIVE CENTS!

THAT'S ALL WE ASK FOR OUR ICE CREAM SODA

Choice Candies from 10 Cents a Pound Up.

Ice Cream $1.00 per Gallon, delivered to any Part of City.

Bakery and Lunch Parlor in Connection.

SHEPARD & SON

'Phone Brown 1853. 177 N. Spring St.

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.
For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,

401-2 STIMSON BLDG,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

BUY YOUR **SHOES** AT THE

Queen Shoe Store

162-164 North Main Street

Buy Your Roll Paper and Twine

FROM.....

Blake, Moffitt & Towne,

146 North Los Angeles St.

Ring up Main 52

For Choice Buffalo Lager, $1.25 per dozen
Or STEAM BEER, 5 gals., $1.60
10 gals., $3.00

NAPA SODA delivered at your home.

H. BRAUN, Agent,

Junction North Main and Alameda Sts.

Western Fish Co.,

BARACUDA, SMELTS AND SURF FISH
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau

223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO MAY 1, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
7:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
7:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:50 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:50 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:50 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:50 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:50 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5:25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	8:02 am
1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	11:10 am
5:15 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	...Port Los Angeles...	
1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only.

SANTA FE ROUTE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect Nov. 10, 1899.

CITY TICKET Office, Corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angeles		Arrive Los Angeles
2:00 p.m. Sunday Tuesday Thursday Saturday	California Limited The Fastest Train Across the Continent	1:50 p.m. Friday Saturday Sunday Tuesday
10:10 a.m. Daily	Ov'ld Express For Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:25 a.m. Daily
8:50 a.m. 2:00 p.m.	San Diego San Diego	12:10 p.m 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m. A 6:00 p.m.	San Bernardino via Pasadena	8:25 a.m 9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	San Bernardino via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Redlands via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m.	Redlands via Orange	*10:55 a.m S12:10 a.m 5:47 p.m.
*8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m.	Riverside via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	Riverside via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Pasadena Monrovia and Azusa	8:25 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
8:50 a.m. 2:00 p.m. 5:05 p.m.	Santa Ana Santa Ana Santa Ana	8:45 a.m. 12:10 p.m 5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m. O*10:00 a.m.	San Jacinto and Elsinore	O*10:55 a.m.
*2:00 p.m.	Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
9:55 a.m. 5:34 p.m.	Redondo Beach Redondo Beach	8:25 a.m. 4:25 p.m.
*9:55 a.m.	Santa Monica	*4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sundays; O, via Orange; P, via Pasadena; S, Sundays; A, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday; B, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday. All other trains daily.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*

Employment Agents

123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

"SEA BOY."

By JOHN J. A'BECKET.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

Once upon a time (not half as long ago as that phrase makes it sound) a small boy lived in an elephant. Even an infant elephant is large enough to hold a colony of small boys. The fact that this small boy lived in the elephant is proof enough that he had not been eaten up by him. This elephant was literally the biggest elephant on earth. He stood on the seashore for 15 years looking at the Atlantic ocean. He had never stirred a foot since he took his majestic pose on a flat sandy land. He was so near the shore that in very violent winter storms the irritated sea came swooping through the air and flung itself in wet, salt spray right on his benign old face. But he was blinder than a bat.

The reason of this? Why, the elephant was of wood and plaster and had a skin of tin, painted mouse color. He was a summer hotel, this elephant was, and as he cost his owner nothing for his "feed" you would suppose he was an inexpensive animal.

Don't think it. He cost over $50,000 and was a bad speculation. People could see him without paying anything, and when you were inside of him there was no knowing that he was an elephant at all. So they just stood outside and looked at the great, still thing, and laughed and jingled their change in their pockets. It didn't cost them a cent to do this. But naturally the owner of the elephant didn't take in any money from this admiration of the monster, who was fully 75 feet high and 100 feet long. As a result, he let the animal go for a nominal price for a seaside hotel.

The lady who scrubbed the floors in the hotel and toiled in other humble ways to keep it sweet and clean took up residence in the poor deserted elephant. She had two young children, 3 and 5 years old respectively, Tommy and Eily. Tommy was the elder. Although she had these two children to bring up and no husband to help her do it, she adopted "Sea Boy," and that brings in the small boy who lived in an elephant mentioned in the beginning of this story.

It seems strange that a scrubbing widow lady who had two small mouths to feed should want to feed a third one, when it meant so much more pain for her tired back. But she had a heart. One winter night there was a terrible storm, and a small schooner was driven on to the long, sandy point which ran out into the sea for a great distance under the water. The sailors were all saved except one short, thickset man, who was washed ashore dead. An icy cold, bright faced boy about 10 years old was washed in alive, but blue enough to put in a wash boiler on Monday morning. The short man was the boy's father, and he had no other kin. So they were going to send him to the place where poor orphans go who have nobody to care for them (what the name of it was I don't know, but that doesn't matter), when Mrs. Garrity's heart spoke. She always listened to it respectfully. It said this time: "Take him in. The ocean rolled him to you. Let him have a mother's love and a home even if the home is an elephant."

So Mrs. Garrity did what her heart told her to, and the ocean waif became as one of her own. He took to the elephant as a duck does to water. He was a keen witted lad and as industrious as an ant. He blacked shoes, sold papers and picked up odd jobs. In a little while Mrs. Garrity found that in place of the Sea Boy being a burden and an expense he helped to lighten the money strain on her. He not only paid for his own keep, but he helped support the two small Garritys, and Mrs. Garrity's back was no more strained than it had been before.

Somebody started calling this adopted boy of hers the "Sea Boy," to distinguish him from the others, and finally everybody called him "Sea Boy," till it came to be his name.

Sea Boy got to love the dear old elephant in whose right shoulder he slept with little Tommy Garrity. There was a big window in it. The elephant had windows on both of his sides and on his chest, as if he had broken out with them as children do with a rash. In the summer the sea air blew in to cool them, and they could hear the water break with a soft booming on the shore and then rattle over the pebbles as it was sucked back again. At night the broad water would be covered with a violet pall, with lights afar off which looked like golden pins that held it in place. Or else there would be a lustrous sheen on it, and a great corduroy road of silver braid led off to the horizon and went into the sky there, so the children thought. And after the two youngsters were sound asleep the moon would sometimes peep in through the window and light up their small round faces lying upturned on the pillow and seem to say, "Bless 'em."

They were a happy group, the elephant, who had lost his owner; Mrs. Garrity, who had lost Mr. Garrity; Sea Boy, who had lost everything, and the two small Garritys, who had never lost anything that they knew of. But their turn came.

Sea Boy hadn't been with the Garritys more than a year and a half when Mrs. Garrity woke up one night with a pain in her heart, gave a deep groan and called, "Sea Boy!"

He woke up at once and hurried into her small room. She was suffering so she couldn't speak. She knew what it meant and was trying her best to tell Sea Boy to look after the children. But she couldn't get the words out, and as Sea Boy helped her to sit up, that she might breathe easier, her heart gave a jump as if it was trying to leap out of her body and she sank back—dead.

There was no need to tell Sea Boy to look after the children. He had no thought of anything else. When somebody said that they had better be sent to their uncle in Brooklyn, and, if he wouldn't take them, why, to an orphan asylum, the way Sea Boy kicked against any such arrangement was beautiful. They all wanted to stay on in their home in the grim old elephant and have the sea air and the beach to play on and the beautiful ocean to wade in.

"Mother'n me run the place, 'n I k'n take care ov 'em," he said, with an air of surprise that this wasn't as obvious to them all as it was to him.

Everybody did think so when Sea Boy said it. He was looked on with even more respect by the community after he became a family man. He made more money too. Shoe blacking "looked up," and it was a common thing for a man to give him a nickel when he bought a paper and say, "Keep the change, Sea Boy."

When the children found their mother was to be put in a hole in the ground, they were visibly distressed. It did not seem anything like the comfortable home in the elephant. There were no windows in the earth cell and no air, and to put her in and then shovel three feet of dirt on her seemed an unsympathetic proceeding. They gazed with distrust at the men with the spades. Sea Boy didn't know whether he should protest or not. He looked at the priest, who looked at him and at the little boy and girl snuggling timidly up to his side, and when Sea Boy noticed what a sweet smile came on the priest's face and that his eyes filled with water (they all loved the water, so that it was a bond of confidence between them, that brimming tear in the priest's eye), why, the boy father of the motherless felt it was all right.

"Children," said the priest gently, "your mother is asleep, and this earth isn't going to trouble her. She will sleep there awhile, and then God will say, 'Get up, my child,' and she and all the people here said 'Good night' to God before they fell into this long sleep, and will come out of their warm, quiet graves perfectly well and sound and will go to heaven. We will fall asleep like that some time, and we will all wake up together rested and be happy. For God is going to wake us all up at the same time."

"Won't she have any pains in her back then?" asked Sea Boy. The earth looked cold and damp.

"No. She will never have any pain again," said the priest warmly. "And, Sea Boy, you must come to catechism, and bring the children, so that they may learn what they have to do in order to say that 'good night' to God all right. Then they will hear his 'good morning' all right when the time comes for him to call us all."

Sea Boy said that he would, and, of course, having promised to, he did. Their teacher told them that the rising up of the dead was called the resurrection, and that the Son of God had died and risen again to show people that it was all right, and that since he could raise himself from the dead of course he could raise the rest of dead mankind.

This was a long time ago and away off across the ocean. But it was in a country on the seashore. This was a happy touch in deference to the love of the sea that Sea Boy and the youthful Garritys cherished, and helped to impress the fact more vividly on the children's mind. The teacher told them that every year this day was celebrated, and that the day was called Easter Sunday. So the young ones had another great day to add to Christmas and the Fourth of July, the last named being celebrated with immense gayety and cheerful racket at the seashore resort where the elephant stood.

Thus it was that Mrs. Garrity's reckless goodness of heart to the little sea waif was repaid to the hundredfold, for her own motherless bairns thrived and were happy under the small father she had adopted for them.

This went on for two or three years. Then something awful happened. Sea Boy had taken a boy's place one night in a bowling alley while the boy was away for some hours. He did not get through till 10 o'clock, but he had 60 cents in his pocket, which the different bowlers had given him. The children were at home abed and asleep. He had told them to go to bed at 9 o'clock if he wasn't back, and they hadn't the slightest inclination to disobey the wise and careful Sea Boy. They never had any fear, for they were too used to the dark old elephant to mind him, and as for thieves—what had they to fear from them? They never thought of them.

As Sea Boy drew near the elephant and looked up at the grim, dear old blind creature, making believe watch the sea, even in the dark, moonless night, he stopped short, and his brave heart thumped. The elephant's eyes were a deep, dusky red.

Sea Boy rubbed his own and looked again. Yes, the eyes were a blood red. And at that moment from the side of the big howdah, which was perched on the elephant's back, a thin, long, quivering tongue of fire shot in the air and licked the wooden column.

The elephant was on fire!

Sea Boy yelled "Fire! Fire!" with all his might and started on a run, hitching up the narrow leather strap around his slender waist. He didn't know what work lay ahead of him. He could see the sullen light glowing through the dusty windows. The tin sheets of the elephant's hide began to curl up with a ripping crackle and smoke oozed out as if the poor creature were steaming. Then the panes broke with a sharp crash of the glass and sparks began to mount like showers of fireflies and were blown all about in the dark sky.

The children!

When he got near, some firemen were on hand already. Sea Boy tried to make his way up the stairway in the leg to their room in the shoulder, but the smoke at the top was too d use, and he had to come back. He got the firemen to plant a ladder up against the shoulder, and they could not prevent his climbing up first. He knew where the children were, he said.

The window was shut, but only a small, round stick held it, and so with a blow of his fist Sea Boy broke it in and clambered over the narrow ledge. He rushed to the bed and felt it all over. There was nobody there! He shouted their names, but there was no answer.

Could the children have got out? Would they not have seen him and run to him in that case? They might have been awakened by the heat or the smoke, and tried to get out. The smoke at the top of the leg stairway had been so thick that he couldn't stand it. Then it was just like them to try some other passage in the elephant in their fright.

He heard a shout from below. He ran and looked down.

"Say!" shouted a fireman. "The kids are at the window near his hind leg, looking out. Can you get 'em? This is the only ladder long enough to reach up, and if you can get 'em and bring 'em here 'twill save time."

"All right!" yelled back Sea Boy, and instantly disappeared. He knew the winding route to this window. He hurried along it. The smoke between was so thick he could hardly breathe, and the heat burned his face. But he dashed on.

There they were wailing and trembling, standing on an old box and peering through the window.

"Come quick with me," cried Sea Boy. "Keep your mouths closed and hurry."

He clutched one hand of Eily's and another one of Tommy's in his own grimy little paws and started back. The heat was most intense and the smoke terrible. But Sea Boy knew there was no safety or flight except that way, and he pressed on. He could hear the flames roaring below him in the poor old elephant's stomach. Eily held back, but he dragged her through the smoke and heat, not loosening his grip on their hands for an instant. His lungs were so full of smoke he could hardly breathe.

At last! They had reached the room in the shoulder. A fireman was waiting on the ladder. Sea Boy and Tommy passed the moaning Eily out to him. Then Sea Boy helped Tommy out, and the firemen grasped him. He had passed Eily to another fireman below him on the ladder.

"Go ahead with 'im. I k'n get down by myself," said Sea Boy chokingly.

The firemen hurried down. As soon as they had deposited the children they looked up. There was no Sea Boy in sight. One of the firemen clambered up the ladder as fast as he could go. The smoke was pouring out of the window now. It drove him back at first. Then there was a little lighter burst of smoke, and the fireman dropped inside.

It was as he had thought. The increasing volume of smoke had choked Sea Boy, who had fallen back and was lying in a heap under the window.

They passed him out. The fireman barely got away himself, and he was not half way down before thin red darting tongues shot through the thick black smoke from the window, as if the fire was irritated at the loss of its prey.

The two little Garritys were dreadfully scared, but not much hurt. But Sea Boy! That last installment of hot, acrid smoke filling his lungs was too much for him. He breathed with the greatest difficulty, and his eyes were red and watery, and the thick lashes scorched. He tried to speak, but could not with gasping and coughing. He looked at the stricken children. Amid the spasms of his labored breath he found time to smile bravely at them. Then, since he could not speak, he put his hand on the ground, dug into it, and, turning it with the palm up, raised it quickly through the air perpendicularly. He smiled again, as he saw they understood his last comforting word, the hint of the resurrection day, and then Sea Boy gave two or three quick catches of his breath, his small vigorous body stiffened out in a solemn way, and he lay perfectly still.

They buried him next to Mrs. Garrity. In three months Easter had come, and the grass was shooting up in tiny yellow green blades over his small, rounded grave. The priest in passing that way saw two children standing with quiet faces looking down upon it as the joyous sun put new heat into the tiny grass blades.

As he approached Eily looked up into his face. He smiled tenderly on the two young ones, so badly bereft again.

"We thought perhaps Sea Boy would come up today," said the little girl, with solemn shyness.

Remedy For Diphtheria.

Tincture myrrh and capsicum compound in twice the quantity of glycerin and water to dilute it according to the age and strength of the patient and the severity of the case will cure almost any case of diphtheria. It should be thoroughly sprayed into the throat as frequently as the case requires night and day. Use a milk diet and keep the patient at an even temperature.

POINTMENTS.

"hich an M. C.
'ituents.
known as
con-
sal

THE SATURDAY POST

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *One Dollar per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., JUNE 9, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER

nt's attorney, for 20 days to file ich was granted.

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST.

BY ROBERT BARR.

I.—THE DAILY BUGLE MISSES A HIT.

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.]

Miss Jennie Baxter, with several final and dainty touches that set to rights her hat and dress—a little pull here and a pat there—regarded herself with some complacency in the large mirror that was set before her, as indeed she had every right to do, for she was an exceedingly pretty girl.

On this occasion Miss Jennie had paid more than usual attention to her toilet, for she was about to set out to capture a man, and the man was no other than Radnor Hardwick, the capable editor of The Daily Bugle, which was considered at that moment to be the most enterprising morning journal in the great metropolis. Miss Baxter had done work for some of the evening papers, several of the weeklies and a number of the monthlies, and the income she made was reasonably good, but hazardously fitful. There was an uncertainty about her mode of life which was displeasing to her, and she resolved, if possible, to capture an editor on one of the morning papers, and get a salary that was fixed and certain.

She stepped lightly into the hansom that was waiting for her and said to the cabman, "Office of The Daily Bugle, please; side entrance."

The careful toilet made its first impression upon the surly looking Irish porter who, like a gruff and faithful watchdog, guarded the entrance to the editorial rooms of The Bugle. When he caught a glimpse of Miss Baxter, he slid off the stool and came out of the door to her, which was an extraordinary concession to a visitor, for Pat Ryan contented himself, as a usual thing, by saying curtly that the editor was busy and could see no one.

"What did ye wish, miss? To see the editor? That's Mr. Hardwick. Have ye an appointment with him? Ye haven't. Then I very much doubt if ye'll see him this day, mum. It's far better to write to him; thin ye can state what ye want, an if he makes an appointment there'll be no throuble at all, at all."

"But surely," said Miss Jennie, in her most coaxing tone, "there must be some way to see even such a great man as the editor, and if there is you know the way."

"Indade, miss, an I'm not so sure there is a way unless you met him in the strate, which is unlikely. There's 12 men now waitin for him in the big room. Beyont that room there's another one, an beyont that again is Mr. Hardwick's office. Now, it's as much as my place is worth, mum, to put ye in that room beyont the one where the men are waitin; but, to tell ye the truth, miss," said the Irishman, lowering his voice, as if he were divulging office secrets, "Mr. Hardwick, who is a difficult man to deal with, sometimes comes through the shmall room an out into the passage whin he doesn't want to see any one at all, at all, an goes out into the strate, leavin everybody waitin for him. Now, I'll put ye into this room, an if the editor tries to slip out, thin ye can speak with him, but if he asks ye how ye got there, for the sake of hiven don't tell him that I eint ye, because that's not my duty at all, at all."

"Indeed I won't tell him how I got there, or, rather, I'll tell him I came there by myself; so all you need to do is to show me the door, and there won't need to be any lies told."

They went up the stairs together, at the head of which the porter stood while Miss Baxter went down the long passage and stopped at the right door. Ryan nodded and disappeared.

Miss Baxter opened the door softly, entered and sat down near the door by which she had entered from the passage, ready to intercept the flying editor should he attempt to escape.

In the editor's room some one was walking up and down with heavy footfall and growling in a deep voice that was plainly audible where Miss Jennie sat.

"You see, Alder, it's like this," said the voice. "Any paper may have a sensation every day if it wishes. But what I want is accuracy; otherwise our sheet has no real influence. When an article appears in The Bugle, I want our readers to understand that that article is true from beginning to end. I want not only sensation, but definiteness, and not only definiteness, but absolute truth."

"Well, Mr. Hardwick," interrupted another voice, "what Hazel is afraid of is that when this blows over he will lose his situation"—

"But," interrupted the editor, "no one can tell that he gave the information. No one knows anything about this but you and I, and we will certainly keep our mouths shut."

"What Hazel fears is that the moment we print the account the board of public construction will know he gave away the figures because of their accuracy. He says that if we permit him to make one or two blunders, which will not matter in the least in so far as the general account goes, it will turn suspicion from him. It will be supposed that some one had access to the books and in the hurry of transcribing figures had made the blunders, which they know he would not do, for he has a reputation for accuracy in figures."

"Quite so," said the editor, "and it is just that reputation for accuracy that I want to gain for The Daily Bugle. Don't you think the truth of it is that the man wants more money?"

"Who? Hazel?"

"Certainly. Does he imagine that he could get more than £50 elsewhere?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure the money doesn't come into the matter at all."

"Where do you meet this man? At his own house or in his office at the board?"

"Oh, in his own house, of course!"

"You haven't seen the books, then?"

"No, but he has the accounts all made out, tabulated beautifully, and has written a very clear statement of the whole transaction. You understand, of course, that there has been no embezzlement. The accounts as a whole balance perfectly, and there isn't a penny of the public funds wrongly appropriated. All the board has done is to juggle with figures so that each department seems to have come out all right, whereas the truth is that some departments have been carried on at a great profit, while with others there has been a loss."

"I am sorry money hasn't been stolen," said the editor generously; "then we would have them on the hip. But, even as it is, The Bugle will make a great sensation. What I fear is that the opposition press will seize on those very inaccuracies, and thus try to throw doubt on the whole affair. Don't you think you can persuade this person to let us have the information intact without the inclusion of those blunders he seems to insist on? I wouldn't mind paying him a little more money, if that is what he is after."

"I don't think that is his object. The truth is, the man is frightened and grows more and more so as the day for publication approaches. He is so anxious about his position that he insisted he was not to be paid by check, but that I should collect the money and hand it over to him in sovereigns."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do, Alder. We mustn't seem too eager. Let the matter rest where it is until Monday. I suppose he expects you to call upon him again today?"

"Yes; I told him I should be there at 7."

"Don't go, and don't write any explanation. Let him transfer a little of his anxiety to fear of losing the £50. I want, if possible, to publish this information with absolute accuracy."

"Is there any danger, Mr. Hardwick, that some of the other papers may get on the track of this?"

"No, I don't think so; not for three days anyway. If we appear too eager, this man Hazel may refuse us altogether."

"Very good, sir."

Miss Baxter heard the editor stop in his walk, and she heard the rustling of paper, as if the subordinate were gathering up some documents on which he had been consulting his chief. She was panic stricken to think that either of the men might come out and find her in the position of an eavesdropper, so with great quietness she opened the door and slipped out into the hall, going from there to the entrance of the ordinary waiting room, in which she found, not the 12 men that the porter had expatiated upon, but five. Evidently the other seven had existed only in the porter's imagination or had become tired of waiting and had withdrawn. The looked up at her as she entered and down on a chair near the door. A ment later the door communic with the room she had quitted o and a clerk came in. He held t three slips of paper in his han quickly dismissed all five of the w men. The he turned to her. or

"Has your name been sent in am?" the young man said to her, ter as she rose. point

"I think not," answer dvice, "Would you take my card attered wick and tell him I will ugh the a few moments?" thing or

In a short time the ton, and peared and held the door appoint-

Mr. Hardwick was a det"—Sating young man of about 3 let head and closely cropp He looked like a stubborn T. man, and Miss Baxter's su him was that he had not ch it ance of one who could be e. wheedled into doing anythi ally not wish to do. He held hi ng. tween his fingers and glanced f re her, then down to the card aga ng

"Good afternoon, Mr. Har m began Miss Baxter. "I don't k ne you have seen any of my wo he have written a good deal for eat the evening papers and for some of the magazines."

"Yes," said Hardwick, who was standing up preparatory to leaving his office and who had not asked the young woman to sit down. "Your name is familiar to me. You wrote some months ago an account of a personal visit to the German emperor. I forget now where it appeared."

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Baxter. "That was written for The Summer Magazine and was illustrated by photographs."

"It struck me," continued Hardwick without looking at her, "that it was an article written by a person who had never seen the German emperor, but who had collected and assimilated material from whatever source presented itself."

The young woman, in nowise abashed, laughed, but still the editor did not look up.

"Yes," she admitted, "that is precisely how it was written. I never have had the pleasure of meeting William II myself."

"What I have always insisted upon in work submitted to me," growled the editor in a deep voice, "is absolute accuracy. I take it that you have called to see me because you wish to do some work for this paper."

"You are quite right in that surmise also," answered Miss Jennie. "Still, if I may say so, there was nothing inaccurate in my article about the German emperor. My compilation was from thoroughly authentic sources. So I maintain it was as truthfully accurate as anything that has ever appeared in The Bugle."

"Perhaps our definitions of truth might not quite coincide. However, if you will write your address on his card I will wire you if I have any work—that is, any outside work—which I think a woman can do. The woman's column of The Bugle, as you are probably aware, is already in good han 's."

Miss Jennie seemed annoyed th her elaborate preparations we re- away on this man, who rk."

"SEA BO

By JOHN

[Copy

...er, except once, ...ion.

———," she said, rather ... position of editor of a ... column. I never read a woman's column myself, and, unlike Mr. ... Allen, I never met a woman who did."

She succeeded in making the editor lift his eyes toward her for the second time.

"Neither do I intend to leave you my address so that you may send a wire to me if you think you have anything that you think I can do. What I wish is a salaried position on yonr staff."

"My good woman," said the editor briskly, "that is utterly impossible. I may tell you frankly that I don't believe in woman jonrnalists. The articles we pnblish by women are sent to this office from their own homes. Anything that a woman can do for a newspaper I have men who will do quite as well, if not better, and there are many things that women can't do at all which men must do. I am perfectly satisfied with my staff as it stands, Miss Baxter."

For the third time he looked up at ...r, and there was dismissal in his ...ance.

Miss Baxter said indignantly to her... "This brute of a man hasn't the ...est idea that I am one of the best ... women he has ever met."

There was no trace of indignation ...oice when she said to him "We will take that as settled. ...ome other paper, Mr. Hard... ...ld show evidence of being ...newspaper reporter as any ... yonr staff, may I come up without being kept waiting ...ell you of my triumph?"

...ould not shake my decision," "But I will see you again if ...

...k you! And good afternoon, ...rdwick. I am so much obliged for consenting to see me. I shall ...pon you at this hour tomorrow ...noon."

...ere was something of triumph in ...miling bow to him, and as she left ...eard a long whistle of astonish... in Mr. Hardwick's room. She ...d down the stairs and to her waiting cab.

"Drive quickly to the Cafe Royal,' she said to the cabman.

When the hansom drove up in front of the Cafe Royal, Miss Jennie Baxter did not step out of it, but waited until the stalwart servitor in gold lace, who guarded the entrance, hurried from the door to the vehicle. "Do you know Mr. Stoneham," she asked hurriedly, "the editor of The Evening Graphite? He is usually here playing dominos with some one about this hour."

"Oh, yes; I know him," was the reply. "I think he is inside at this moment, but I will make certain."

In a short time Mr. Stoneham himself appeared, looking perhaps a trifle disconcerted at having his whereabouts so accurately ascertained.

"I have a most important bit of news for you that wouldn't wait," said Miss Baxter, "and in half an hour from now you will be writing your tomorrow's leader, showing in terse and forcible language the many iniquities of the board of public constrnction."

"Oh!" cried the editor, brightening. "If it is anything to the discredit of the board of public construction, I am glad you came."

"Well, that's not a bit complimentary to me. You should be glad in any case, but I'll forgive your bad manners, because I wish you to help me. Please step into this hansom, because I have most important news to tell you, news that must not be overheard, and there is no place so safe for a confidential conference as in a hansom driving through the streets of London. Drive slowly toward The Evening Graphite office," she said to the cabman, pnshing up the door in the roof of the hansom.

Mr. Stoneham took his place beside her, and the cabman turned his horse into the direction indicated.

"Now, Mr. Stoneham, in the first place, I want 50 golden sovereigns. How am I to get them within half an hour?"

"Good gracions! I don't know. The ... are all closed, but there is a man ...ng Cross who would perhaps ...heck for me. There is a

ph
a s
was a
and a
his "f
an ine
Don't
and was a
see him w
when you
no knowing
all. So they
looked at the
laughed and
their pockets.
cent to do this.
er of the elep
money from
monster, who
and 100 feet l
the animal gc
seaside hote
The lady
the hotel
ways to k
residenc
She had
years old
Tommy
had these
no husband
St...
phant in
with little

checkbook in the office."

"Then that's all right and settled. Mr. Stoneham, there's been some juggling with the public accounts in the office of the board of public construction."

"What! A defalcation?" cried Stoneham eagerly.

"No; merely a shifting round."

"Ah!" said the editor in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, you needn't say 'Ah!' It's very serious. It is indeed. The accounts are calculated to deceive the dear and confiding pnblic, to whose interests all the daily papers, morning and evening, pretend to be devoted. The very fact of snch deception being attempted, Mr. Stoneham, ought to call forth the anger of any virtnous editor."

"Oh, it does, it does! But then it would be a difficult matter to prove. If some money were gone, now"—

"My dear sir, the matter is already proved and quite ripe for your energetic handling of it. That's what the £50 are for. This sum will secure for you—tonight, mind, not tomorrow—a statement bristling with figures which the board of construction cannot deny. You will be able in a stirring leading article to express the horror you undoubtedly feel at the falsification of the figures, and your stern delight in doing so will probably not be mitigated by the fact that no other paper in London will have the news."

"I see," said the editor, his eyes glistening as the magnitude of the idea began to appeal more strongly to his imagination. "Who makes out this statement, and how are we to know that it is absolutely correct?"

"Well, there is a point on which I wish to inform you before going any further. It is not absolutely correct. Two or three errors have been purposely put in, the object being to throw investigators off the track if they try to discover who gave the news to the press, for the man who will sell me this document is a clerk in the office of the board of public construction. So, you see, you are getting the facts from the inside."

"Well, the traitor seems to be covering up his tracks rather effectnally. How did you come to know him?"

"I don't know him. I've never met him in my life, but it came to my knowledge that one of the morning papers had already made all its plans for getting this information. The clerk was to get £50 for the document, but the editor and he are at present negotiating, because the editor insists upon absolute accuracy, while, as I said, the man wishes to protect himself—to cover his tracks, as you say."

"Good gracious!" cried Stoneham, "I didn't think the editor of any morning paper in London was so particular about the accuracy of what he printed."

The shrewd and energetic dealer in coins whose little office stood at the exit from Charing Cross station proved quite willing to oblige the editor of The Evening Graphite with 50 sovereigns in exchange for the bit of paper, and the editor, handing to Miss Jennie the envelope containing the gold, saw her drive off for Brixton (where, at 17 Rupert square, the directory had told her Mr. Hazel lived), while he turned, not to resume his game of dominos at the cafe, but to his office, to write the leader, which would express in good set terms the horror he felt at the action of the board of public construction.

It was a little past 7 o'clock when Miss Baxter's hansom drove up to the two storied bnilding in Rupert square numbered 17. She knocked at the door, and it was speedily opened by a man with some trace of anxiety on his clouded face, who proved to be Hazel himself, the clerk at the board of pnblic construction.

"You are Mr. Hazel?" she ventured, on entering.

"Yes," replied the man, quite evidently surprised at seeing a lady instead of the man he was expecting at that hour, "but I am afraid I will have to ask you to excuse me. I am waiting for a visitor who is a few minutes late and who may be here at any moment."

"You are waiting for Mr. Alder, are you not?"

"Yes," stammered the man, his expression of surprise giving place to one of consternation.

"Oh, well, that is all right," said Miss Jennie reassuringly. "I have just driven from the office of The Daily Bugle. Mr. Alder cannot come tonight.'

"Ah," said Hazel, closing the door "Then are you here in his place?"

"I am here instead of him. Mr. Alder is on other business that he had to attend to at the editor's request. Now, Mr. Hardwick—that's the editor, you know"—

"Yes, I know," answered Hazel.

They were now sitting down in the front parlor.

"Well, Mr. Hardwick is very anxious that the figures should be given with absolnte accuracy."

"Of course, that would be much better," cried the man; "but, you see, I have gone over all that with Mr. Alder already. He said he would mention what I told him to the editor."

"Oh, he has done so," said Miss Baxter, "and did it very effectively indeed. In fact, your reasons are quite unanswerable. You fear, of course, that you will lose your situation, and that is very important, and no one in The Bugle office wishes you to suffer for what you have done. Of course it is all in the public interest."

"Of course, of conrse," murmured Hazel, looking down on the table.

"Well, have you all the documents ready, so that they can be published at any time?"

"Quite ready," answered the man.

"Very well," said the girl, with decision. "Here is yonr £50. Just count the money and see that it is correct. I took the envelope as it was handed to me and have not examined the amount myself."

She poured the sovereigns out on the table, and Hazel, with trembling fingers, counted them out two by two.

"That is quite right," he said, rising. He went to a drawer, unlocked it and took out a long blue envelope.

"There," he said, with a sigh that was almost a gasp. "There are the figures and a full explanation of them. You will be very careful that my name does not slip out in any way."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Jennie, coolly drawing forth the papers from their covering. "No one knows your name except Mr. Alder. Mr. Hardwick and myself, and I can assure you that I shall not mention your name to any one."

The man had not the slightest suspicion that his visitor was not a member of the staff of the paper he had been negotiating with. She was so thoroughly self possessed and showed herself so familiar with all details that had been discussed by Hazel and Alder that no doubt had entered the clerk's mind.

Miss Jennie placed the papers back in their blue envelope and bade the anxious Hazel goodby.

Once more in the hansom, she ordered the man to drive her to Charing Cross, and when she was ten minutes away from Rupert square she changed her direction and desired him to take her to the office of The Evening Graphite, where she found Mr. Stoneham busy with his leading article and impatiently awaiting fnrther details of the conspiracy he was to lay open before the pnblic.

A glance at the papers Miss Baxter brought to him showed Mr. Stoneham that he had at least got the worth of his £50. There would be a fluttering in high places next day. He made arrangements before he left to have the paper issued a little earlier than usual, calculating his time with exactitnde, so that rival sheets conld not have the news in their first edition, cribbed from The Graphite, and yet the paper wonld be on the street, with the newsboys shouting, "'Orrible scandal!" before any other evening sheet was visible. And this was accomplished the following day with a precision that was admirable.

Mr. Stoneham, with a craft worthy of all commendation, kept back from the early edition a small fraction of the figures that were in his possession, so that he might print them in the so called fourth edition, and thns put upon the second lot of contents bills sent out in huge, startling black type, "Further Revelations of the Board of Constrnction Scandal," and his scathing leading article, in which he indignantly demanded a parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the board, was recognized, even by the friends of that pnblic body, to have seriously shaken confidence in it. And all the other papers were filled with impotent anger.

Promptly at 5 o'clock that afternoon a hansom containing Miss Jennie Baxter drove up to the side entrance of The Daily Bugle office, and the young woman once more accosted the Irish porter, who again came out of his den to receive her.

"Miss Baxter?" said the Irishman, half by way of salutation and half by way of inquiry.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Well, Mr. Hardwick left strict orders with me that if ye came, or rather that whin ye came, I was to conduct ye right up to his room at once."

"Oh, that is very satisfactory," cried Miss Jennie, "and somewhat different from the state of things yesterday."

The porter led the way to Mr. Hardwick's room and announced the visitor.

"Ask her to come in," she heard the editor say, and the next instant the porter left them alone together.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Baxter?" said Mr. Hardwick, with no trace of that anger in his voice which she had expected. "I have been waiting for you. You said you would be here at 5, and I like punctuality. Without beating round the bush, I suppose I may take it for granted that The Evening Graphite is indebted to you for what it is pleased to call the board of public construction scandal?"

"Yes," said the young woman, seating herself. "I came up to tell you that I procured for The Graphite that interesting bit of information."

"So I suppose. My colleague, Henry Alder, saw Hazel this afternoon at the offices of the board. The good man Hazel is panic stricken at the explosion he has caused and is in a very nervous state of mind, more especially when he learned that his document had gone to an unexpected quarter. Fortunately for him, the offices of the board are thronged with journalists who want to get statements from this man or the other regarding the exposure, and so the visit of Alder to Hazel was not likely to be noticed or commented upon. Hazel gave a graphic description of the handsome young woman who had so cleverly wheedled the documents from him and who paid him the exact sum agreed upon in the exact way that it was to have been paid. Alder had not seen you and has not the slightest idea how the important news slipped through his fingers, but when he told me what had happened I knew at once you were the goddess of the machine. Therefore I have been waiting for you."

"I would like to ask, Miss Baxter, how much The Graphite paid you for that article over and above the £50 you gave to Hazel?"

"Oh, it wasn't a question of money with me! The subject hasn't been discussed. Mr. Stoneham is not a generous payer, and that is why I desire to get on a paper which does not count the cost too closely. What I wished to do was to convince you that I would be a valuable addition to The Bugle staff, for you seemed to be of the opinion that the staff was already sufficient and complete."

"Oh, my staff is not to blame in this matter! I am willing to take all the blame for our defeat on my shoulders, but there are some other things I am not willing to do, and perhaps you are in a position to clear up a little misunderstanding that has arisen in this office. I suppose I may take it for granted that you overheard the conversation which took place between Mr. Alder and myself in this room yesterday afternoon?"

"Well," said Miss Baxter, for the first time in some confusion, "I can assure you that I did not come here with the intention of listening to anything. I came into the next room by myself for the purpose of getting to see you as soon as possible. While not exactly a member of the staff of The Evening Graphite, it nevertheless takes about all the work I am able to do, and so I consider myself bound to keep my eyes and ears open on its behalf wherever I am."

"Oh, I don't want to censure you at all," said Hardwick. "I merely wish to be certain how the thing was done. As I said, I am willing to take the

blame entirely on my own shoulders. I don't think I should have made use of information obtained in that way myself. Still, I am not venturing to find fault with you for doing so."

"To find fault with me!" cried Miss Jennie somewhat warmly. "That would be the pot calling the kettle black indeed. Why, what better were you? You were bribing a poor man to furnish you with statistics which he was very reluctant to let you have. Yet you overcame his scruples with money, quite willing that he should risk his livelihood so long as you got the news. If you ask me, I don't see very much difference in our positions."

"Oh, quite so, quite so," answered Hardwick soothingly. "I have already disclaimed the critical attitude. The point I wish to be sure of is this—you overheard the conversation between Alder and myself?"

"Yes, I did."

"Would you be able to repeat it?"

"I don't know that I could repeat it word for word, but I could certainly give the gist of it."

"Would you have any objection to telling a gentleman whom I shall call in a moment, as nearly as possible, what Alder said and what I said? I may add that the gentleman I speak of is Mr. Hempstead, and he is practically the proprietor of this paper. There has arisen between Mr. Alder and myself a slight divergence of memory, if I may call it so, and it seems that you are the only person who can settle the dispute."

"I am perfectly willing to tell what I heard to anybody."

"Thank you."

Mr. Hardwick pressed an electric button, and his secretary came in from another room.

"Would you ask Mr. Hempstead to step this way, if he is in his room?"

In a few minutes Mr. Hempstead entered, bowed somewhat stiffly toward the lady, but froze up instantly when he heard that she was the person who had given the board of public construction scandal to The Evening Graphite.

"I have just this moment learned, Mr. Hempstead, that Miss Baxter was in the adjoining room when Alder and I were talking over this matter. She heard the conversation. I have not asked her to repeat it, but sent for you at once, and she says she is willing to answer any questions you may ask."

"In that case, Mr. Hardwick, would it not be well to have Henry Alder here?"

"Certainly, if he is on the premises." Then, turning to his secretary, he said: "Would you find out if Mr. Alder is in his room? Tell him Mr. Hempstead wishes to see him here."

When Henry Alder came in and the secretary had disappeared, Miss Baxter saw at once that she was in an unenviable situation, for it was quite evident the three men were scarcely on speaking terms with each other. Nothing causes such a state of tension in a newspaper office as the missing of a piece of news that is important.

"Perhaps it would be better," suggested Hardwick, "if Miss Baxter would repeat the conversation as she heard it."

"I don't see the use of that," said Mr. Hempstead. "There is only one point at issue. Did Mr. Alder warn Mr. Hardwick that by delay he would lose the publication of this report?"

"Hardly that," answered the girl. "As I remember it, he said, 'Isn't there a danger that some other paper may get this?' Mr. Hardwick replied, 'I don't think so; not for three days, at least,' and then Mr. Alder said, 'Very good,' or 'Very well,' or something like that."

"That quite tallies with my own remembrance," said Hardwick. "I admit I am to blame, but I decidedly say that I was not definitely warned by Mr. Alder that the matter would be lost to us."

"I told you it would be lost if you delayed," said Alder, "and it has been lost. I have been on the track of this for two weeks, and it is very galling to have missed it at the last moment through no fault of my own."

"Still," said Mr. Hempstead coldly, "your version of the conversation does not quite tally with what Miss Baxter says."

"Oh, have it as you wish!" said Alder truculently. "It doesn't matter in the least to me. I have taken service on The Daily Trumpet, and you may consider my place on The Bugle vacant!" saying which he put his hat on his head and left the room.

Mr. Hempstead seemed distressed by the discussion, but for the first time Mr. Hardwick smiled grimly.

"I always insist on accuracy," he said, "and lack of it is one of Alder's failings."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Hardwick, you have lost one of your best men. How are you going to replace him?" inquired the proprietor anxiously.

"There is little difficulty in replacing even the best man on any staff in London," replied Hardwick, with a glance at Miss Baxter. "As this young lady seems to keep her wits about her when the welfare of her paper is concerned, I shall, if you have no objection, fill Henry Alder's place with Miss Baxter."

Mr. Hempstead arched his eyebrows a trifle. "I thought you didn't believe in women journalists, Mr. Hardwick," he murmured at last.

"I didn't up till yesterday, but since then I have had reason to change my mind."

"Do you think you can fill the position, Miss Baxter?" asked the proprietor doubtingly.

"Oh, I am sure of it!" answered the girl.

Mr. Hardwick smiled grimly. The proprietor turned to him and said, "I don't quite see, Mr. Hardwick, what a lady can do on this paper outside of the regular departments."

"I hardly think there will be any trouble about that, Mr. Hempstead. For example, who would be more fitted to attempt the solution of that knotty question about the Princess von Steinheimer's diamonds?"

"By Jove!" cried Hempstead, his eyes glittering with excitement. "That is an inspiration. I imagine that if any one can unravel that mystery it is Miss Baxter."

The Second of the Series of Jennie Baxter, Journalist, stories will appear in our next issue.

Beauty and the Bath.

"The complexion is one of the points that are noticed first in a woman's appearance," writes Mrs. Humphry, in The Ladies' Home Journal, telling plain women how they may be pretty. "The bath is a valuable aid to the necessary purity of the skin, but, like all beneficial processes, it is liable to abuse. The hot bath especially is misused to a great extent. A warm bath, as distinct from a hot one, is seldom injurious, but the safest is the tepid or the quite cold one.

"The test is a simple one. If after a cold bath, when the skin is dried, the surface of the body glows with heat and is suffused with a pink tint, all is well, but if this reactionary warmth fails to respond to vigorous rubbing with the towels the bath is injurious. A chill often follows the hot bath, which proves how dangerous it is. If a chill follows the cold bath, it must be abandoned at once and the tepid tried. Much depends upon the circulation, whether it be brisk or sluggish. If the former, the cold bath may almost certainly be ventured upon with uniformity and become a daily delight, but if the circulation be slow and defective a large can of hot water should be added to the cold.

"Only a short time should be allowed to the bath proper, whether hot, warm, tepid or cold, but the drying process should be thorough and vigorous."

At School and at Home.

My teacher doesn't think I read
So very special well;
She's always saying, "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her
As slow as slow can be.
"You'd better take a little care"—
That's what she says to me—
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find
Some one of those bright days,
You're away behind your primer class."
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house
He hands me out a book
And lets me choose a piece to read,
And then he'll sit and look
At me and listen, just as pleased!
I know it from his face,
And when I read a great, long word,
He'll say: "Why, little Grace,
You'll have to teach our deestrict school
Some one of these bright days!
Mother, you come and hear this child."
That's what my grandpa says.

—Elizabeth L. Gould in St. Nicholas

HOT SLASH.

A Delicacy That Is Prized by New Orleans Negroes.

"Did you ever hear of an edible known as 'hot slash?'" asked a citizen who always keeps an eye open for life's little oddities. "No? Well, I'm not surprised. I discovered it myself only yesterday through a chance visit to the river front. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and I was loafing around the far end of the Northeastern fruit wharf waiting for a man, when a strapping big negro rushed up and bawled out: 'Hot slash! Hot slash!'

"I supposed he was addressing himself to me, but before I could think up some graceful and appropriate bit of repartee at least a dozen other strapping darkies came tumbling out from behind a pile of barrels, where a crap game had evidently been in progress, and started on a dead run for a nearby alleyway.

"None of them had asked any questions, and, needless to say, my curiosity was highly excited, so I trailed along in the rear and at the other end of the alley found the whole crowd, with numerous additions, clustered about a small covered wagon from which a mulatto was selling smoking hot loaves of bread at a nickel apiece. As each loaf was called for he split it open and saturated the interior with molasses from a can in the vehicle. That was hot slash. It seemed to be a local substitute for the merchants' lunch, which appears about the same hour in the retail district up town.

"I asked one of the darkies whether it was good, and his reply, while wordless, was extremely eloquent. The lower half of his countenance was buried in a fresh section of hot slash at the moment, and nothing was visible except his eyes, which he rolled upward until they resembled a couple of white celluloid pool balls. Then he closed them, very slowly, like a man in an ecstasy, and at the same time made a gurgling sound in his throat. After that pantomime I was strongly tempted to try a piece of hot slash myself."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BLUE POINTS.

Something About These Aristocrats of the Bivalve Family.

A newborn oyster is a tiny fleck of creamy substance, not much larger than the point of a pin. Its advent in countless numbers from the middle of July to the middle of August is to the oysterman of Connecticut, where are located probably the largest seed oyster plants in the world, an event of the utmost interest. Long Island sound has some peculiarity of the water which renders it especially favorable for the raising of the choicest and most widely sought oysters. Not only are here located thousands of oyster plantations, but also immense natural oyster beds. And here and there only is raised the famous Blue Point oyster, the most delicately flavored of its kind and in demand the world over.

The Great South bay, on the outside of Long Island, facing the ocean and extending a distance of 50 miles from the towns of South Bay and Speonk, is the headquarters of the entire production of the genuine Blue Point oysters. The name is derived from a point of land which juts out into the bay here, called Blue point.

A combination of percentage of salt in the water, temperature, depth, condition of bottom, together with some indefinable quality possessed by the latter which is different from any other, gives to them their flavor, which has never yet been equaled by any of the various kinds of oysters raised in America, and the oyster industry is by far the most important fishing industry in the United States. The Blue Points are simply transplanted Norwalk and Bridgeport seed oysters, which are taken from oyster beds and put into the Blue Point beds in Great South bay, where they attain maturity under the most exalted and potent conditions, which graduate them oyster aristocrats, with reputations ready made, possessing the highest oyster valuation and sought for as "Divine Points" in every civilized land.—Hartford Times.

ELASTIC APPOINTMENTS.

Original Way In Which an M. C. Pleases His Constituents.

A noted M. C., familiarly known as Joe, is one of the thriftiest men in congress, and the patronage at his disposal is made to do effective work in his home district. Not long ago he requested of a certain chief in the interior department an appointment as laborer for one of his constituents. The request was promptly complied with, but, much to the surprise of the chief, as promptly declined. The member was sent for.

"What does this mean?" demanded the official. "The man you were so urgent to have named as a laborer declines the position."

"Yes, I know," replied the M. C. "I advised him to."

"You advised him to," echoed the chief. "What was the matter? I gave you exactly what you asked for, didn't I?"

"Yes, responded Joe. "I have no fault to find with the appointment. The case is like this: My constituents follow me down to Washington hoping to get soft berths in the government service. There are a dozen here now and not places enough to go around. I secure the appointment for one, he asks my advice, and I tell him to decline; his job at home is better, so he goes back satisfied. I appoint another. He declines at my advice, but he has been paid, he is flattered and content, and so on through the list. You see, a man learns a thing or two after 20 years in Washington, and I have learned to make one appointment do for a dozen supporters."—Saturday Evening Post.

NEWS TRAVELS FAST.

The Mysterious Way In Which It Spreads Through an Audience.

"You cannot keep news, especially war news, out of any public building, be it theater, concert room or lecture hall, no matter how deeply engrossing the entertainment may be, and from one man, who perhaps knows only one soul in the place, coming in with the news of a statesman's death, of a great victory, or what not, the whole audience of a couple of thousand people will know the news in five minutes."

The gentleman who thus spoke is one of the most experienced theatrical managers in the world, and he went on: "I could give you some most striking instances from my own experience of what I say. I have seen a big audience convulsed with laughter at 9 o'clock, say, but through a bare whisper of a great outside calamity that circulated through the house with almost the rapidity of telegraphy, that same audience has been restless, universally grave of face and absolutely inattentive to the very culminating point of fun on the stage. And the singular thing is that actors who have never left the stage have, through the medium of whispers among the band or from the stalls, known all that the original messenger of evil had to tell.

"The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once told me that he had known this same thing precisely to occur during the course of a religious service, and when a vast congregation were on their knees. He gave me the time and place and explained how, from the whisper of a doorkeeper, a kneeling concourse of thousands knew the whole story of a national crisis in an incredibly short time."—London Tit-Bits.

He Liked "Joan of Arc."

An amusing little story is told in Civics by a worker on the east side, in New York. She had taken a party of children to the Art museum, and a few days later a boy said shyly:

"I told me mother about that picture we saw in the museum, and she said she wished she could see it too."

The teacher asked what picture he meant. "Was it 'Columbus Before Isabella' or 'Washington Crossing the Delaware?'"

The boy answered promptly: "Oh, no, ma'am! The girl in a old dress standin under a tree listenin. The one that went to war and saved her country. I forget the name of her. Oh, yes; I remember now! It was 'Noah's Ark.'"

THE OIL DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

A Few Facts In Regard to This Great Industry.

Also a Very Complete List of Oil Incorporations Who are Opening Up and are Developing this Industry. A Brief Introduction.

Almost $3,000,000 has been expended in the Los Angeles field alone by oil prospectors and companies interested in the development of petroleum in sinking and drilling oil wells. A monthly expenditure of $50,000 in the same territory is being diffused for labor and equipment. Much greater is the amount of money which has been invested in oil developments elsewhere. The product of the Los Angeles field up to the present time has been worth in the neighborhood of $5,750,000. There are 750 oil wells in the Los Angeles field at present, giving an average yield of five barrels per well per day but the production of each well ranges all the way from ½ barrel to 100 barrels. The average daily production at present is therefore close to 3,700 barrels. For the past two years the average daily production has been close to 3,500 barrels. The price of oil now is close in the neighborhood of $1 per barrel.

	Barrels
1893	100,000
1894	400,000
1895	900,000
1896	1,200,000
1897	1,400,000
1898	1,182,000
1899	1,200,000
1900 (to date)	600,00
Total	6,982,000

The monthly consumption of the leading oil consumers in Los Angeles is about 93,500 barrels. In spite of this large and ready consumption the amount of oil on hand has steadily increased during the past year, and there is now above ground in storage tanks waiting for consumers about 250,000 barrels. When one takes into account the vast amount of capital that has been put into circulation by these oil company developments, as well as the great amount of petroleum wealth which they are constantly disclosing to the advantage of Southern California, the debt owing to these progressive men becomes apparent.

Outside the Los Angeles field, in the oil districts elsewhere in Los Angeles county,—the Newhall, Puente, Fullerton and Whittier fields, and in the great fields in Kern, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, and Ventura counties, the oil development has progressed to a marvelous extent. It is impossible to tell exactly the expense of these developments but, by a comparison with the Los Angeles field, conservative oil men place the investments in paraphernalia and expense of sinking wells, in casing, in labor and general expense, etc., in the past 18 months at $1,500,000. To appreciate this fact it must be understood that many wells have been abandoned after heavy expense had been incurred in sinking them, and that many districts have been exploited which were not in the most profitable oil regions. But the production in these districts has more than kept pace with the development and there is now extended to Southern California promise of oil fields which will rival those of Pennsylvania and exceed those of Ohio. In 1898 the total net production of oil in California was $2,285,800. In 1899 the total production of oil in California reached a value of $2,833,500. For the past six months owing to the many wells which have been drilled throughout the oil territory (at a cost varying from $500 to $10,000) the production will reach a higher value than ever before during the same length of time. In the year 1899 the production of oil outside the Los Angeles field reached nearly a value of $1,640,000. This is a large amount of money to put into annual circulation and, to the credit of the oil men of Southern California, it may be said that a large proportion of these returns is being expended in further development.

In Santa Barbara county is the famous Summerland oil district, which is partly beneath the sea, with an output of 100 cars per month, and an average cost of production of but 35 cents per barrel, most of the oil selling at the wells at 90 cents per barrel, this is a most profitable district. About 20 carloads per month go to San Francisco, while the rest is consumed in the Oxnard sugar factories.

The Sunset, Coalinga, McKittrick, Mojave, and Bakersfield districts, in Kern county, are most productive. There are many flowing wells in Kern county, which are not over 150 feet deep.

The Newhall oil field in Los Angeles county 30 miles north of this city, is one of the oldest and best known in the state. The Pico, Elsmere, Towsley, and Wiley canyons are the sections of oldest development, but the entire district is rich in continuous oil producing properties. The greatest profit producing well in the state is the Pacific Coast Company's No. 4, which, pumping steadily for twenty-five years, has exceeded 400,000 barrels of oil. The Newhall Oil Company, which owns two hundred acres of land, is regarded as one of the most reliable non-producing companies in the state. This company has all the facilities for transportation and a sixty-barrel well within a short distance of its property.

The following is a list of recent incorporations, principal place of doing business, capitalization, amount subscribed, and company offices.

AQUILA OIL AND MINERAL COMPANY.

205 Currier building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock $500,000, shares $1.00, now selling at 10 cents per share. Oil lands: 1000 acres Santa Paula (Sespe district). Officers: R. T. Whittlesby, president; G. H. Aydelotte, vice president, and General Manager R. S. Baverstock, secretary; O. C. Sens, treasurer; State Bank and Trust Company, depositor.

BIG PANOCHE OIL CO.

519-521 Laughlin building, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock $500,000; treasury stock $250,000; shares par value $5.00, now selling at $3.00. Oil lands: 1880 acres Panoche district; 400 acres Panoche; 320 acres Kern River; 160 acres Coalinga; 80 acres Newhall. Officers and directors: B. Frank Hand, M. E., president; C. C. Morrison, treasurer; G. Berton Chaney, secretary; R. F. Morton and P. S. Brugere.

COLUMBIA OIL PRODUCING CO.,

Successors to Columbia Oil Company, Tajo building, Los Angeles. Capital stock, $1,000,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 50c. Oil lands, owns 280 acres and has lease of 620 acres Fullerton district, half interest in 160 acres Coalinga district, also half interest in the Franklin Refining Company. Officers and directors: W. L. Hardison, president; W. B. Scott, vice president; L. E. Mosher, Harry Chandler and G. L. Hardison.

COALINGA CRUDE OIL CO.

201-202 Stimson block, Los Angeles. Incorporated in California. Capital stock, $750,000; in treasury $350,000; par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 10 cents; 120 acres Kreyenhagen Range, Coalinga District, 320 acres Sunset-McKittrick District. Officers: W. A. Cooper, president: W. J. Johnson, vice president; J. W. Jones, M. D., secretary; J. A. Medlar, treasurer; H. C. Brown, attorney. Directors: W. A. Cooper, W. J. Johnson, J. A. Medlar, H. C. Ackerly, H. C. Knewing, W. J. Beaver, F. H. Redpath, R. G. Beebe and B. A. Bertrand.

COALINGA FUEL OIL AND GAS COMPANY,

228 West Fourth street, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $640,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 10c. Oil lands, 800 acres Coalinga district. Officers and directors: J. D. Mathuss, president; A. H. Merwin, vice president; Frank E. Walsh, secretary; Los Angeles National Bank, treasurer; E. A. Meserve, attorney; Dr. L. Dreath, E. L. Blanchard, John E. Yoakum.

CALIFORNIA CRUDE OIL CO.,

Douglas building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital and treasury stock, $3,000,000. Par value of shares $1.00, none on the market at present. Oil lands, 800 acres Santa Paula district, eight 50-foot lots Los Angeles. Directors: E. T. Stimson, Walter L. Vail, Major J. W. A. Off, T. A. Slocum, W. M. Garland, J. W. Evans, Dr. W. H. Davis, E. T. Off, Capt. C. H. Hance.

FULLERTON OIL CO.,

525-526 Douglas building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock, $600,000. Par value of shares $1.00, was sold at 25c. Location of oil lands, 50 acres Fullerton district. Officers and directors: John J. Fay, Jr., president; Thomas Hughes, vice president; W. L. Valentine, secretary; Merchants' National Bank, depository; Byron Erkenbrecher, G. R. Cobleigh, William R. Staats and J. C. Torrance.

GLOBE OIL COMPANY.

432, 434 Homer Laughlin building, 315 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock, $600,000; par value of shares, $1; selling price, 40 cents per share. Oil lands, Kern River valley, Soquel Canyon, Fullerton, Coalinga, Scully Ranch and Bixby Ranch. Officers and directors: A. J. Wallace, president; M. V. McQuigg, vice-president; R. C. P. Smith, treasurer; T. H. Noxon, general manager; O. Z. Hubbell, secretary.

GOLDEN RULE OIL CO.,

Room 301, 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock, $500,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 10 cents per share. Oil lands, 160 acres Los Angeles county, 160 acres Sespe district. Officers: C. W. Hyatt, president; J. A. Wachob, vice president; N. C. Whims, secretary; A. J. Clark, treasurer, and C. E. Harmon, general manager.

HAWKEYE STATE OIL CO.

224-226 Laughlin building, Los Angeles, Cal. Capital stock $500,000; treasury stock $360,000; shares par value, $1.00 now selling at 10 cents. Oil lands: 320 acres Big Panoche District; 80 acres Coalinga. Directors: Warren Gillelen, George I. Cochran, O. H. Stilson, J. H. Standring and L. J. Barber.

INDEPENDENCE CRUDE OIL AND MINING CO.

208 Laughlin Building. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock $500,000. Treasury stock, $400,000; par value shares, $1.00; now selling at 10 cents. Oil lands, Ventura, Newhall, Whittier, Fullerton. Mining lands: Chloride and Graham counties, Arizona; Cripple Creek, Col. Officers: Chas. J. George, President; Bann W. Riley, vice president; W. C. Nichols, secretary and treasurer.

IMPERIAL CONSOLIDATED OIL COMPANY

319-321 Laughlin building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $1,000,000; par value of shares, $1; now selling for 40 cents. oil lands—920 acres Newhall, 160 acres Santa Monica, 160 acres McKittrick district, 40 acres Ventura, 10 acres Summerland, 320 acres Brea Canyon, 160 acres Orange county. Officers and directors: Clinton Johnson, president and treasurer; Elmer E. Cole, vice-president and secretary; Prof. A. A. Macurda, H. E. Young, W. G. Rifenburg, oil expert.

LITTLE JOKER OIL COMPANY.

Offices, 236-237 Copp building, 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $250,000; treasury stock, $210,000; par value, $1 per share, now for sale at 10 cents. Oil lands—700 acres Puente field, 160 acres Newhall district. Officers and directors: F. J. Bauer, president; G. S. DeGarmo, vice-president; J. T. Bailey, treasurer; W. J. Ford, secretary; M. T. Knolte and Jas. M. Pearson.

LIBERTY OIL CO.,

Rooms 201-202, 202½ South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock. $300,000. treasury stock, $200,000. Par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 20 cents. Oil lands, 323 acres Soquel Canyon, 960 acres Fernando district, 1200 acres Santa Monica mountains. Officers and directors: J. H. Lapham, president; J. F. Jones, vice president; W. A. Hays, secretary; W. G. Baylie, treasurer, and O. C. Ainsworth.

LAWYERS' AND BANKERS' OIL COMPANY,

114-117 Bryson building, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of Arizona. Capital stock $1,000,000; sold at par value, $1.00 per share. Oil lands, total, 3000 acres, chiefly in Newhall district. Officers: John Bryson, Sr., president; Sheridan A. Carlisle, vice president and attorney; J. H. Smith, secretary; G. D. Sanford, superintendent; State Bank and Trust Company, depository.

MARINE OIL COMPANY,

Of Summerland, Cal. Offices, 432 Byrne Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Capital stock, $300,000. Treasury stock, $140,000. Par value of shares, $1.00, now selling at 35 cents. Oil lands: 32 producing wells Summerland, Cal. Officers and directors, S. W. Knapp, president and general manager; A. H. Busch, vice president; H. D. Lombard, secretary and treasurer; F. W. Samuelson and Albert Morton.

MONTEZUMA OIL COMPANY.

407-408 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock, $350,000; treasury stock, $150,000; shares, $1, now for sale at 25 cents. Oil lands—1,120 acres Fullerton, 80 acres Coalinga, 160 acres San Jacinto field. Officers and directors: B. H. DeJersey, president; F. W. Armitage, vice-president and general manager; H. P. Barton, secretary; C. W. Barton, treasurer, and R. A. Cambell.

NEWHALL OIL CO.,

417 Byrne building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona Capital stock, $300,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 10c. Oil lands, 240 acres Newhall district. Officers and directors: J. H. Anderson, president; C. E. Brooks, vice president; W. S. Montgomery, secretary; Warren Gillelen, treasurer; Broadway Bank and Trust Company, depository; T. J. Cochran, A. J. Wilson, Benjamin W. Hahn J. D. Nash and C. E. Brooks.

NICKEL OIL COMPANY.

220 Stimson block, Los Angeles. Incorporated under laws of Arizona. Capital stock $125,000; treasury stock, $90,000; par value of shares, 50c, now selling for 10 cents; oil lands: 30 acres in Los Angeles; 240 acres Coalinga district. Officers: George H. Appel, president; E. A. Beardslee, vice president W. A. Perry, secretary; Broadway Bank treasurer.

PACIFIC CRUDE OIL COMPANY,

310-312 Homer Laughlin Block, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock, $1,000,000; par value of shares, $1, now selling at 10 cents. Oil lands—320 acres Sunset district, 1,044 Piru district, 640 acres Calabasas district. Officers and directors: Geo. W. Walker, president; W. E. Cummings, vice-president; D. L. Wilbur, secretary; Robt. W. Kenney, treasurer; B. E. Corbin, Robt. T. See, E. C. Dieter and J. H. Nightingale.

OLD GLORY OIL COMPANY,

520 and 522 Laughlin block, Los Angeles, Cal. Capital stock, $500,000; treasury stock, $250,000; par value of shares, $1, now selling at 75 cents. Lands located in Fresno, Kern and Los Angeles counties. Officers: L. J. Barber, president; B. Frank Hand, vice-president; U. S. G. Todd, secretary; Broadway bank, depository.

PUENTE CRUDE OIL CO.

106-107 Stimson block, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of Arizona. Capital stock $3,000,000. Treasury stock, $2,350,000, $1—now selling for 20 cents. Oil lands, 874 acres Brea Canyon; 160 acres Sunset District. Officers and directors: Spoor Mackey, president; J. W. Evans, vice president; National Bank of Pomona, treasurer; Edward Kendall, secretary; G. A. Lathrop and B. E. Corbin.

PENNSYLVANIA OIL CO.

324-326 Laughlin building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock $250,000; par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 50 cents. Oil lands: Eight producing wells in Los Angeles; 160 acres Fullerton District; 160 acres Coalinga; 400 acres San Luis Obispo county. Officers and directors: I. N. Richards, president; C. S. Bellows, vice president; J. M. Brown, secretary; W. H. Townsend, treasurer; James V. Baldwin, C. C. Harris and R. E. Muncy.

RAMONA OIL CO.,

532 Byrne building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $300,000; treasury stock, $75,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 25c. Location of oil lands, 320 acres in Ventura county. Officers: C. E. Judd, president; H. D. Lombard, vice president; A. J. Wheeler, secretary; F. W. Samuelson, treasurer; W. E. Clark.

RIMPAU OIL COMPANY.

227 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock $500,000; treasury stock $300,000; par value per share $1.00, selling price 10 cents. Oil lands: 500 acres Fullerton district. Officers and directors: Adolph Rimpau, president; James C. Kays, vice president; C. F. Mansur, director; Frank T. Rimpau, director; Victor Montgomery, secretary; Lucien Earle, treasurer.

REDONDO BEACH OIL CO.,

Potomac block, 217 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $300,000; treasury stock, $175,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 10c. Oil lands, 200 acres Redondo Beach. Officers and directors: Fred H. Taft, president; Q. C. Hinman, vice president; W. Cresswell Mushet, secretary; J. Wesley Mays, treasurer; L. Morris Hughes.

RIVAL OIL CO.,

234-235 Copp building, 218 South Broadway. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock, $3,000,000; over 2,000,000 treasury stock. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 15 cents. Oil lands, 200 acres Newhall district, 400 acres Calabasas district. Officers and directors: G. E. Berner, president; B. V. Clark, vice president; W. H. Clark, secretary; W. E. Clark, treasurer, and T. T. Montgomery; W. J. Ford, attorney; California Bank, depository.

SUNSET DIAMOND OIL CO.,

26 Byrne Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of Arizona. Capital stock $1,000,000. Par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 25c. Oil lands, 20 acres Sunset District, 120 acres Newhall. Officers and directors: Louis Shively, president; John O. Miller, vice president; I. E. Tutt, secretary and treasurer; E. S. Tutt, general manager; L. Shively and T. E. Miller, Broadway Bank and Trust Co., depository.

ST. BERNARD OIL CO.,

Gardner & Fellner block, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock, $200,000. Par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 60 cents. Oil lands, Newhall district, 4½ miles southwest of Newhall station. Officers: S. B. Abbott, pres.; H. K. Avery, vice president and acting secretary; J. L. Brady, secretary; W. S. Bartlett, treasurer; Union Bank of Savings, depository.

STATE CRUDE OIL CO.,

439-440 Douglas building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock, $500,000; treasury stock, $300,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 20c. Oil lands, 160 acres Sunset district. Officers and directors. G. A. Whiteford, president; H. J. Fleishman, vice president; F. J. Peck, secretary and treasurer; Dr. Merritt Hitt, E. W. Peck.

SUNSET PETROLEUM AND REFINING CO.,

419-420 Douglas building, Los Angeles; 638 Market street, San Francisco; Bakersfield, Cal.; 532-533 New York building, Seattle, Wash. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital and treasury stock, $2,500,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 10c. Oil lands, 660 acres Sunset district. Officers and directors: J. S. Rogers, president; J. W. Evans, secretary; National Bank of Pomona, treasurer; W. H. Davis, G. A. Lathrop, George Easton.

SANTA MARIA OIL CO.

600 Frost building, Los Angeles; Mills building, San Francisco. Incorporated under laws of Arizona. Capital stock $500,000; par value $1.00, now selling at 10 cents. Oil lands: 320 acres San Bonita county. Officers and directors: Charles Behan, president; B. Marks, treasurer; J. B. Hoss, secretary; W. C. Wilson, James A. Kearney, and George Berg, superintendent.

STANDARD CRUDE OIL DEVELOPING CO.

206 Homer Laughlin Building, Los Angeles, Cal.; incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock, $500,000; par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 12½ cents. Oil lands: 30 acres Whittier; 380 acres San Luis Obispo county, and 160 acres Fullerton district. Officers and directors: J. N. Richards, President; M. L. Godfrey, vice president; C. C. Harris, secretary; O. H. Hubbard, treasurer; A. S. Longley, attorney; G. A. Chapel, Geo. E. Philippi, O. H. Hubbard, and A. A. Eckstrom.

SUNSET KING OIL CO.,

523-524 Douglas building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona. Capital stock, $300,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 50c. Location of oil lands, 160 acres Sunset district. Officers and directors: B. W. Hahn, president; George Easton, vice president; R. B. Dickinson, secretary; J. R. Atchison, W. M. Willits, Thomas Hughes, W. C. Mulock and G. A. von Brandis.

SANTA PAULA HOME OIL CO.,

H. C. Head, secretary, Fullerton, Cal. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock, $500,000; treasury stock, $250,000. Par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 10 cents. Oil lands, 313 acres Santa Paula field. Officers and directors: Joseph Melczer, president; P. J. Holson, Santa Paula, vice president; H. C. Head, Fullerton, secretary; E. S. Hall, Ventura, treasurer; F. J. Karten and W. D. Hobson.

THE GRAPEVINE CANYON OIL COMPANY,

357 South Spring street, Los Angeles. Organized under the laws of Arizona. Capital and treasury stock, $150,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 25c. Oil lands, 275 acres Newhall district. Officers and directors: W. A. Brown, president; J. P. Baker, vice president; J. W. Toms, secretary; E. L. Lewis, treasurer; First National Bank, depository; D. A. Stokes, superintendent; J. M. Hughes, I. A. Grove and J. Cannon.

TURNER OIL CO.,

510 Douglas building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $150,000; treasury stock, $18,000. Par value of shares $1.00, quoted on California Exchange at $1.12. Oil lands, 20 acres in Whittier. Officers and directors: G. W. Brookins, president; H. C. Turner, vice president; M. W. Turner, secretary; Broadway Bank and Trust Company, treasurer; T. C. Turner, John T. Kirkwood. Listed on both exchanges.

THE AMERICAN GIRL OIL CO.,

247-249 Wilcox building, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of Arizona. Capital stock $300,000. Par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 10c per share. Oil lands, 1400 acres Calabasas district, all on oil stratas.

THE KEYSTONE OIL AND DEVELMENT COMPAN.

228 Homer Laughlin Building, 315 South Broadway. Incorporated under laws of California. Capital stock, $500,000; treasury stock, $250,000; par value, $1.00 per share; selling until June 4th, 1900, at 10 cents per share; Oil lands: 640 acres in Summerland district; 160 acres Coalinga district; 320 acres in Sunset district, and 5 acres in East Los Angeles. Officers and directors: Hon. Lionel A. Sheldon, president; Nestor A. Young, M. D., vice president; Hon. Geo. E. Wallace, treasurer; Frank Records, secretary; E. L. Baker, superintendent; Ben Goodrich, attorney.

UNCLE SAM OIL CO.,

212-213 Tajo building, Los Angeles. Capital stock, $300,000. Par value of shares $1.00, no stock on the market at present. Oil lands, lease on 4480 acres in Kern river district, 19 acres in Los Angeles, cor. Sixth and Hoover. Officers and directors: Ferd. K. Rule, president and general manager, Monroe Markham, secretary; Los Angeles National Bank, treasurer; J. J. O'Brien, W. H. Metcalf, G. L. Hardison and James McLachlan.

WOMEN'S PACIFIC COAST OIL COMPANY,

334 Copp building, 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Incorporated under laws of Arizona. Capital stock $300,000; treasury stock $100,000. Par value $1.00 per share, now selling at 25c, no certificates for less than $5.00. Oil lands 320 acres Kern district, Los Angeles field, Placeritos Canyon and Summerland. Officers and directors: Mary Langley, president; Sarah Tomlinson, vice president; Douzelle Aldrich, Elizabeth Kenney, attorney; Broadway Bank, depositor; Stella Merritt, Marion Hasson and Rose Burcham; H. Hawgood, consulting engineer.

YANKEE DOODLE OIL COMPANY,

offices, 524-526 Laughlin building, Los Angeles, Cal. Capital stock, $500,000; treasury stock, $340,000; par value, $1 per share, for sale at 25 cents. Oil lands—40 acres in Newhall district, 40 acres in Kern River district, 640 acres in Sunset district. Officers and directors: Henry C. Dillon, president; John D. Fredericks, vice-president; Chas. H. Treat, secretary; First National bank, treasurer and depository.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

F. BLECH & CO.
PRINTERS
258 South Main Street
TELEPHONE MAIN 1361
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

ORANGE BLOSSOM BRAND.
HAMS Sweet and delicate. Home Grown, Home Cured.
BACON A streak of lean and a streak of fat—an ideal meat.
LARD The orange Blossom Brand lard is absolutely pure.
THE KNOWING HOUSEWIFE STANDS BY THE ORANGE BLOSSOM BRAND
Maier Packing Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES
When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices
Take Lunch at
The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE
128 West Third Street.

NEW MACHINERY
We have just put in a lot of new modern improved machinery and are better equipped than ever to turn out first class work.
A trial will satisfy you that our work is all right.
Acme Steam Laundry
'Phone M. 531. 327 E. 2d St.
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

Be Independent.
Non-trust Paint $1.50 gal.; Lead 7½c. Non-trust Wallpaper 4½c; Ingrains 8½c; Ingrain Borders 2½c; 7-foot Opaque shades 35c; Mouldings 2c per foot. Walter Bros., 627 South Spring. Tel. M. 1055.

Keep this Copy of the SATURDAY POST. It is Your Accident Insurance For the Next Week.

WATCHES FOR EVERYBODY.

Any subscriber to THE SATURDAY POST who will send us one new prepaid subscriber will receive FREE a watch that is guaranteed to keep good time for one year. This is not a solid gold watch with a Waltham movement but the celebrated YANKEE WATCH.

Plain, Gilt or Nickel finish Case, Roman or Arabic dials, winds, sets and regulates in back without use of key. This watch has hour, minute and second hands, and runs 30 to 36 hours with one winding. It is not a toy but a splendid time-piece. These watches are on exhibition at the office of the

POST PUBLISHING CO.
401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscribers out of town who take advantage of this offer will kindly send 4 cents extra for postage on the watch. Make all checks, drafts, and money orders payable to the POST PUBLISHING CO., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone Red 756.

AZUSA OIL CO.,

419 Stimson block, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $200,000. Treasury stock, $96,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 25c per share. Oil lands, 640 acres in Sunset district and 320 acres in McKittrick district, owned by the company. Officers and directors: J. C. Johnson, president; S. R. Headley, vice president; John Bittle, treasurer; Thos. H. Sawyer, secretary; George W. Merrill, director and attorney; W. A. Johnson and G. J. Read. Will move office on June 15th to 109 South Broadway.

CALIFORNIA STANDARD OIL CO.,

306 Douglas building. Capital stock, $200,000; treasury stock, $150,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 50 cents per share. Oil lands, three producing wells in Los Angeles field. 1320 acres Fernando; 640 acres Newhall, and 500 acres Redondo. Officers: Dr. W. S. Philp, president; J. H. Fawcett, vice president; F. C. Paulin, secretary; Cochran & Williams, attorneys; Broadway Bank and Trust Company, depository.

CENTRAL UNION OIL CO.,

300-302 Frost building, corner Second and Broadway. Incorporated under Arizona laws. Capital stock, $300,000. Par value $1.00 per share. This company has 880 acres 2½ miles from Fillmore, between the famous Bardsdale and Torrey wells, 20,000 shares at 20c per share, the proceeds to be used for developing purposes. Call at their office and get prospectus. Officers: C. F. Guthridge, president; W. L. Beach, secretary; Charles V. Stansberry, treasurer.

CROWN KING OIL CO.,

Fifth floor, Currier building, 212 West Third street, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $300,000; treasury stock, $150,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 20c. Oil lands, 541 acres Newhall district. Officers and directors, Dr. H. W. Brodbeck, president; Lee A. McConnell, vice president; Prof. I. N. Inskeep, secretary; W. R. Hervey, treasurer; First National bank, depository; Prof. James A. Foshay and Nicholas Clements.

THE HARTFORD OIL CO.,

107 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of Nevada. Capital stock, $500,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 10c. Oil lands, 2600 acres McKittrick district. Officers and directors: J. S. Dillon, president; F. W. Boynton, vice president; M. M. Davidson, secretary; H. C. Dillon, treasurer; Farmers' and Merchants' bank, depository; W. J. Dowds.

THE HERCULES OIL PRODUCING COMPANY,

230-231 Douglas building, Los Angeles. Incorporated under the laws of California. Capital stock, $600,000; treasury stock, $300,000. Par value of shares $1.00, now selling at 25c. Oil lands, 80 acres Newhall district, 240 acres Coalinga district, 120 acres Ventura county, 40 acres Kern River district, 12½ acres Baptist College district, Los Angeles. Officers and directors: F. H. Dunham, president; C. J. Wells, vice president; E. B. Merrill, treasurer; F. L. Hossack, secretary; First National Bank, depository; E. A. Beardslee, A. R. Hossack, F. L. Smith, George Mortensen and A. M. Gearhart.

OIL AS AN INVESTMENT.

It is undoubtedly true that the entire oil belt of Southern California, which, indeed covers a vast deal of territory, is destined to rival the oil fields of Pennsylvania, and already is becoming a formidable competitor of the Ohio fields. The Post in this issue prints a list of reliable oil companies. It is safe to say that these companies are incorporated for the purpose of discovering more oil, and not for the purpose of selling shares. It would surprise most scoffers to know how conscienciously the capital gained from the sale of shares is being used in the discovery of more oil. As a great layer of asphaltum and oil bearing sands covers the entire country a man who invests his money in buying stock of a company whose officers are honest and conservative, stands a fair show of making great gains. The oil industry is not ephemeral. It is lasting, and destined to play an important part in the great commercial welfare of this Pacific coast.

CIGARETTES MADE TO ORDER.

Ivan Strogoff, the Russian cigarette maker, late of San Francisco, has opened up a cigarette factory at 212½ North Spring street, Los Angeles, where he is prepared to make cigarettes to suit the individual tastes of cigarette smokers. The best of Turkish, Russian and Egyptian tobacco only is used in the manufacture of these cigarettes. Trial orders are solicited. Ivan Strogoff, 212½ North Spring street.

POST—

THE THINNEST OF MEN.

Claude Seurat Might Have Been Mistaken For a Skeleton.

Instances of remarkably thin men are not uncommon, but Claude Ambroise Seurat, who was exhibited in 1825, was such an extraordinary personage that no fewer than 10,000 persons visited him in a few weeks. Seurat was born in 1797 and was therefore 28 years of age when he made his appearance.

Astley Cooper, the famous physician, was among the throng who poured into the building in which Seurat received those who were anxious to see him, and in writing of him he said:

"Seurat is without doubt the most mysterious being I have encountered. His face is that of an ordinary man, somewhat emaciated perhaps, but not remarkably so. His eyes are bright and his voice is pleasing. Seen in the ordinary costume of the day, he in no way differs from the average foreigner, but stripped of his padded clothing he presents an astounding spectacle.

"His arms are mere bones, covered by parchmentlike skin and muscle, and flesh he appears to have none. He is therefore scarcely able to move his arms and legs, and walks, though without apparent effort, with extreme difficulty. On measuring him and weighing him I found that his chest measurement was 30¾ inches, which is fair; that his weight was not more than 45 pounds, the bones being much smaller than those of an ordinary man of his stature, who might weigh 150 pounds. In appearance, indeed, he so much resembled a skeleton that a shortsighted person might easily mistake him for one."

Seurat's food consisted of two or three ounces of bread and meat daily, and sometimes he took a little wine. He was remarkably intelligent and well read and picked up English rapidly. On arriving at places where he was not known he was accustomed to walk out in his padded clothes and did not attract any particular attention. He said that until the age of 10 years he resembled any ordinary boy, but that he suddenly wasted away. He died in 1849, aged 52 years.—Chicago News.

Our Early Forks.

Another fork has been found in Assyria, a bronze one like that discovered by Mr. G. Smith in 1873 at Kouyunjik. It has two prongs and is made of bronze. It is true that fingers were made before forks, but the latter have an ancient and honorable origin. Samuel speaks of a "flesh hook of three teeth" 1,165 years before Christ. Forks were used in Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and at Venice each person was served with one to hold the meat while he cut it. It may seem strange that three pronged forks did not come into general use until the seventeenth century. Those made of silver were long restricted to the highest classes, common folk not using them until about 1814. Four pronged forks are of modern date.

Where Tommy Atkins Gets His Name

Every British reader should know the origin of the sobriquet "Tommy Atkins." Tommy Atkins was the name of a sentry who, when the Europeans in Lucknow were flying for the residency from the mutineers, refused to leave his post and so perished. After that it became the fashion to speak of a conspicuously heroic soldier in the fights with the rebels as "a regular Tommy Atkins."—London News.

AT THE PISTOL'S POINT

By E. W. HORNING.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

The church bells were ringing for evensong, croaking across the snow with short, harsh strokes, as though the frost had eaten into the metal and made it hoarse. Outside the scene had all the cheery sparkle, all the peaceful glamour of an old fashioned Christmas card. There was the snow covered village, there the church spire coated all down one side, the chancel windows standing out like oil paintings, the silver sickle of a moon, the ideal thatched cottage, with a warm, red light breaking from the open door, and the peace of heaven seemingly pervading and enveloping all. Yet on earth we know that this peace is not, and the door of the ideal cottage had been opened and was shut by a crushed woman, whose husband had but now refused her pennies for the plate with a curse which followed her into the snow, and the odor prevailing beneath the thatched roof was one of hot brandy and water, mingled with the fumes of some rank tobacco.

Old Fitch was over 60 years of age, and the woman on her way to church was his third wife. She had borne him no child, nor had Fitch son or daughter living who would set foot inside his house. He was a singular old man, selfish and sly and dissolute, yet not greatly disliked beyond his own door, and withal a miracle of health and energy for his years. He drank to his heart's content, but he was never drunk, nor was Sunday's bottle ever known to lose him the soft side of Monday's bargain. By trade he was game dealer, corn factor, money lender and mortgagee of half the village; in appearance a man of medium height, with bowlegs and immense round shoulders, a hard mouth, shrewd eyes and wiry hair as white as the snow outside.

The bells ceased, and for a moment there was no sound in the cottage but the song of the kettle on the hob. Then Fitch reached for the brandy bottle and brewed himself another steaming bumper. As he watched the sugar dissolve a few notes from the organ reached his ears, and the old man smiled cynically as he sipped and smacked his lips. At his elbow his tobacco pipe and the weekly newspaper were ranged with the brandy bottle, and he was soon in enjoyment of all three. Over the paper Fitch had already fallen asleep after a particularly hearty midday meal, but he had not so much as glanced at the most entertaining pages, and he found them more entertaining now than usual. There was a scandal in high life running to several columns and subdivided into paragraphs labeled with the most pregnant headlines. The old man's mouth watered as he determined to leave this item to the last. It was not the only one of interest. There were several suicides, an admirable execution, a burglary, and—what? Fitch frowned as his quick eye came tumbling down a paragraph; then all at once he gasped out an oath and sat very still. The pipe in his mouth went out, the brandy and water was cooling in his glass. You might have heard them singing the psalms in the church hard by, but the old man heard nothing, saw nothing, thought of nothing but the brief paragraph before his eyes:

"Escape from Portland. One convict killed, another wounded, but a third gets clean away.

"The greatest excitement was caused at Weymouth yesterday morning on the report being circulated that several convicts had effected their escape from the grounds of the Portland convict establishment. There appears to have been a regularly concerted plan on the part of the prisoners working in one of the outdoor gangs to attempt to regain their liberty, as yesterday morning three convicts bolted simultaneously from their party. They were instantly challenged to stop; but, as the order was not complied with, the warders fired several shots. One of the runaways fell dead, and another was so badly wounded that he was immediately recaptured and is now lying in a precarious condition. The third man, named Henry Cattermole, continued his course, despite a succession of shots, and was soon beyond range of the rifles. He was pursued for some distance, but was ultimately lost to view in the thick fog which prevailed. A hue and cry was raised, and search parties continued to scour the neighborhood long after dark, but up to a late hour his recapture had not been effected. Cattermole will be remembered as the man who was sentenced to death some years ago for the murder of Lord Wolboro's gamekeeper, near Bury St. Edmunds, but who afterward received the benefit of the doubt involved in the production of a wad which did not fit the convict's gun. In spite of the successful efforts then made on his behalf, however, the authorities at Portland describe Cattermole as a most daring criminal and one who is only too likely to prove a danger to the community as long as he remains at large."

Fitch stared stupidly at the words for several minutes after he had read them through. It was the last sentence which at length fell into focus with his seeing eye. Henry Cattermole at large! How long had he been at large? It was a Sunday paper, but the Saturday edition, and this was among the latest news. But it said "yesterday morning," and that meant Friday morning last. So Henry Cattermole had been at large since then, and this was the Sunday evening, and that made nearly three days altogether. Another question now forced itself upon the old man's mind. How far was it from Portland prison—to—this—room?

Like most rustics of his generation, old Fitch had no spare knowledge of geography. He knew his own countryside and the road to London, but that was all. Portland he knew to be on the other side of London. It might be 10 miles, might be 200, but this he felt in his shuddering heart and shaking bones, that near or far, deep snow or no snow, Henry Cattermole was either recaptured or else on his way to that cottage at that moment.

The feeling sucked the blood from the old man's vessels, even as his lips drained the tumbler he had filled with so light a heart. Then for a little he had spurious courage. He leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud, but it sounded strangely in the empty cottage. He looked up at the bell mouthed gun above the chimneypiece, and that gave him greater confidence, for he kept it loaded. He got up and began to whistle, but stopped in the middle of a bar.

"Curse him," he said aloud, "they should ha' hanged him, and then I never should ha' been held like this. That'll be a good job if they take and hang him now, for I fare to feel afraid, I do, as long as Harry Cattermole's alive."

Old Fitch opened his door a moment, saw the thin moon shining on the snow, but no living soul abroad, and for once he was in want of a companion. However, the voices of the choir sounded nearer than ever in the frosty air and heartened him a little as he shut the door again, turned the heavy key and shot both bolts well home. He was still stooping over the bottom one, when his eyes fell upon a ragged trousers leg and a stout stocking planted close behind him. It was instantly joined by another ragged leg and another stout stocking. Neither made a sound, for there were no shoes to the catlike feet, and the stockings were remarkable for a most conspicuous stripe.

Then old Fitch knew that his enemy had found him out, and he could not stir. He was waiting for a knife to plunge into the center of his broad, round back, and when a hand slapped him there instead he thought for a moment he was stabbed indeed. When he knew that he was not, he turned round, still stooping, in a pitiable attitude, and a new shock greeted him. Could this be Henry Cattermole?

The poacher had been stout and thickset; the convict was gaunt and lean. The one had been florid and youthful; the other was yellow as parchment, and the stubble on the cropped head and on the fleshless jaw was of a leaden gray.

"That—that ain't Harry Cattermole?" the old man whimpered.

"No, that ain't, but 'twas once, and means to be again! Lead the way in

beside the fire. I wish you'd sometimes use that front parlor of yours. I've had it to myself this half hour, and that's cold."

Old Fitch led the way without a word, walked innocently up to the fire and suddenly sprang for his gun. He never reached it. The barrel of a revolver, screwed round in his ear, drove him reeling across the floor.

"Silly old fool!" hissed Cattermole. "Did you think I'd come to you unarmed? Sit down on that chair before I blow your brains out."

Fitch obeyed.

"I—I can't make out," he stuttered, "why you fare to come to me at all!"

"Of course you can't," said Cattermole ironically.

"If I'd been you, I'd ha' run anywhere but where I was known so well."

"You would, would you? Then you knew I'd got out, oh, old man?"

"Just been a-reading about it in this here paper."

"I see—I see. I caught a bit of what you was a-saying to yourself, just as I was thinking it was a safe thing to come out of that cold parlor of yours. So that was me you was locking out, was it? Yet you pretend you don't know why I come! You know well enough. You know, you know!"

The convict had seated himself on the kitchen table and was glaring down on the trembling old man in the chair. He wore a long overcoat and under it some pitiful rags. The cropped head and the legs swinging in the striped stockings were the only incriminating features, and old Fitch was glancing from the one to the other, wondering why neither had saved him from this horrible interview. Cattermole read his thoughts, and his eyes gleamed.

"So you think I've come all the way in these here, do you?" he cried, tapping one shin. "I tell you I've walked and walked till my bare legs were frozen, and then sat behind a hedge and slipped these on and rubbed them to life again! Where do you think I got these rotten old duds? Off a scarecrow in a field, I did! I wasn't going to break into no houses and leave my tracks all along the line. But yesterday I got a long lift in a goods train, or I shouldn't be here now, and last night I did crack a crib for this here overcoat and a bit of supper and another for the shooter That didn't so much matter then. I was within 20 mile of you! Of you, you old devil—do you hear?"

Fitch nodded with an ashen face.

"And now do you know why I've come?"

Fitch moistened his blue lips. "To—to murder me!" he whispered, like a dying man.

"That rests with you," said the convict, fondling his weapon.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Confess!"

"Confess what?" whispered Fitch.

"That you swore me away at the trial."

The old man had been holding his breath. He now expelled it with a deep sigh, and, taking out a huge red handkerchief, wiped the moisture from his face. Meanwhile the convict had decried writing materials on a chiffonier and placed them on the table beside the brandy bottle and the tobacco jar.

"Turn your chair round for writing."

Fitch did so.

"Now take up your pen and write what I tell you. Don't cock your head and look at me. I hear the psalm singing as well as you do. They've only just got started, and nobody'll come near us for another hour. Pity you didn't go, too, isn't it? Now write what I tell you, word for word, or, so help me, you're a stiff un."

Fitch dipped his pen in the ink. After all, what he was about to write would be written under dire intimidation, and nobody would attach any importance to statements so obtained. He squared his elbows to the task.

"'I, Samuel Fitch,'" began Cattermole, "'do hereby swear and declare before God Almighty'—before God Almighty, have you got that down?—'that I, Samuel Fitch, did bear false witness against my neighbor, Henry Cattermole, at his trial at Bury assizes, Nov. 29, 1887. It is true that I saw both Henry Cattermole and James Savage, his lordship's gamekeeper, in the woods at Wolboro on the night of Sept. 9, in the same year. It is true that I was there by appointment with Savage, as his wife stated in her evidence. It is not true that I heard a shot and heard Savage sing out, "Harry Cattermole!" as I came up and before ever I had a word with him. That statement was a deliberate fabrication on my part. The real truth is'—but hold on, I'm likely going too fast for you, I've had it in my head that long. How much have you got down, eh?"

"'Fabrication on my part,'" repeated old Fitch in a trembling voice as he waited for more.

"Good! Now pull yourself together," said Cattermole, suddenly cocking his revolver. "'The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand.'"

Fitch threw down his pen.

"That's a lie," he gasped. "I never did. I won't write it."

The cocked revolver covered him.

"Prefer to die in your chair, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll give you one minute by your own watch."

Still covering his man, the convict held out the other hand for the watch, and had momentary contact with a cold, damp one as it dropped into his palm. Cattermole placed the watch on the table where both could see the dial.

"Your minute begins now," said he, and all at once the watch was ticking like an eight day clock.

Fitch rolled his head from side to side.

"Fifteen seconds," said Cattermole.

The old man's brow was white and spangled like the snow outside.

"Half time," said Cattermole.

Five, 10, 15, 20 seconds passed. Then Fitch caught up the pen. "Go on," he groaned. "I'll write any lie you like. That'll do you no good. No one will believe a word of it." Yet the perspiration was streaming down his face. It splashed upon the paper as he proceeded to write in trembling characters at Cattermole's dictation.

"'The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand. The circumstances that led to my shooting him I will confess and explain hereafter. When he had fallen, I heard a shout and some one running up. I got behind a tree, but I saw Harry Cattermole, the poacher, trip clean over the body. His gun went off in the air, and when he tried to get up again I saw he couldn't because he'd twisted his ankle. He never saw me. I slipped away and gave my false evidence, and Harry Cattermole was caught escaping from the wood on his hands and knees, with blood upon his hands and clothes, and an empty gun. I gave evidence against him to stop him giving evidence against me. But this is the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God!'"

Cattermole paused. Fitch finished writing. Again the eyes of the two men met and those of the elder gleamed with a cunning curiosity.

"How—how did you know?" he asked, lowering his voice and leaning forward as he spoke.

"Two and two," was the reply. "I put 'em together as soon as ever I saw you in the box."

"That'll never be believed—got like this."

"Will it not? Wait a bit. You've not done yet. 'As a proof of what I say'—do you hear me?—'as a proof of what I say the gun which the wad will fit, that saved Henry Cattermole's life, will be found'"—

Cattermole waited until the old man had caught him up.

"Now," said he, "you finish the sentence for yourself."

"What?" cried Fitch.

"Write where that gun's to be found—you know, I don't—and then sign your name."

"But I don't know"—

"You do."

"I sold it."

"You wouldn't dare. You've got that somewhere. I see it in your face. Write down where, and then show me the place, and if you've told a lie"—

The revolver was within a foot of the old man's head, which had fallen forward between his hands. The pen lay blotting the wet paper. Cattermole took the brandy bottle, poured out a stiff dram and pushed it under the other's nose.

"Drink!" he cried. "Then write the truth and sign your name. Maybe they won't hang an old man like you; but, by God, I shan't think twice about shooting you if you don't write the truth."

Fitch gulped down the brandy, took up the pen once more and was near the end of his own death warrant, when the convict sprang lightly from the table and stood listening in the center of the room. Fitch saw him and listened too. In the church they were singing another hymn. The old man saw by his watch, still lying on the table, that it must be the last hymn, and in a few minutes his wife would be back. But that was not all. There was another sound—a nearer sound—the sound of voices outside the door. The handle was turned—the door pushed—but Fitch himself had locked and bolted it. More whispers; then a loud rat-tat.

"Who is it?" cried Fitch, trembling with excitement, as he started to his feet.

"The police! Let us in, or we break in your door!"

There was no answer. Cattermole was watching the door. Suddenly he turned, and there was Fitch in the act of dropping his written confession into the fire. The convict seized it before it caught and with the other hand hurled the old man back into his chair.

"Finish it," he said below his breath, "or you're a dead man! One or the other of us is going to swing! Now, then, under the floor of what room did you hide the gun? Let them hammer; the door is strong. What room was it? Ah, your bedroom! Now sign your name."

A deafening crash; the lock had given; only the bolt held firm.

"Sign!" shrieked Cattermole. A cold ring pressed the old man's temple. He signed his name and fell forward on the table in a dead faint.

Cattermole blotted the confession, folded it up, strode over to the door and smilingly flung it open to his pursuers.

Subscribe for The Saturday Post.

The Oldest Copper Mines.

The copper mines of Sinai, on the northwest of Arabia, were worked thousands of years before the Christian era. It is stated in "Comptes Rendus" that those copper mines are the most ancient of which history makes mention. According to authentic documents they were worked from about 5000 years B. C. until about 1300 or 1200 B. C. Their possession had been the object of several wars, but they had been abandoned for 3,000 years on account of the poverty of the ores.

It was from these mines that was obtained the scepter of Pepi I, a king of the sixth dynasty. This scepter, made of pure copper, is preserved in the British museum. The adits still exist, as well as the ruins of the furnaces, the crucibles, the huts of the miners and some fragments of their tools.

In some of the specimens obtained there occur three ores—turquoise, copper hydrosilicate and sandstones, impregnated with copper. Among the debris have been found slags and cinders, but there is no evidence of the use of fluxes. Some of the fragments of tools contain arsenic, which was used by the Greek and Egyptian alchemists for hardening copper.

Lots of Ribs.

Snakes have the greatest number of ribs. The boa, or python, has no fewer than 320 pairs. The rattlesnake has 171 pairs. The python, or boa, sometimes attains to an enormous size and has been reported as reaching the length of 30 feet.

The shark has 95 pairs of ribs and the conger eel 60.

The choloepus, or two toed sloth, has 46 ribs, 23 on each side, as against the 24 ribs of man.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Our Blue Flame Oil and Process Gasoline Stoves have very latest improvements. See the "National," also our Monitor Refrigerators, and Gem and Blizzard Freezers.

JAS. W. HELLMAN, 157 and 161 N. Spring Street

AMUSEMENTS.

Simpson Auditorium
Concert Direction J. T. FITZGERALD
Ladies' Philharmonic Orchestra
Mme. Isidora Martinez, Musical Director; Treble Clef Club and Soloists, in evening concert, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1900.
POPULAR PRICES | Reserved Seats, 50 and 25 cents. Seats now on sale at FITZGERALD'S, 113 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Grand Band Concert Sunday
BY THE
Famous Mexican Band 16 MUSICIANS 6 SOLOISTS
AT TERMINAL ISLAND BY THE SEA.
Take TERMINAL RAILWAY
Trains leave at 8.50 a.m., 10.25 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m.
Return at 4.15 and 6.35 p.m.
Information and Tickets 214 So. Spring St. *Tel. Main 960.*
Summer Time Card takes effect June 20th, with 6 trains daily.

The Saturday Post Insurance Against Death by Accident.

$500 Cash

Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.

The Cheapest Accident Insurance.
No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

The Post Publishing Company

ABBOT KINNEY.

S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,
401-402 STIMSON BUILDING
Telephone Red 756. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, One Dollar per Year, Payable in Advance.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH, 1900.

DECISION ON WATER POINT.

Neptune, the God of Water, waved his trident and Croesus opened one of the Towers of Silence. There marched out in laws linguistic, uniform, the drafted forces of Justice McKenna's decision. Column followed column, words piled on words, and the valuable advertising space of the Herald was occupied by a fine-spun web of law run well to its limit. We wonder whether the water syndicate went through the old farce of charging this work to advertising as in other water articles. In the water syndicate's advertising cases, one hand always knew what the other hand was doing. The members therefore stand in defiance to the rule of Christ. The spirit of prophesy, already celebrated in the Post, moved us to comment on Justice McKenna last week. Now comes the discursive opinion of this Justice on water corporations to demonstrate that the corporations and combinations were quite right from their side in forcing this judicial officer on the President. We do not say that McKenna is wrong. What we observe is that when a point has to be stretched it is stretched on the Trust side. The opinion published in the Herald covers nearly two large closely printed pages. A part of one page is occupied by an Oil Co. advertisement; oil is always smooth, and a part of the other page by one with the picture of a big fox. The business ability in classifying its advertisements thus shown by the water organ is worth recognizing. One or two of McKenna's points only can be touched on now:

1st. A city has rights and duties which it cannot grant away by ordinance nor be prohibited in carrying out. McKenna says that while this is so, on the other hand, the city can grant these rights away by a contract The people then can be divested of rights and defeated in the exercise of recognized powers by a corrupt contract. The law and the constitution seeking to preserve inalienable certain rights to the people can therefore be evaded in the interest of a wealthy corporation. All that is necessary is to buy city officers to contract the people's rights away for private gain.

2nd. The judge decides that the contract between the city and the water-workers of 1868 was in itself unlawful and void. The legislature, however, was induced "ex parte" and "ex post facto" to pass a special act in 1870 validating the invalid contract. The water-workers knew that the contract was invalid before anyone outside the ring did. So they tried to fix it up to pass muster. There were powerful reasons for this that have not yet appeared. The public will be shocked when the full facts come out. McKenna, in answer to the contention that the State constitution prohibited the granting of private corporate powers and franchises by special act; that the act of 1870 was special and therefore void, thus escapes. He says ,Yes; that is so. But the constitution did not prohibit the granting of special privileges to corporations then in being. This is fine and superfine web spinning on legal quibbles and technicalities. The intent of the People in the constitutional provision was to stop the granting of special privileges to corporations. It is as plain as the nose on McKenna's face that the act of 1870 for the water people was a special privilege grant. His decision on this point says in effect that an invalid contract can be made good by an unconstitutional law. Such "ex post facto" laws have a harder time running the judicial gauntlet when the corporate trust or syndicate is hurt than when the people are hurt. The erudite judge decides that "laches" or neglect of enforcing contractual rights will in this case run against the people and defeat them while not running against the water syndicate.

Thus on water rates. The city under the law and constitution fixed high water rates for the water company. These were sufficient in the enormous returns they poured into the water company's coffers, even for keen money men and millionaires like Hellman, Perry, Mott et al. They collected the rates as fixed and roll in wealth. This, however, according to McKenna, was not a consent that ran against the water company. With the city this view was reversed. The water company had from the city under its lease and contract only ten miner's inches of the river water. It has taken more and more water every year from the river. The methods of diversion have been by perforated pipes under the river bed, by a hole cut in the bottom of a city ditch, etc., always so as to avoid publicity or any knowledge of the fact by the people. The water thus surreptitiously taken is now from 1500 to 2000 miner's inches. Quite a difference from the ten inches of the lease to the 2000 inches of water taken without right. The fact that the city made no more protest about this than the water company did about the official water rates was a neglect, according to the Judge, that added the stolen water to the water company's leased city property. As to laches, it is a case of now you see them and now you don't. In the first case the consent was to a public ordinance, in the second case the consent was constructive to a progressive, unknown and secret seizure of city water. In the first case the consent recognized as binding to the parties diminishes the gain of a corporation. The consent consequently is nil. In the second case the consent recognized injures the city and the people. That consent is all right. The doctrine is that constant, habitual theft becomes a vested right. Nothing is said about the enormous revenues and profits which the unlawful use of the city water by the syndicate men has piled into their purses. The decision of McKenna in proper harmony with right would have flattened out the Water Syndicate in toto. As it is, the decision has no effect on the main points at issue over the people's recovery of their own water, leased and stolen ,and over their own plant. Why the Water Company should advertise the trust leanings of Justice McKenna at such a cost of space is hard to understand. But few persons can, or will, read such an article in a daily. The Water Syndicate's control of a newspaper organ seems only to lead it to satisfy its spite toward a free press for costing so much by taking it out on the hide of its own Herald.

PUBLIC PIPE AND WIRE CONDUITS AND STREET POLICY.

In 1880-1 the citizens and officers of Los Angeles were urged by pamphlet, letter and otherwise to provide for the great future of Los Angeles. It was pointed out that a street policy should be adopted with a definite plan for street extension, etc. This was never done. The result is a great deal of confusion. In the Hill district a vast amount of unnecessary grading expense has been incurred through the lack of an economic street plan. Picturesque effects and a great saving of cost could have been gained by taking up that side of the proposal. The lack of any official street plan has caused a broken-up continuity of streets. Different widths exist on the same streets. Jogs exist in streets. Streets lack continuity altogether. Some streets exist in fragments, a piece of the street here and another piece there. It is as though the shells of the African war had been exploding amongst our avenues and scattering blocks of them about in different directions. The neglect has gone so far that public streets, and parts of streets, like the central section of Figueroa, have been abandoned and even sold and built on as private lots. Fragments of Figueroa are now a mile or more apart. The culmination of this confusion is probably found in the east end of Buena Vista street. This street crosses Bellevue avenue at the Sisters' Hospital. It then passes around that prop-property and back into Bellevue avenue at an angle that, continued a block, would carry it again into itself. In the center of this crescent twist Buena Vista street exists in triplicate, and goes off east at right angles. Consequently at that point there are three Buena Vista streets, each one running in a different direction Sign boards scatter you to the points of the compass with equal impartiality for the street's direction It is perhaps for this reason that the house numbers in this section often jump a couple of hundred numbers from one house to another. A person looking for a number in that street, not long ago, said that he got into a state of mind that he could only compare to that following a night passed in the back room of a Pasadena pharmacy. He was a very good man. Los Angeles will soon have at least a half million inhabitants. Should we not provide a plan for future street additions?

At the same time the people were urged to adopt a public conduit system for all pipes, wires or other underground street uses. Paris was especially cited as a model and demonstration of the advantages to be gained. Not a street in this city was then paved. It was urged that no street should be paved until such conduits were constructed. The object was to prevent the waste, cost and inconvenience of digging up paved streets, and digging them up again and again. It was demonstrated that the proposal would prevent the frequent interruption of public street use by ditches, that it would prevent the injury, and often irreparable injury of costly pavements by the numerous private cuts and ditches constantly making, and that it would be a great economy in the end to all the corporations using the streets underground. It was also shown that the city could use its own conduits for pipes and wires and that the use of these conduits could even then, and in those early days, have provided a revenue from leases to users of the conduits that would pay interest and a sinking fund on the cost of the conduits that would pay out in eighteen years. Several of the persons then interested in corporations using the streets underground met at a dinner in Doll's old Downey block restaurant, and on an estimate furnished gave an informal consent to pay a sum for the use of such conduits that would have paid off the cost as stated. The corporation men were of opinion that the rentals suggested would inside of five years on all paved streets be of between 70 and 80 per cent, saving to them, over the private lines each one had to maintain, reconstruct, repair and connect. Two plans were offered. One was for a central combined conduit and sewer. The other was for a sewer separate and two conduits, one under each curb. The conduit plan was twice renewed before a single Los Angeles street was paved. The present Mayor of the city was City Engineer on one of the occasions. Just think what the city, the people, the business and all the underground conduit users would have saved and gained in every way by that system had it been adopted. The city would now have a conduit system complete as to paved streets free and revenue producing. The great increase of underground street users would have added to the advantages in saving pavements and cost to city and street users on one side, and added rental revenue for the city on the other. The recent expensive cut on South Spring from Seventh to Tenth for the Telephone Company calls up these old memories. Here is a new pavement just laid, ruthlessly cut to pieces. The cost of the cut is heavy on the Company. Access to it is incomplete. And the cost of even the half-baked political repair of the pavement is great. This is the first of a whole series of companies that have finally to get underground in that section. As things are each one will cut the street to pieces, expose the earth to the injury of health, impede travel, and injure, if not entirely destroy, an expensive pavement. And then over and over again for renewals, repairs and connections the paved streets and its users and the taxpayers must suffer. Why not adopt the public conduit policy now? No street paved or re-paved without a public conduit system No street to be dug up after being paved.

HOT ON THE TRUST TRAIL.

Many of our leaders are following the trust trail in full bay. They will do good in keeping the public attention to this grave question. Quite a proportion of the anti-trust politicians remind us of the blood hounds by means of whose wonderful sense of smell criminals were in some sections tracked and caught. The popular impression is that the bloodhounds were themselves powerful and terribly savage dogs. These dogs, it was thought followed the track of the criminal, silent and fierce, until coming on him they tore the man to pieces. This is also the opinion concerning some of the strongest-lunged anti-trusters. The truth about both bloodhound and many excellent political noise-makers is that they have a keen scent, and, put on the right track, can follow the quarry down to a finish. The course of the criminal is in each case published to the world by the noise the trailers make. But the politician is as harmless as the bloodhound really is. Neither tear anyone to pieces.

The principal political talk about the threatening trusts is for the control of these giant Ginns. The true and only complete solution, however, of the trust question is to remove the cause that creates them. These politicians, with the best intentions, are talking about the most difficult form of remedy. A form that is of doubtful result. How would it do to withdraw the foundation on which all trusts stand? The more thoughtful public men have long suggested this course. Why not try it? All monopoly rests on privilege. All privilege is made and maintained by government. Privilege is the foundation of monopoly. Remove privilege, and monopoly must fall. Some things, it is true, are of the order of natural monopolies. But all of these depend on the franchise grant of organized government for existence. The trusts made by the tariff will fall when the private taxes the tariff enables them to levy are withdrawn. There can be no other conclusion. When it comes to holders of franchises for installations and services that are or may become of the order of natural monopolies we can try to control them. Failing control of any one or all of these, we have but one recourse. Withdrawal of the franchise, expropriation of the property and the monopoly placed under public management. We do not wish to see public functions extended. At the same time the abuses, extortions, special privilege to rings and bribers like the great Standard oil danger, force us to the unwilling conclusion that America must control these trusts or it must destroy them. In case through a continuance of the plain career of American failure to control public franchise holders, we find ourselves unable to enforce reasonable and equitable service and charges, the public have but one other course. That is to take and run the business as a public function. The drawbacks to this line of action are great. We cannot enter upon them now. It is sufficient to say that this assumption of public utilities by the public grows every day to appear more inevitable.

A PLAIN SHORT CHARTER.

Let us have our fundamental city law on a sound and practical basis. The charter should be short and broad. That is a hard sort of thing to knock over. What the people need is a plain framework of principles, and a broad line of method, with the least possible incumbrance of detail. The defects of American city government, that have become so glaring and intolerable, have been sought to be cured in several ways. The first drift of reform effort was toward checks and counter-checks, detail piled on detail. This "No thoroughfare" is still followed by many. The direction of reform is now, however, on broader and better lines. The increasing length of city charters on the check and detail expansion plan did absolutely no good. The incomprehensible mass of details became unmanageable. In a large number of instances, by a sort of common consent, every one ignores these masses of technical rubbish. Both our city and county government could be today paralyzed through proper legal proceedings by citizens, should the Courts follow the letter of the law in their decisions. All our students of government, and most of our politicians, know the present local government to be on an uncertain legal foundation. Let us avoid this rock. It has been demonstrated all over the United States, and over and over again, that masses of detail, check and counter-check, do not produce good government. Leave the city government elastic. Give broad and effective powers to the officers of the people. These methods will secure to the city the best an officer has to give. With such a government under the touch and control of the people bydirect legislation, and power to dismiss public officers, there is no danger of political debauch, of popular betrayal to self-seekers nor of bribery and temptation being used against the public interest.

The Problems of Germany.

Her Recent Venture as a Colonial Power.—Dangers from Military Burdens and the Expansion of the Russian Slav.

Germany has grown with rapidity in industry and population since its reunion under the hegonomy of Prussia. The statement is made that it is now the second iron producer in the world; the United States being first and Great Britain third. The expansion within the new empire has been accompanied by an expansion without. Germany for the first time since the last days of Rome, has become a .colonial power. Germany has extensive colonial lands in both East and West Africa. From Spain she has taken the Carolinas. Many other South Sea islands have been seized or acquired, including Samoa's two most important. A portion of the north coast of New Guinea is under the Empire. Germany also has a large territory in China. Besides these possessions an arrangement with Turkey and Russia has given Germany a broad sphere or action in Syria, extending to the Persian Gulf. Germany has but one colonized district. This is in Southern Brazil, but it is not yet under the German government. The Emperor is anxious to secure territorial control in the district named. It is, however, by no means certain that the German immigrants to South America would like the military burdens from which they fled to follow them.

The commerce and the mercantile marine have recently expanded with remarkable rapidity. One reason for this growth of shipping with the growth of commerce in Germany has been the absence of restriction and unusual burdens on ship-owners. A German could buy a ship anywhere and register the vessel under the German flag. American shipping in contrast, has been heavily handicapped by burdensome forms and heavy taxes and charges. California commits the additional folly of taxing its own ships while unable to tax those of other nations. Our city and state ship tax is against sound sense and public policy. The worst feature of American shipping laws, and found nowhere else, is the absolute prohibition by law against the importation of ships to America. The special acts giving a few exemptions by favor to this unwise law, were accompanied by a subsidy and were granted to a company owned by the Standard Oil Company. American shipping laws have turned the shipping interests over to the ship building trust. This trust has for a long time kept American shipping at a low ebb and prevented expansion. An odd feature of this policy is the fact that foreigners have bought ships out of American yards at 30 to 40 per cent less than an American could buy the same boat. Germany has been free from this form of the protection folly. Its shipping has grown in competition with that of subsidized French ships and handicapped America. Free Trade England has alone exceeded the growth of German ships in the last ten years.

The German territory in Europe is confined. It is densely populated. The birth rate is high and strong. Therefore the Nation and the Teutons are branching out or expanding.

All Germany is not peopled by Germans nor are all the Germans of Europe under the German flag. The largest German population not in the new empire is that of Eastern Austria, including Vienna. Prussia can not afford to seek to annex these. Policy demands the support of Austria by Prussia as a balance to hold down the Slav population of Austro-Hungary and hold in check the Slav aspirations to the south and east and finally as an ally and bar to Russia. The great Slav expansion under Russia can flow out eastward for years to the savage expanses of Siberia. This country of vaster possibilities than any now unoccupied is likely in the end to make the Slav the world's arbiter. It will either be Slav or Teuton. Of this latter race the Anglo-Saxon is a part. The assimilation of the Slavs by the union of Pole, Bulgar, Servian and tribes of others under the Russian is in prospect. There is not so definite or in fact any such outlook for the three Teutonic leaders, England, Germany and America.

Another large body of Germans is in the Swiss Republic and not at all likely to seek entry to the German Empire. Russia contains a large number of Germans in Lithuania and Courland on the Baltic. There are also several considerable but isolated colonies of Germans in the Russian black earth belt. On the other hand Germany has a large block of Slavs in Prussian Poland and near by. It has a few Danes in Schleswig-Holstein, and quite a French population in Alsace-Lorraine. Under the present Emperor and strong military government, Germany would be a power and a unit in foreign war. The future, however, is not without its serious dangers for German unity. The south Germans, including Bavaria, Wurtemburg, part of Saxony, Hesse and Baden, do not like the Prussians. Hanover and most of the old small principalities have the same sentiments. America had something like these personal or district antagonism before the Civil War. There is nothing like it in America now. England has nothing like this feeling at home or in its colonies except in Ireland, in French Canada and in the Boer population of South Africa. In these cases, however, the anti-British feeling is far stronger than the anti-Prussian feeling in Germany. The power of the anti-English units is small compared to the power of the anti-Prussian units. Germany suffers from the military burden. This causes discontent and immigration. The strongest Socialist movement in the world is in Germany. Germany has little to fear from France. That country has arrived at the non-expansive stage. Marriages are late and children few. The native French population of France shrinks. It is being replaced by Italians, Swiss and Germans. In spite of these the general sterility causes the entire nation to stand still or recede. What will be the final result no one can say. This is an interesting contrast to the expanding and fertile French population of Canada. The French in Canada by their large birth rate in a self-sterilizing community of Anglo-Saxons and Celts threaten to entirely replace the Teutons not only in Canada but in the New England states, and this not only in race but language, religion and law. England made the same far-reaching mistake in her policy to Quebec that she is paying through the nose for in Africa. The United States in its former annexations by some happy accident avoided this tremendous error for all concerned. Florida, Louisiana and St. Louis, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, are as American as any other Union district. The American race threat is the negro and the Mongol. The two dangers to the German Empire are, first, from within, on account of sectional feeling, military burdens and socialist propaganda; second, from the expansion of the Slav under mighty and mysterious Russia. The tendency of modern politics as of modern industry is toward the absorption of the smaller units by the larger ones. The immediate outlook in Europe on the political line is a breaking up of Turkey in the East and the disappearance of Persia and the buffer states of India. Russia stands to get most increase from this. If this division is by European agreement, Germany may get Syria; Austria may get Albania and Macedonia. England looks for Egypt and Arabia France might be satisfied with Morocco. In the west Germany has set her cap for Holland and for Hollands' colonies. France here again might be arranged with by giving her Belgium, some of the purely French districts of her lost provinces and the lion's share of the Congo Free State. This latter African slice, however, would be likely to re-arrange the destiny of Morocco. Germany is expanding, and thus far politically on the same official lines as France, and up to the present at a cost greater than the profits. The expanding German population is going to countries not under German political control. Of these the United States and South America are the most sought. The interesting point in this is that a paternal government or one that directs the life of its individual units as much as France and Germany do, is at a marked disadvantage in establishing self-sustaining communities like those of the less personally governed Anglo-Saxon. It is the individual initiative combined with the power of creating Democracies that have produced the great Anglo-Saxon colonies.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

New Early Rose Potatoes, any quantity, lb. . 1c	10 lbs. Bone Meal 25c
80-lb. sack Rolled Barley 80c	5-gal. keg Cider Vinegar $1.00
80-lb. sack Heavy Bran 80c	5-gal. keg Sauerkraut $1.30
10-lb. Oil Cake Meal 25c	3-gal. keg Pickles 70c

ALASKA Refrigerators, FREEZERS, Etc.

Cass & Smurr Stove Co.

314 and 316 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES.

Largest and Best Agency on Pacific Coast.

Carefully Selected Help of all Kinds Promptly Furnished.

TELEPHONE MAIN 509

HUMMEL BROS. & CO., Employment Agents

Basement California Bank Building, Corner Broadway,

300-302 WEST SECOND STREET, - - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

THE PICO LAW

Providing for a State of Southern California

Following is an accurate copy of the famous Pico law, which has divided the State of California, and under which the new state of Southern California can be created. The vote in its favor had more than a two-thirds majority. Cut out this copy of the Pico law, and paste it in your scrap book; it will be valuable when the State division campaign waxes warmer.

THE PICO LAW.

Chap. CCLXXXVIII.—An Act granting the consent of the Legislature to the formation of a different government for the southern counties of this State.

(Approved April 18, 1859.)

The people of the State of California, represented in senate and assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. That the consent of the legislature of this State is hereby given to the effect that all of that part or portion of the present territory of the State, lying all south of a line drawn eastward from the west boundary of the State, along the sixth standard parallel south of the Mount Diablo meridian, east to the summit of the Coast Range, thence southerly, following said summit to the seventh standard parallel; thence due east, on said standard, parallel to its intersection with the northwest boundary of Los Angeles county, thence northeast along said boundary to the eastern boundary of the State, including the counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino and a part of Buena Vista, be segregated from the remaining portion of the State, for the purpose of the formation by Congress, with the concurrent action of said portion—the consent for the segregation of which is hereby granted—of a territorial or other government under the name of the "Territory of Colorado," or such other name as may be deemed meet and proper.

Sec. 2. The governor shall, in his proclamation for the next general election, direct the voters of the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and a part of Buena Vista, to-wit: such part as shall include all of the precincts south of the sixth standard parallel, south of the Mount Diablo meridian, at such general election to vote "For a Territory," or "Against a Territory," and in case two-thirds of the whole number of voters voting thereon shall vote for a change of government the consent hereby given shall be deemed consummated.

Sec. 3. The respective county clerks of the counties herein named shall make out a statement of the result of such votes, and transmit the same to the Secretary of State, in the same manner as by law they are required to do concerning the election of State and county officers; and it is hereby made the duty of the Secretary of State, upon the receipt by him of the election terms of the said counties and precincts, to make out a correct statement of the whole number of votes cast, both for and against the change of government; and in case two-thirds or more of the votes relating to the change of government be found to be in favor of such change of government, he shall certify to the correctness of such statement, and transient certified copies of the same copies of this act annexed, to the governor of this state, whose duty it shall be to cause a copy, with a copy of this act annexed, to be sent to the President of the United States, and to each of our senators and representatives in congress.

Sec. 4. The connection now existing between this state and the said counties and parts of counties—to the aggregation of which the legislature hereby consents, upon condition that two-thirds of the voters residing therein, and voting thereon, shall vote for such change at the next ensuing general election—shall continue to all intents and purposes, until the organization and establishment of a separate government therefor, under a law of Congress to that effect and no longer.

Sec. 5. Should Congress so act on the consent hereby given, as to organize a separate government for the southern counties, as herein specified, the legislature of the state of California to be held next after such action, shall appoint two commissioners, and the first territorial assembly, or legislature of the new government, as the case may be, shall, during the first session, appoint two other commissioners, all of whom shall meet at the capital of California proper, at such time as the governor of the last named state shall signify to them, which said commissioners shall constitute a board, who shall settle and adjust the property and the financial affairs between the state of California and the new government, and who shall, in the apportionment of the same, take as a basis the respective number of votes polled at the general election in 1858, in the counties and precincts embraced in the two respective governments; and in case the four commissioners, thus to be appointed, fail to agree, they shall nominate and appoint a fifth, and a majority of such five commissioners shall determine the amount of the indebtedness of the new government to the state of California, on account of the state debt at the time of her final segregaion, and the expense of the said commission shall be equivalent to that of the members of the sate legislature for a like or corresponding time, and be borne equally by the said state and territorial or other government.—Pages 310, 311, the Statutes of California, passed at the Tenth Session of the Legislature, 1859.

City News in Brief.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angelec, Cal.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS

The Events of the Week that go to make up the World's History.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The past week has witnessed the entire occupation of the Transvaal by the British forces. With no resistance the soldiers of Lord Roberts marched into Johannesburg to find everything, the outlying mines, the stores and dwellings intact. Had the Boers resorted to a policy of devastation and laid waste the country before the British advance the war critics agree that the South African struggle would have been prolonged. However, the Boer forces have left the country in good condition, the railroads and rolling stock, the mines and the farms, in the country little show the effects of a great struggle. Although the individual Boer is a man of great bravery, resourcefulness, and possessing soldierly qualities, yet it is to be remarked that the Transvaal army has not captured a single position during the entire war. On the other hand, the British army has found it almost impossible to capture any position, but has won its way by outflanking the Boer position and rendering retreat imperative.

On Saturday it was reported that the Boers had determined to make a last great struggle near Pretoria; that a war council of Boer generals had decided upon active measures, and the city was prepared to resist a siege of fifteen months. This rumor was dispelled later in the week, when came the news that Pretoria had been taken without a struggle, and that comparatively little resistance had been offered the British troops in any section with the exception of the capture by the Boer forces of a small portion of Rundle's cavalry. On Sunday press reports gave forth the information that President Kruger and about 10,000 men of the Boer commandoes were encamped on the railroad to Delagoa Bay, 40 miles from Pretoria. The Boers in the field are now believed not to number over 18,000. Captain Reichmann, the American military representative, says the Boers have not at any time had more than 25,000 men in the field. On Monday came the news that the Boers were coming in and surrendering their guns, and were anxious to return to their farms. Competent critics assert that it is only the Free Staters who are deserting. General Louis Botha and the Transvaal war secretary are highly praised by the British press on account of their humane disposition toward the English prisoners. Col. Dalgety receives commendation for his brave defense of Wepener against overwhelming numbers of Boers. Tuesday's news reports gave no trustworthy news as to the operations before Pretoria. The San Francisco Examiner said the Boer war council had assumed charge of the government, and still expected independence for the two Republics. The following important conclusions have been established: The avoidance of frontal attacks upon an enemy's position, especially in close order formation. The necessity of having the latest small arms and artillery. The undesirability of risking artillery, as General Buller did at Colenso. The value of effective scouting. The presence of ample cavalry and artillery. On Wednesday came formal advices of the capture of Pretoria. The Boer envoys in America say the war is not ended, and, undoubtedly, Filipino, or the guerilla method of warfare, will succeed to the present open method of fighting. The thirteenth battalion of Irish yeomanry are captured by the Boers at Lindley. On Thursday it was reported that Lord Roberts would not stop at Pretoria, but would proceed to Lydenburg Heights and Laing's Neck, where the Boer army is now ensconced. Friday's news: The Boers are reported as preparing for a final stand about twelve miles east of Pretoria. Kruger says the Boers will fight to the bitter end.

ORIENT.

Affairs in the Orient during the past week have been a severer duplication of the events of the week before. Our soldiers in the Philippines are meeting a warmer reception from the guerilla and underhanded tactics of the Filipinos than during the history of the war. The "Boxer" riots in China have become very alarming. Twelve American missionaries were killed this last week, and it will perhaps be necessary to send some of our soldiers in the Philippines to Asia in order to protect our interests there. It is said that the "Boxer" insurrection is encouraged by the Empress Dowager of China and that "Russian intrigue" is at the bottom of the anti-foreign insurrection in China. Germany, Great Britain, and Japan, are determined to stand together. If Russia seizes Peking they will protest and stand together. On Saturday last there came news from the Orient that over three hundred bluejackets of all nations have arrived in Peking, twenty-three warships are at Taku, and the Russians have 11,000 troops on their warships. Hare and Smith are promoted to brigadier generalships for good service in the Philippines. Captain Roberts of the Twenty-fifth Regiment and his two missing companions are still in the hands of the rebels. Sunday's news showed that more foreigners had been murdered in the neighborhood of Tien Tsin by the Boxers; the many times suppressed Filipinos show a vast increase in activity. From April 15 to 30, 600 Filipinos were killed by American forces, with a loss on our side of but six men killed and fifteen wounded. On Monday came an alarming message from United States Minister Conger, at Peking, that the "Boxer" outrages were increasing, and the Chinese government would not act. The United States will not assume any stand on the offensive, but will simply defend the United States legation and consulates, and such American citizens as may be in jeopardy. The United States does not contemplate any extended use of its troops or war vessels. Tuesday came news that the "Boxers" were marching upon Tien Tsin, and that Russia had begun an actual invasion of China, having 20,000 troops on the transports and warships off Port Arthur. Russia is reported as having sent cavalry into the interior. Wednesday's news: The Empress Dowager of China has ordered the troops to face all Europe rather than interfere with the "Boxer" movement. The excitement in China has reached an acute stage. Russia and France have troops on the borders, and so have the upper hand in the situation. On Thursday came news that there had been a bloody engagement with the "Boxers" near Peking. In the Philippines: Major March's men return from a hard chase after Aguinaldo; most of them are sick from hardship. The native officials are very treacherous, secretly favoring the insurrection. On Friday came news that another American gunboat had been ordered to Chinese waters.

EUROPE.

Affairs in Europe appear to have been unusually quiet during the past week. England has evidently made up her mind that the Boer war is practically over, and the normal course of politics has again begun to occupy public attention. Irish members of parliament are becoming active. The news from South Africa has excited continual rejoicing. France is adopting a strict peace policy, externally and internally during the Exposition. Spain's trouble in regard to the revolt of her heavily taxed peasantry seems to have subsided, for a time at least. Germany is building more warships and the city of Berlin will own her own street railway system, first-class in every respect. On Saturday came news of great rejoicing in London over the capture of Johannesburg. The Paris Exposition buildings and exhibits are still incomplete. Hohenlohe of Germany is bitterly opposed to the heavy meat inspection tariff bill. He says he is a friend of American products. There was little news on Sunday. On Monday came news that Stephen Crane, the author, had died in Belgium. Louis Klopsch, editor of the Christian Herald, writes London authorities of the fearful conditions in famine-stricken India. Famine, plague, smallpox and cholera provide corpses for dogs and victims to devour. Tuesday's news: The release of the Belgians who were threatened by the "Boxers" in China is said to be due to a stormy interview between French, Belgium and Russian officials, in which France sided with Belgium. However, France and Belgium are said to be friendly and are in pari passu in the Chinese aggression movement. Wednesday's reports from Algiers say that thousands of Moors are massing at Fuigig, and are preparing for a determined attack upon the advance posts of the French. The French troops are suffering terribly from the heat, but feel confident of overcoming the Moors. On Thursday the news told of the banquet to Mike De Young at Paris. Oxford University will have an "America" day. The German reichstag passes the naval bill. Lady Curzon, vicerein of India, thanks Chicago people for famine fund contributions. On Friday the reports showed London papers defined the future policy of England toward the Transvaal to be similar to that of Austria and Canada.

NATIONAL.

The great St. Louis riot has proved a disclosure to Americans of the danger of the growing mob spirit in this country if it is not quelled upon its first disturbance. During the past week the rioting assumed a dangerous form. And although it has in great part originated from the attempts of the Union street car men to prevent the non-union men from breaking the strike movement by working on the cars, yet after it has been started it has been mob rule without reason. Politics are pretty well focused now. The plague scare on the Pacific coast has occupied due share of attention. On Saturday came news that one more man had been shot by the St. Louis strikers, that the house failed to pass the anti-trust resolution; and the senate debated the armor plate questions and sent the naval bill back to conference. Sunday: A highwayman yesterday stopped five Yosemite coaches and robbed the passengers; cavalrymen are in pursuit. The House, with one negative vote, amends the Sherman act and gives the government more power to deal with trusts. Monday: Death of a Chinaman at 'Frisco was undoubtedly caused by the plague. Sunday at St. Louis was marred by pistol shooting and dynamite explosions. Governor Roosevelt announces that he will confer with the Attorney General regarding the citizens' petition to remove Mayor Van Wyck of New York from office on account of his alleged fraudulent holdings of stock in the American Ice Company, from which the city receives its supply. Tuesday: St. Louis street car strike shows no signs of settlement. Neeley's Cuban stealings said to range anywhere from $100,000 to $1,000,000. The house provides for the St. Louis Exposition. Wednesday: St. Louis citizens ask the Governor to call out the militia; strike riots continue. Women's clubs meet in Milwaukee. New York Democrats instruct the convention delegates to act as a unit, and adopt resolutions pledging support to the Kansas City platform and favoring the nomination of W. J. Bryan. Thursday: Several Democratic state conventions are held, and all favor the nomination of Bryan. Statement of appropriations by the last meeting of congress makes the billion dollar session "look like thirty cents." Dewey gets a great reception at Columbus, O. Friday: Millionaires Astor and Martin seek to evade taxation.

LOCAL.

The development of the movement for a new charter and the progressive work of our enterprising footpads have been topics strictly on deck this week. In mentioning the new charter it may be said that the Saturday Post was the first newspaper to publish anything in regard to a new charter, and is prepared to prove this assertion. On Saturday the Democrats met in convention at Turner hall and chose Stephen M. White and R. F. Del Valle delegates at large. In the evening W. J. Breckenridge was murderously assaulted by footpads. Sunday: Mr. W. J. Breckenridge, who was assaulted by footpads, died at 3:45 p. m. The usual number of clever sermons delivered. Monday: Charter convention meets in chamber of commerce hall in the evening. H. G. Wilshire released on bail pending a decision of the habeas corpus case to try the constitutionality of a bill board ordinance. Tuesday: "Suspected" burglar is under arrest. A teamster from the desert is relieved of $62. Police Officer "Bob" Stewart is dismissed from the force by the police commission. Wednesday: A temporary injunction is granted the Los Angeles City Water Company against the city, so that the present rates are not now enforceable. Thursday: City Attorney Haas says the Water Company injunction has no immediate effect on the city. News of big oil excitement in Ventura. Attorney Earl Rogers defends himself on the charges of disbarment. Friday: Good weather and everybody on the lookout for the Post.

A CONFIDENTIAL CASE.

It Brought Out an Honest Confession About a Stolen Hog.

"It has long been a matter of argument," said the old lawyer, who was in a reminiscent mood, "whether a lawyer should defend a man that he knows to be guilty. There is an argument on both sides, and I do not suppose it will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all.

"A good many years ago I had a case that set me to thinking, and I haven't yet determined what my duty was in the matter. At that time I had a small practice in a little town in the western part of the state. Upon my return to the town one day, after having been away a few days on a matter of business, I was called upon to defend a worthless character who had been arrested for hog stealing.

"At that time every one kept at least one hog to be killed in the fall and salted down for use in the winter. One of my neighbors had butchered a hog a few days before, and the party that I was called upon to defend had been charged with theft of it.

"The case was about to be called when I arrived, and I asked for a little time in which to consult with my client. This was granted, and taking him to one side I said:

"'Now, see here, the best thing that you can do is to make a clean breast of the affair to me, and then I will know just where I stand. Whatever you may confess to me I will treat as sacredly confidential, and I will do my best to clear you.'

"'I didn't steal his hog,' protested the prisoner.

"'Then where did you get the carcass that was found in your possession?' I demanded.

"'From your back porch, boss,' he answered with a grin.

"Then I remembered that just before going away I had left orders to have my hog killed, and I could only gasp. However, I went to work and cleared my client of the charge he was under and took the carcass of my own hog as payment for services rendered, but I had hard work treating what he told me as sacred and confidential."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mean Man.

Stories of all kinds of mean men are told, but a central Kansas exchange thinks it has discovered in Iola the meanest man on record: "It is said the meanest man in Iola resorted to the meanest strategy on record to get his wife to dig up the garden last spring. He sallied forth with a spade and a hoe and after scratching around awhile came in to wash the dirt off a nickel and a dime. He had struck it rich, he said. Back to the garden he went whistling 'Sweet Marie.' Directly he came in showing a quarter, saying he could afford to take a nap, having made enough for one day, anyhow. When he awoke, his wife had the whole plot dug up, but she hadn't found a nickel. She doesn't know yet that the mine was salted." — Kansas City Journal.

Munkacsy's First Success.

The early history of Munkacsy is, like that of many another popular painter, full of interest. Bitter indeed was the struggle he had to maintain before he was able to emancipate himself from the shackles in which untoward circumstances had bound him. It was not until he was nearly 30 that the exhibition of his picture of "A Condemned Man In His Cell" at Paris laid the foundation of his future good fortune. This work is not to be seen in the Continental gallery exhibition in London, but several others of his pictures painted in the early seventies are to be found there.

Where Hemlock Is Appreciated.

In parts of South America where mahogany is used for railroad ties and other ordinary uses the native business men are said to prize the cheap hemlock and pine boards which are sent in the form of boxes and crates from this country.

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

THE BURBANK THEATER.

Beginning tomorrow evening and all next week, Mr. T. Daniel Frawley and his excellent band of players will be seen for the first time in Los Angeles in Belasco and De Mille's great society melodrama, "Men and Women," This play was originally presented at Proctor's theater, New York city, by Chas. Frohman's Stock Company, with such extraordinary success, that after it's long run in that city it was taken on the road, where it's popularity was greatly in evidence from the fact that it played to a capacity business nearly everywhere it was given. Mr. Frawley first presented "Men and Women" at the Columbia" at the Columbia theater, San Francisco, where the reciepts were phenomenally large that it was continued two weeks longer, and was taken to the California theater, where it repeated its former success for one week.

The play runs as follows:

William Prescott, cashier of the Sixth National Bank of New York, meets Arnold Kirk. Kirk tells Prescott that by securing $105,000 in bonds, they will be able to speculate and become richer. Kirk promises to return the bonds by noon that day. Only three persons are entrusted with the combination of the safe—Israel Cohen, the bank's president; the cashier and his assistant, Edward Seabury. Prescott gives the bonds to Kirk and prepares to take a much needed vacation, as he has been in ill health for some time. Immediately after Kirk receives the securities there is a run on the bank, and the directors ask at once for the bonds, in order to avert an impending failure. Kirk speculates on his own account, loses the money, and does not return the securities. With ruin staring him in the face he shoots himself, but previous to this Kirk had induced Seabury to join him in a little speculation in which they were both successful. Kirk then paid Seabury's share of the proceeds with two of the missing bonds. Seabury had for some time been in love with Dora Prescott, sister of the cashier, who had returned his affection, so after receiving the bonds he was naturally very much delighted, as they would enable him to marry the girl of his choice. When William Prescott heard of the approaching ruin of the bank, he immediately returned to look up Kirk, only to find that he had committed suicide, and that Seabury had been accused of the crime, and had been dismissed from the bank by Cohen. The directors met the bank examiner at midnight to decide whether or not the concern shall suspend, and the dishonest cashier sits by and hears his assistant and prospective brother-in-law charged with his own crime. Calvin Steadman, a mean, vindictive lawyer and counsel for the bank, hates Seabury because Seabury's sweetheart, Dora, had once refused his hand. Prompted by revenge, he takes it upon himself to prosecute the assistant cashier to the full extent of the law. When Seabury becomes indignant at his treatment, Steadman produces a pair of handcuffs, and, laying them on the table tells Seabury that unless he becomes less demonstrative the cuffs will be placed on his wrists. After the meeting adjourns, the cashier, who is the real culprit, is filled with remorse, and in the agony of repentance he cries to heaven to guide him. He mechanically picks up the handcuffs left by Steadman and places them on his own wrists, and in this position he is discovered by Cohen, who always thought him the soul of honor. At this moment also enters Agnes Rodman, his sweetheart, the daughter of Governor Rodman of Arizona.

HOLLENBECK PARK CONCERT.

Sunday, June 10, 1900. Southern California Band. H. W. Coomber, director

March, "Hands Across the Sea"—Sousa
Waltz, "Danube Waves".....Ivanovici
Selection, "Bohemian Girl,".....Ralfe
Fantasie, "The Ambuscade".Laurendeau
A Coontown Cakewalk.
"The Men Behind the Guns.".....Sousa
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria".....Mascagni
Potpourri, "Irish Melodies".....Moore
Selection, "Martha".....Flotow
Medley, Popular Songs.....Mack
Patriotic songs.

Professor Markeberg will make an exhibition on the high wire. Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to the Park.

LOS ANGELES THEATER.

The title role in "Miss Hobbs" is that of a man-hater and one who believes she would become so aggresive that none of her sex, with whom she may come in contact, will suffer from the slavery she deems inseparable from matrimony. Without any idea of wrong doing, from her own point of view, she separates man and wife, and engages couples, all in the interests of morality and future happiness. Eventually she finds a man whom her standards do not fit, and whose personality is stronger than her own, and she gracefully succumbs to the predestination of her sex. So the play ends as everyone would wish it to do. Charles Frohman has supplied a company to support Mr. Miller of unusual excellence. Prominent among the members are Miss Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Dale and Miss Elliston. The men of the cast are: Messrs. Frank Worthing, William Courtenay, John Findlay, George Christie, Earle Brown, Harry Spear and others. The Miller engagement at the Los Angeles theater will be of two nights' duration, Wednesday and Thursday nights, June 20th and 21st.

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM.

The Ladies' Philharmonic Orchestra, Madame Isdora Martinez musical director, will appear in concert on Thursday evening of next week, at the Simpson Auditorium, under the concert direction of Mr. J. T. Fitzgerald. The membership roll of the Philharmonic includes some forty-five of the leading and talented players of Los Angeles. The programme arranged by Madame Martinez for the coming concert is one of the highest order from a musician's standpoint. Among the novelties to be presented is the celebrated "Fest Marsch." by Antonin Dvorak. Madame Martinez has received direct from Prague, where alone they are published, the orchestral parts as originally written, so that our lovers of music will hear this great composition in its original form and dress.

Other novelties will be brought out for the first time here The "Aragonaise" from Massenet's "Le Cid," with its picturesque Spanish dress and stately movements, will be one of the more interesting numbers of the programme. The "Venetian Barcarole," by Sudessi, with cornet obligato, the Allegretto, by Beethoven, etc., etc. The Ladies Philharmonic will have the assistance of the Treble Clef Club, of which Madame Martinez is also the musical director, and Miss Tessie Cook, harp soloist; Miss Laura Cotton, solo cornet; Mr. Hubert Whitehead, basso, and Miss Ada Showalter, accompanist. The very enviable position of the Treble Clef Club is so well known in Los Angeles that the simple mention of its participation in the concert is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the performance.

Among the patrons of the Ladies' Philharmonic are the Rt. Rev. J. H. Johnson, Bishop of Southern California, and Mrs. Johnson, Hon. Stephen M. White and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. John Wigmore, Col. J. G. Chandler and Mrs. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Judge J. S. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bourke, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. E. T. Brown, Mrs. A. L. Danskin, Mrs. Charles N. Flint, Judge J. W. Hendrick and Mrs. Hendrick.

ORPHEUM.

Etta Butler, declared by the New York critics to be the "greatest mimic in America," will be the chief new star of the vaudeville bill at the Orpheum next week. She is a California girl who went to New York, unheralded, and there scored one of the most sensational successes in the history of theatricals. She will impersonate a dozen of the famous men and women of the stage next week—Olga Nethersole, May Irwin, Mrs. Fiske, Modjeska and others. Miss Butts is the niece of ex-Police Commissioner Tom Goss, the well known Angeleno.

Ezra Kendall who has drawn packed houses to the Orpheum this week, and scored an enormous hit; will remain one more week. He will have an entirely new budget of songs, stories and jokes.

TWO QUESTIONS.

There are two things to be considered when it comes to the interior decoration of your home—

WHAT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE
and WHAT IT OUGHT TO COST!

McGRATH'S is the place to settle those questions. The stock—the styles, both standard and novelties, and the taste, judgment and experience are to be found there. See McGrath and the question of price will settle itself.

When the Subject of Wall Paper Arises See
T. FRANK McGRATH, 414 South Broadway.

Any of the Following PORTS Are Good to Sail Into

5-year-old Port Wine, per gal	50c.	10-year-old Port Wine per gal	$1.00
8-year-old Port Wine per gal	75c.	20-year-old Port Wine per gal	$1.50

Age and Purity Guaranteed. Call for FREE SAMPLES

Edward Germain Wine Co.,

397-399 Los Angeles St., Cor. 4th. No Bar. Open Evenings. Tel. Main 919.

A Genuine Turquoise Ring Free.

Subscribers to the Saturday Post can secure a one caret genuine turquoise set in a 14 caret solid gold ring by sending ten subscriptions to the Saturday Post (the best weekly on the Pacific Coast) at $1.00 each per year.

These turquoise rings are made and guaranteed by the Pacific Gem Co., cutters of precious stones, South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., and are worth at least $10 each.

Subscribe to the Saturday Post yourself, get ten of your friends to subscribe through you and get this beautiful ring. On exhibition at office of the Post Publishing Co. For samples apply to the

Post Publishing Co., *401-402 Stimson Block.*

HAMMAM **Turkish Baths 50c.**
Reduced From $1.00
210 South Broadway. Tel. Green 427. Open Day & Night.

Premiums for Subscribers
To the Saturday Post

THE SATURDAY POST presents its readers the following list of premiums which will be given away absolutely free for new prepaid subscribers to THE SATURDAY POST. NONE BUT SUBSCRIBERS CAN SECURE THESE PREMIUMS.

FOR ONE NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTION.

A Yankee Watch, guaranteed to keep good time for one year.

FOR FOUR NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Yankee Camera, size 4x5. This camera is in all respects first class.

FOR TEN NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A genuine 1 caret Turquoise Set in a Solid Gold Ring (rings made and guaranteed by the Pacific Gem Co., South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.)

FOR TWENTY NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Camping Outfit complete, consisting of a tent 10x12 feet, two canvas cots, two mattresses, two pillows, two comfortables, two camp stools and one camp table.

FOR 100 NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Deed to a lot at Ocean Park, Santa Monica. This lot is near the electric Railroad, the Santa Fe Station and Postoffice.

For further particulars in regard to these premiums apply at the offices of the POST PUBLISHING CO., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone Red 756.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL

BY

GUY BOOTHBY

AUTHOR OF

A BID FOR FORTUNE, DR. NIKOLA

THE MARRIAGE OF ESTHER, ETC.

Copyright, 1898, by D. Appleton and Company.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER 1.—Dr. De Normanville, an English physician at Hongkong, hears of a woman called the Beautiful White Devil, making her home on an island in the Pacific, of which she is the sovereign and leading a piratical life in a white yacht on the ocean. Dr. De Normanville receives a call from a stranger who engages his professional services to go to an unknown place to treat an epidemic of smallpox. They leave Hongkong that night on a Chinese junk. The Chinese crew prove treacherous and attack Dr. De Normanville and his companion and are cowed only after four of their number are killed. Dr. De Normanville is wounded and loses consciousness just as they come in sight of the mysterious schooner to which they are to be transferred. When Dr. De Normanville regains consciousness he finds himself on board the Lone Star, the yacht of The Beautiful White Devil. He is treated with great courtesy by that mysterious lady who relates to him much of interest concerning herself and her adventures. De Normanville is conducted to the island home of Alie, the Beautiful White Devil, where he fights an epidemic of small pox. When the plague is conquered De Normanville is so completely worn out with his duties that Alie plans a little excursion into the mountains. They have an enchanting trip and Dr. De Normanville falls in love with the Beautiful White Devil and urges her to marry him and give up her life of adventure. She is firm in her refusal to marry him but promised to give him his answer in one year if he still desires to marry her. Their excursion is broken up by the arrival of a messenger who brings tidings of treachery of an agent who wishes to betray the Beautiful White Devil into the hands of the British navy. It is decided that the only safe method of ridding herself of this menace is to abduct this agent and make him a prisoner on the island. Dr. De Normanville decides to accompany her and aid her in this adventure. Leaving the island the party meet at Batavia, where Alie personates an American girl. They go to Singapore and Alie, as Miss Sanderson, meets Ebbington, the man who would betray her to the authorities, and accepts his attentions. Ebbington is induced to invite her for a trip about the harbor. During the trip Alie makes herself known, orders the launch out to sea and transfers Ebbington to the Lone Star.

CHAPTER X.

RETRIBUTION.

I had seen nothing of Alie since I had said good night to her the previous evening, nor did I receive an invitation to visit her until breakfast had been over some time. Then Walworth entered my cabin.

"Her ladyship," he said, taking a seat on my locker, "has sent me to say that she would be glad to see you aft, if you could spare a few moments. Before you go I want to explain the situation to you. The matter on hand, as you may guess, is the case of that scoundrel Ebbington, and as he will be present she thinks it best that a little precaution should be observed."

"In what way do you mean?" I answered. "Of course I am ready to do anything she may wish, but I'd like to have my instructions clearly explained to me first."

"Well, I have been commissioned to inform you that she thinks it would be better in case of accident that Ebbington should suppose she has abducted you as well as himself. That is to say, instead of being her guest on board the schooner you are her prisoner. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. She is afraid lest any harm should occur to me, when I leave her yacht, by reason of my association with her. It is like her thoughtfulness."

"Shall we go?"

I signified my assent, and we set off. When we reached Alie's cabin, we found her reclining on a couch at the farther end, the bulldog as usual at her feet. She held a packet of papers in her hand, which previous to our arrival it was evident she had been perusing. At the other end, near the companion ladder, but on the starboard side, between two sailors stood the prisoner, Ebbington. He looked, as well he might, hopelessly miserable. He opened his eyes in astonishment when he saw me enter. I, however, crossed the cabin with Walworth and stood on the port side without letting him see that I recognized him. Then solemn silence fell upon us all for nearly a minute. While it lasted Alie sat with her chin on her hand, staring steadfastly at Ebbington. Under her gaze he lowered his eyes, and when I noticed that his fingers twined convulsively over and round each other I could imagine the state of his mind. The fellow was plainly as frightened as it was possible for him to be. Then Alie lifted her head and spoke in a voice as soft as a kitten's purr.

"Mr. Ebbington," she said, "do you know me?"

He did not answer, but I saw the first finger and thumb of his right hand clutch at his trousers leg and hold it tight. That action was more significant than any words. Again she spoke:

"Mr. Ebbington," she said, "my trusted servant, my faithful friend, my honorable agent, I ask you again do you know me?"

Once more he refused to answer.

"You seem undecided. Well, then, let me trespass upon your time and tell you a little story, which will perhaps help you to remember. You may listen, Dr. De Normanville, if you please. You must know, Mr. Ebbington, that once upon a time there was a woman who, for no fault of her own, found herself at enmity with the world. She had necessarily to be continually moving from place to place and to be always on her guard against betrayal. The better, therefore, to conduct her business she engaged a man to reside in a certain place and to supply her from time to time with certain important information. The man was poor; she made him rich. He had nothing; she gave him everything. He was despised; she made him honored. He was in trouble; she saved him, not once, but twice, and made him happy.

"You, Mr. Ebbington, who are such an honorable man, would think that that man would have been grateful, wouldn't you? Well, he pretended to be, and perhaps for a little time he really was. But his feelings soon underwent a change toward his benefactress. When he had money, he wanted more. He knew his employer's secret, and at last, as a brilliant finale, he resolved to trade upon it. Then what idea do you think came into that faithful servant's mind? You will never guess. Why, neither more nor less than the betrayal of his benefactress to her enemies. And for what reward, think you? Millions? A million? For half a million? A quarter? No, no! For the miserable sum of £5,000. It seems incredible that a man could be so foolish and so base, doesn't it? But, nevertheless, it is true. Perhaps he thought the woman, having escaped so often, must inevitably be caught before long, and being a business man he remembered the old adage that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' At any rate, he went to the authorities—this noble, trustworthy, grateful man—and, like Judas, proffered his perfidy for a price. But he was bargaining without his host—or hostess. For if he could be so clever the woman could be cleverer still. She was warned in time, and thereupon hatched a counterplot for his destruction. How well that plot has succeeded I don't think I need tell you, Mr. Ebbington. Dr. De Normanville, I am exceedingly sorry that you should have been drawn into it too. But under the circumstances you will see that it was quite impossible for me to leave you behind to give evidence against me. You need have no fear, however. If you will pass your solemn word to me that you will reveal nothing concerning me or my actions when you go back to civilization, I will trust you so far as to give you your freedom again, and on the first possible opportunity. Do you think you can let me have that promise?"

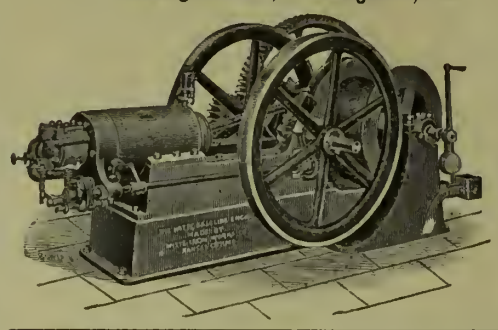
I saw the part I was expected to

Machinery

BOOTHE

Manufacturing and Supply Co.

126 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines

COMPLETE

IRRIGATING PLANTS

Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE

Gasoline Engines

—ARE—

Simple

Reliable

Durable

FULLY GUARANTEED.

Model GAS *Ranges*

And Instantaneous Water Heaters Have

REDUCED

Many of the Unpleasant Features of Housekeeping *TO* a Minimum.

The Cheapest and Best Light and Fuel Is

GAS AT **$1.50** Per 1000 Cu. Ft.

The rate which takes effect July 1st. These modern necessities as well as other GAS APPLIANCES on sale AT ABSOLUTE COST.—Cash or Installments.

LOS ANGELES LIGHTING CO.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891

—*SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.*—

Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical

A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets

Polished oak floors **$1.25 per Sq. Yard.** Will last a life-time. **Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.**

JOHN A. SMITH 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from

JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street *Telephone Main 538*

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS

Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.

ROBT. JORDAN Telephone Main 217 641 South Broadway

Ocean Park.

THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.

T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P. O.

play and at once fell in with it. Affecting to take time to consider, I presently said:

"What can I do? I am in your hands entirely, and it would be worse than useless for me to resist. I will give you that promise, of course."

"Very good. Then I will let you go."

To the men guarding Ebbington she gave an order in their own tongue, and they at once removed their prisoner. Then, turning to Walworth, she said:

"The mailboat is evidently in sight. Were your instructions explicit to the men on board her? Do you think they thoroughly understand what work they have to do?"

"Thoroughly," he answered. "I schooled them myself. There will be no bungling, you may rest assured. Matheson is in command, and he has never failed us yet."

"In what capacities did they ship?"

"Matheson as a missionary bound for Shanghai, Calderman as a tourist for Nagasaki, Burns as a tea merchant for Fuchau, Alderney as a newspaper correspondent to the east generally, Braham as an American mill owner traveling home via Yokohama and San Francisco, Balder as an Indian civilian on furlough visiting Japan."

"Very good. And you instructions to them?"

"Will be rigidly carried out. As they come up with the yacht, after seeing our signal of distress, Matheson and Balder will make an excuse and get upon the bridge. Once there they will cover the officer of the watch with their revolvers and do the same for the skipper if he is there or directly he comes on deck. They will then compel him to heave to. Burns by this time will have taken his station at the first saloon companion ladder, Alderney doing the same at the second. Calderman will be at the engine room door and Braham at the forecastle. Then we shall send a boat and take off our man."

"That will do, Mr. Walworth. You have arranged it admirably, and I am sincerely obliged to you."

A flush of pleasure rose on the man's usually sallow cheek. He did not answer, however; only bowed and went on deck. Then Alie turned to me.

"Dr. De Normanville," she said, "I have not yet thanked you for your help in this last adventure. Without your assistance I don't know whether I could possibly have brought it to such a successful issue."

"You must not thank me," I answered. "Is it possible that you can imagine I would have let that scoundrel betray you? Alie, you know how much I— But there, I have given you my promise, so I must not say what I want to do."

She took my hand and looked into my face with a sweet smile that was very different from the one she had worn when she talked to Ebbington.

"Not yet," she said very softly. "Some day you shall say it as often as you please. In the meantime we must get to business. Will you come on deck and see this comedy played out or would you rather remain down here?"

"I should like to go on deck with you," I answered, and we accordingly went up the companion ladder together. When we emerged from the hatch, what a change was there. I looked and could hardly believe my eyes. Aloft, where only an hour before the two well staid masts had reared their graceful heads, now hung a raffle of broken timber and disordered cordage. Forrard of the foremast the port bulwark was completely broken down, or appeared to be, while over the side from it hung another display of broken gear. In spite of the gay awning aft and the R. C. Y. S. burgee at the gaff end the Lone Star presented the appearance of a complete wreck. But the meaning of it all was what puzzled me. However, I had not very long to wait before I received enlightenment.

Alie had gone aft and was now leaning against the port bulwark watching with a glass the movements of a large steamer fast rising on the horizon. I strolled up just in time to hear her say to Walworth and the officer of the watch, who were both watching it:

"She is steering directly for us. Run up the English ensign to half mast, Mr. Patterson, and when you think she's near enough throw out more urgent signals for assistance."

Her orders were carefully obeyed, and before very long the vessel was near enough for us to distinguish her answering pennant. The wind had completely dropped by this time, and the sea was as smooth as glass.

When the vessel was scarcely more than two miles distant, Alie turned to her chief officer and said:

"I think she's close enough now. Tell her that we're going to send a boat."

While she was speaking a string of flags had broken out upon the mailboat.

Walworth read them through the glass he held in his hand.

"She wants to know our name."

"Reply 'Yacht Sagittarius, owner Lord Melkard, from Rangun to Nagasaki.' He is one of the directors of the company, and that will induce them to give us their immediate attention, or I shall be very much surprised."

She was quite right, for no sooner had the message been deciphered than another went up.

Again Walworth reported. This time it ran:

"Send your boat."

"Dispatch the boat," said Alie.

Instantly Walworth and the tall man with the scar on his face, whose name I have said was Patterson, went forrard, and within three minutes Alie's own gig was manned and overboard. Walworth, I noticed, was in command of her, so I took up the glass he had left upon the skylight and brought it to bear upon the mailboat, now less than a mile distant. She presented a handsome picture as she lay there, her great bulk riding upon the smooth water as securely as if it would be possible for her to defy the elements, whatever storm might rage.

With the aid of the strong glass I was using I could plainly distinguish her, and from the scarcity of passengers on her decks it was evident that something unusual was occurring on board. Presently our boat got alongside and the gangway was lowered. A consultation seemed to be going on upon the bridge, and after a few moments a man was seen to ascend and descend the steps leading to it. Five minutes later two men passed down the gangway, and once more our boat put off to us.

When she had overcome about half the distance, I chanced to look forrard. To my surprise the raffle, which a few moments before had been disfiguring the side, was gone, and even the bulwark itself had recovered its proper shade and comeliness. Moreover, the tarpaulin which had hitherto covered the center of the deck was being removed, and by the time the boat had completed three parts of the distance that separated us from the steamer a funnel had been uncovered and erected. The chief officer came aft.

"Is everything prepared, Mr. Patterson?" inquired Alie.

"Everything, madam," replied the officer, looking at the boat.

"Steam up?"

"It has been for the last five minutes."

"Very well then, pipe all hands to quarters and stand by to receive the boat when she comes alongside."

As she finished speaking the officer blew a whistle, and immediately the crew, who had hitherto been ordered to remain below, appeared on deck and placed themselves at their respective posts. Against the foremast I noticed a curious mechanical contrivance, the use of which at any other time I should have inquired. Now, however, there was a look upon Alie's face that warned me not to be too inquisitive.

At last the boat came alongside, the gangway was lowered, and a moment later Walworth, accompanied by a big, clumsily built man with a heavy, sensual face, small ferretty eyes, a curled mustache and dark hair, appeared up the side. He seemed to wonder what was required of him, and it was evident that so far he had no idea into whose hands he had fallen. I glanced at Alie as he appeared on deck, to discover that she was regarding him out of half closed eyes, just as she had looked at Kwong Fung before she had ordered him off to execution and at Ebbington in the cabin half an hour before.

"Will you let me say that I am more than pleased to see you, Mr. Barkmansworth?" she said in her silkiest tone as

The Sonora Yard
Frank Giambastiani, Prop.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer In
Wood, Coal, Hay and Grain.
The only burner of steady, pure, Live Oak Charcoal in Southern California. Yard and office cor. San Fernando and Alpine Sts., facing head of New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Telephone Black 2911.

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. *Telephone Main 561.*

CUT THIS OUT. Good for 10c.
Discount, in Trade, May 26th to June 26th, 1900, at the
CITY DYE WORKS
Cleaners and Dyers
345 South Broadway LOS ANGELES

BUY YOUR **SHOES** AT THE
Queen Shoe Store
162-164 North Main Street

PALACE MARKET
EVERHARDY & WREDEN, Proprietors
Dealers in Fresh Meats, Poultry, Game, Oysters
Cor. 3d and Spring Sts. *Tel. Main 415*

Buy Your Roll Paper and Twine
FROM.....
Blake, Moffitt & Towne,
146 North Los Angeles St.

Western Fish Co.,
BARACUDA, MACKEREL AND SALMON
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

'PHONE MAIN 803
Christopher & Sparks
THE LEADING
Caterers and Confectioners
214 S. Spring St., Los Angeles

TURKISH BATH HOUSE
Formerly the Thom Residence
...108 East Third Street
Dr. Carpenter and Wilson, Props.
Rooms and Meals When Desired
Ladies' Day EVERY TUESDAY

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS,
General Agents
John Wieland and Jos. Schlitz
- LAGER BEER -
Family Trade Solicited
'Phone Main 468. 112-118 Central Av. Los Angeles, Cal.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at 306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.) SANTA MONICA

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO MAY 1, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
7:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
7:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:50 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:50 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:50 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:50 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:50 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5:25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	8:02 am
1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	11:10 am
5:15 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	...Port Los Angeles...	
1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only.

SANTA FE ROUTE
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect Nov. 10, 1899.

CITY TICKET Office, Corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angeles		Arrive Los Angeles
9:00 p.m. Sunday Tuesday Thursday Saturday	California Limited The Fastest Train Across the Continent	1:50 p.m. Friday Saturday Sunday Tuesday
10:10 a.m. Daily	Ov'ld Express For Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:25 a.m. Daily
8:50 a.m. 8:00 p.m.	San Diego San Diego	12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m. A 6:00 p.m.	San Bernardino via Pasadena	8:25 a.m. 9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	San Bernardino via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Redlands via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m.	Redlands via Orange	*10:55 a.m S12:10 a.m 5:47 p.m.
*8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m.	Riverside via Pasadena	9:50 a.m. B 1:50 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m. *10:00 a.m. 5:05 p.m.	Riverside via Orange	*10:55 a.m. S12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m. 10:10 a.m. 4:30 p.m.	Pasadena Monrovia and Azusa	8:25 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 5:30 p.m.
8:50 a.m. 2:00 p.m. 5:05 p.m.	Santa Ana Santa Ana Santa Ana	8:45 a.m. 12:10 p.m. 5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m. O*10:00 a.m.	San Jacinto and Elsinore	O*10:55 a.m.
*2:00 p.m.	Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
9:55 a.m. 5:34 p.m.	Redondo Beach Redondo Beach	8:25 a.m. 4:25 p.m.
*9:55 a.m.	Santa Monica	*4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sundays; O, via Orange; P, via Pasadena; S, Sundays; A, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday; B, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday. All other trains daily.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*
Employment Agents
123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

he gained the deck. "It was only last month I heard that you were coming to China to take up your residence among us. It is my desire to offer you a warm welcome to the east, hence this reception in midocean. Mr. Walworth, will you be good enough to bring Mr. Ebbington to me?"

Walworth went below and presently returned with the prisoner.

"Mr. Ebbington," said Alie, as the man she addressed took his place beside the newly erected funnel, I have sent for you in order that you may see for yourself how I show my appreciation of those whom the world, to my thinking, does not properly reward. Mr. Barkmansworth, in case you may not know in whose presence you now stand, let me inform you that I am the woman you have so often expressed a desire to meet. I am she whom you boasted in Sydney a year ago you would flog when she fell into your hands as you flogged those unfortunate south sea islanders. In other words, Mr. Barkmansworth, I am the Beautiful White Devil."

Though he must have realized his position long before she had finished speaking, the unfortunate man now for the first time showed signs of fear. Indeed it is my opinion he would have fallen to the ground had not Walworth upheld him on one side, the cockswain of the boat which had brought him doing the same upon the other. Alie continued in the same quiet voice:

"Tell me, you, sir, have you anything to say why I should not treat you as you deserve? So far you have craftily managed to escape punishment from your own authorities, but you must see that cunning will not avail you here. If you have anything to say, say it quickly, for I cannot keep your boat waiting."

The wretched man took a step forward, and, the eyes of all on board being upon him, tried to carry the matter off with a high hand.

"What business is it of yours what I do?" he asked.

"It is my business," Alie replied, "because you have threatened what you would do to me when you caught me and also because no one else will see justice done to you."

"You dare not punish me!" he cried. "You shall not! I warn you I am in high authority, and I'll exterminate you as I would a rat if you dare to lay a hand upon me."

"So you try to bluster, do you?" said Alie quietly. "Very good. In that case I need have no scruples at all in carrying out my plan. You flogged those poor women in Yakilavi and that man at Tuarani to death. I will be more merciful. But flogged you shall be. Men, do your duty!"

The words were hardly out of her mouth before four of her crew, who had evidently been instructed in the parts they were to play, sprang forward, seized him by his arms and legs and bore him swiftly from the gangway to the object whose use I had been wondering. Once there his feet were firmly secured, the upper part of his body was stripped to the skin, while, at a signal, a powerful native stepped forward from the crowd, carrying a cat o' nine tails in his hand.

"Lay on 12 lashes," said Alie sternly.

The man had a broad white back, and the first cut raised its mark, the second put another alongside it, and by the time the 12 strokes had been administered the blood had begun to flow. After the first cut the wretched culprit no longer attempted to comport himself like a man. He struggled, whined and finally bellowed outright. When the number was completed, the native paused and looked at Alie. Her face was turned away, but it was as hard as iron.

"You have so far had six lashes for each of the women you killed," she said. "Now you will have six more for the man you butchered and six more on top of them to teach you to respect myself and the name of woman. Go on!"

By this time the wretched man's pluck was entirely gone. He entreated to be let off, offering large sums of money, to be faithfully paid directly he got ashore, if she would only abate one lash. He might, however, as well have appealed to a stone. The second 12 were duly administered, and he was then cast loose. He fell in a heap on the deck and for some time refused to budge, but on being promised an additional half dozen if he did not do as he was ordered he soon found his feet and bolted down the gangway into the gig alongside, which immediately set off for the mail steamer.

Half an hour later the boat returned, bringing with her the men whose part it had been to insure the stoppage of the vessel and the capture of the passenger. Steam was up by this time, and within five minutes of raising the boat to the davits we were under way. In an hour we had lost sight of the mailboat and were making as straight a course as possible back to the settlement.

That evening I received an invitation from Alie to dine with her in her cabin, and as may be supposed I accepted it, but as the lady whom I had only known as Mrs. Beecher and who had been confined to her cabin by ill health ever since our leaving Singapore was present we only conversed on general topics during the progress of the meal. When, however, we sought the deck afterward alone and came to our favorite spot at the taffrail, Alie said:

"Up to the present you have seen a good many sides of my character, have you not? I hope among them they will not make you think too badly of me."

"Make me think badly of you, Alie?" I cried. "That would be impossible. What have I seen? Let me think. First, I have seen you collecting about you and befriending many of the world's unfortunates; second, I have seen you toiling day and night, without thought of yourself, for the welfare of the lives you loved, and last I have seen you always just and forbearing, a good ruler and a firm friend. Is there anything in any of those circumstances to make me think badly of you? No, no."

"You are too generous to me, I fear. However, today you have seen me in the character of retribution. You have seen that I can bite as well as bark. I should be sorry if I lost your good esteem. Now, with regard to Mr. Ebbington, I want to consult with you as to the course I should pursue with him."

"I hardly know," I answered. "I have been thinking it over his afternoon. The man is already nearly mad with fear. That flogging this morning was an awful lesson to him."

"I hope it was, but cannot you see the position I am placed in? After all that has passed between us, I cannot let him go out into the world again, and yet I do not want to keep him a perpetual prisoner at the settlement. A man of that kind might do serious mischief even there."

I did not know what to advise, so saying I would think about it, we dismissed the subject for the present. Alie was looking across the sea astern.

"We're in for a spell of bad weather, I fear," she said. "Do you see that bank of cloud away to the northeast? I hope it won't delay our getting back to the settlement. I have been watching it coming up, and I don't like the look of it at all."

We walked along together to the bridge, where she gave the officer of the watch some instructions. This done, she turned to me and held out her hand.

"Good night," she said. "I am going below now to try and get some sleep in case we are to have trouble later. I have left orders that I am to be called if anything unusual transpires."

"Good night!" I answered when I had walked to the companion ladder with her.

As soon as she had left me I lit another cigar and, seating myself on the rail, fell to smoking and dreaming of the future. Every hour was bringing the time closer for me to bid the woman I loved goodby and to go back to England. After that for a year, I told myself, I would work hard at my profession, and at the end of the time stipulated she would arrive to be my wife. What my wife was to be after that I could not of course determine, but however it should turn out I would be prepared for it, and with Alie for my wife how could I fail to be happy? As soon as my cigar was finished I tossed the stump overboard and retired to my cabin.

I don't suppose, however, I had been asleep more than an hour before I was awakened by a loud hammering at my door. Thinking that the ship must be in danger, I sprang from my bunk and unlocked it as quickly as possible. On looking out I discovered Walworth and the officers' steward standing before me.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked, I'm afraid a trifle irritably. "What on earth are you making all this row about?"

"Something's very much the matter," Walworth answered, taking my arm and drawing me along the saloon. "Ebbington's taken poison."

"The deuce he has!" I cried. "Let me see him at once."

I was thereupon conducted to his cabin, which was on the port side of the vessel, at the farther end of the saloon. I found the patient stretched on his back in his bunk, holding an empty laudanum bottle in his hand.

One moment's examination showed me that life was extinct. He had been dead nearly an hour. In this fashion had Alie's difficulty been solved for her, and perhaps, all things considered, though it seems rather a cruel thing to say, in the best possible manner for all parties.

"Is there no chance at all of saving him?" asked Walworth, who had been watching me intently during my examination.

"Not one," I answered. "Ebbington's gone where even the Beautiful White Devil's vengeance won't reach him. Poor devil! Fancy coming into the world for such a fate as this!"

"Humph! Frightened out of his senses, I expect. Well, now, I suppose I must go and tell her ladyship. I'm sorry, doctor, to have troubled you in vain."

"Don't mention it. I'm only sorry nothing could be done. Good night."

"Good night."

I drew the blanket over the face, and then, locking the door behind me, went back to my own cabin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fame.

Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
To those who woo her with too slavish knees,
But make surrender to some thoughtless boy
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease.
She is a gypsy; will not speak to those
Who have not learned to be content without her;
A jilt, whose ear was never whispered close,
Who thinks they scandal her who talk about her.
A very gypsy is she, Nilus born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar.
Ye lovesick bards, repay her scorn for scorn,
Ye artists lovelorn, madmen that ye are!
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu!
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

—John Keats

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER.

WE take pleasure in announcing the following copyrighted Short Stories by celebrated authors which will appear in THE SATURDAY POST.

THE PROMOTION AT ROCKY LEDGE
By Elmore E. Peake

THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG
By Clinton Ross

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET GRASS
By W. A. Fraser

IN JACKSON'S PURCHASE
By Martha McCulloch Williams

THE PEACEMAKER
By W. W. Jacobs

AN ICE WRAITH
By John Boyd Clarke

THE NIGHT BEFORE EL CANEY
By Francis Kimball

Stories by Local Authors

BETWEEN MESSAGES.
By Grace Adelaide Luce.

A MARKETABLE QUALITY.
By Grace Adelaide Luce.

A CLINIC AND A MEMORY.
By Arthur Johnston.

LEGEND OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
By Minnie Bell.

The Saturday Post will be sent by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for *$1 00 Per Year.*

Address all communications and make all checks, drafts and money orders payable to

The Post Publishing Company,
401-402 Stimson Building,
Telephone Red 756. *Los Angeles, Cal.*

A Yankee Camera Free!

Any subscriber to the Saturday Post who will send us four new prepaid subscribers for one year at $1 each will receive FREE a 4x5 Yankee Camera. These cameras are covered with seal grain keratol leather and are fitted with the best rapid achromatic lenses known; time and instantaneous shutter.

Send us $4 with the names of four new subscribers and get this camera. Make all checks and money orders payable to the

POST PUBLISHING CO.,
401-402 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles

Cards and Card Case Free

All new subscribers to THE SATURDAY POST sending their subscription direct to this office, 401-402 Stimson Building, before July 1st, 1900, will receive 100 Calling Cards and an Aluminum Card Case with their name engraved on it FREE OF CHARGE.

Send your name and address and $1.00 to The Post Publishing Co., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal., and receive The Saturday Post every week for one year and 100 calling cards and an engraved card case.

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.
For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,
401-2 STIMSON BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE NIGHT BEFORE EL CANEY

An Incident of War In Cuba.

By FRANCIS KIMBALL.

[Copyright, 1900, by Francis Kimball.]

When the colonel of the —th cavalry summoned Captain Burden to regimental headquarters, some one at the officers' mess asked who he was, anyway, that the "old man" had picked him from among a dozen old campaigners for a consultation.

"Nephew or something to a senator," growled a grizzled lieutenant, who had seen 20 years of service and was jealous of the —th's reputation. "Fresh from a desk in the war department, but all fired anxious to smell dago powder."

"Ought to have joined the rough riders," added another. "They'll be in the fight tomorrow; the —th's too full already, and here's the old man asking him to supper before he's seen a week of service."

"Tut!" interposed the regimental surgeon. "Burden's not a greenhorn, and the colonel knows it. Reckon you don't know what sent him out of Washington into this fever stricken climate. Do you think a doughboy'd join the fighting —th?"

"Come," said the adjutant, locking arms with the surgeon, for he saw the latter had something on his mind, and he, too, was curious about Captain Burden. "Let's go outside and leave the fellows to their growlings;" then, when they had passed beyond the confines of the mess tent—"What was it, Johnson? The chap's no coward, and he interests me."

"Well," said the surgeon soberly, "it isn't my business, but I don't mind telling you; I've a cousin in the war department, a chum of Burden's, and he wrote me to keep an eye on him. It was hard luck drove him out of Washington."

"Hmmph!" growled the adjutant sarcastically, "small pay and"—

"No," broke in the surgeon. "Burden has an income and"—

"Then what the deuce? Why didn't he stay in Washington and leave us poor devils to do the fighting?"

"If you'd been in Washington it wouldn't take much guessing," replied the surgeon. "For if you'd been there you'd have known Miss R. and how she played Burden, to throw him over for a doughboy, so all Washington was on to it and felt sorry for the captain and didn't wonder when he threw up a fat position in the department and petitioned the secretary for active service."

"And the doughboy?" grunted the adjutant, enlisted for all time in the new captain's behalf. "Staid in Washington with the reserves and"—

"Not much. And that's what puzzles the wise heads up there. He enlisted in the regulars and lit out for Santiago along with Burden, though I reckon they didn't come together."

"What's his name?" asked the adjutant.

The surgeon fumbled for the letter, glancing over it by the light of a neighboring lantern. "Hardy," said he shortly. "And, by thunder, he's in the —th! What if he and Burden come together?"

In the meantime Captain Burden, unconscious of the effect the summons from the colonel had upon his brother officers, stood before the commander of the regiment at headquarters.

"Captain Burden," said the latter, noting with a practiced eye the slender figure of the young officer, "you come to the —th highly recommended for coolness and courage. Tomorrow we attack El Caney. I have been ordered to call for volunteers to do a little scouting. Will you lead the party?"

"Thank you," said Burden simply. "It will be an honor, I"—

The colonel removed his eyeglasses. "Young man," said he seriously, "the bush is full of Spaniards. You may be killed or seriously wounded. Every caution will be required."

"I will do my best, sir," replied Captain Burden. "Is the start to be made at once?"

The colonel wheeled about on his camp stool. "Orderly," said he sharply, "tell Captain Clark that I wish a volunteer of two good men from his company to undertake a dangerous errand near the enemy's line. They are to report to me at once."

"Your duty will be," he continued, turning to Captain Burden, "to reconnoiter as near as possible to the enemy's lines. You will skirt the base of El Caney, making a detour to the north. It is unnecessary to say the volunteers will be under orders from you and are to be governed by your judgment."

Five minutes later the tramp of approaching men was heard, and two cavalrymen entered the commander's presence. Captain Burden, noting them critically, started. The sharp tones of the colonel rang in his ears:

"Corporal Joyce and Private Hardy, you are under orders to proceed according to Captain Burden's direction on a reconnoissance into the enemy's lines. That will do."

Burden returned the men's salute mechanically. The presence of John Hardy filled him with conflicting emotions. He had fled from Washington hoping to drown in the excitement of an aggressive campaign the sorrow which this man had brought upon him. Had it not been for Hardy—he clinched his hands until the nails bit into the flesh.

"What now?" an evil spirit whispered. "He is in your power. You may order him whither you will, even to death by Spanish bullets. None will know of it, for the Cuban bush tells no tales."

The colonel wondered at the paleness upon the face of the young officer as he passed from the tent into the darkness beyond. Could he be afraid? He dismissed the thought with a laugh. Captain Burden had come to the —th with the highest recommendations from the secretary of war.

Out beyond the shelter of the camp Burden led his men straight into the thick, prickly brush. At times he could almost feel Hardy's breath upon his face and hear the voice whispering in his ear: "To the left, to the left! He will reach the Spaniards sooner there."

Far up the height a dozen tiny lights glimmered in the darkness—the Spanish torches about the blockhouse of El Caney. To the left the faint ring of steel told the three Americans that the enemy's sentinels were wide awake, ready to fire blindly in the darkness. Captain Burden paused.

"Private Hardy," said he, so huskily he scarcely recognized his own voice, "move cautiously to the left, keeping well in the shadow of the brush. The corporal and I will detour to the right, approaching the slope farther on."

Hardy's hand came to a quick salute. "Very good, sir," replied he steadily, though he must have known he would run against the very muzzles of Spanish rifles. Then, wheeling about, he disappeared in the tangled thicket.

Captain Burden paused irresolutely, white to the very lips. "Come!" said he sharply. "To the right, corporal."

A myriad of insects buzzed about their faces. The corporal cursed and brushed them off, but his companion scarcely noticed them. His ears were strained to catch the shots from the slope of El Caney, the fusillade which would send him back to Washington.

A minute passed—five—ten. It seemed as many hours. The heat and blackness of the brush stifled the Americans; the sharp thorns tore their clothes and lacerated their bodies. Corporal Joyce swore and cursed the fate which had sent him to Cuba. Captain Burden moved forward as one bereft of feeling. He had become a machine, a thing devoid of sense and feeling, a human sounding board, waiting to catch a rifle crack from El Caney.

Suddenly the buzz of insects, the crunching of the dry leaves and twigs under the feet of the moving men, the noise made by the passage of their bodies through the bush, were drowned by the echoing report of a Mauser rifle, then another, a third and fourth and fifth. Corporal Joyce unconsciously clutched his officer's arm. "God!" he whispered. "They've riddled him, and a braver fellow never wore a saber!"

Captain Burden staggered as though the bullets from the Mausers had pierced his body. A cry sounded in the stillness following the echo of the shots—an appeal for help, and the voice was Hardy's.

For an instant Burden wavered. Then, before the corporal could restrain him, he dashed through the matted chaparral to the slope of El Caney, upon whose summit danced a hundred Spanish torches, awakened into life by the fire of the sentinels.

With Joyce panting at his heels, he pushed forward, drawing his revolver as he ran and shouting aloud to Hardy to answer him, that he might gain the private's side in the darkness.

Breaking through the bush, he came upon an open space unsheltered from the Spanish guns above, to stumble over Hardy, who, resting on one elbow, was keeping off five white clothed figures with his revolver.

Perhaps the Spaniards feared an attack from the entire American army. At sight of Burden and the corporal they wavered, forgetting, the Mausers in their hands, that they were five to three with one of the latter sorely crippled.

"Corporal," said Burden sharply, noting with quick perception the confusion of the Spaniards, "to the rear with Private Hardy. I will cover you."

A flash of admiration filled the corporal's eyes. "God, sir!" he muttered. "They'll shoot you like a dog. I"—

"To the rear, sir!" shouted Captain Burden. "He's light and"—

Then, as the bulky corporal lifted the wounded cavalryman, slinging him across his shoulder like a bag of meal, Burden faced the astonished Spaniards.

"No!" cried Hardy, struggling in the arms which would bear him into safety. "Stop, for God's sake, corporal!" Then in an appeal of agony: "Save yourself, Burden. She will not marry me; it's you" —

The sharp crack of the captain's revolver cut short the sentence. "Run!" he shouted. "I'll hold them off."

Four times the revolver cracked ere the Spaniards, realizing 'twas but one man who confronted them, raised their rifles.

Corporal Joyce, tearing through the chaparral, heard the whiplike crack of the dreaded Mausers; then once more the sharp report of the captain's revolver. Afterward came silence, save for the groaning of Private Hardy and the rustle of the parting branches.

* * * * * * * *

On the morning of July 3, after the charge upon El Caney, an orderly halted before the quarters of the fighting —th.

"A letter for Captain Burden," replied he to the sentry's query, "franked at the war department and from a lady. I reckon he won't want to wait for it."

The colonel pushed aside his tent flap. "Surgeon," said he, turning to the officer who followed him, "tell that fellow Captain Burden's dead; killed in an ambuscade. And, surgeon, you'd better take the letter and forward it to Washington."

Kruger and the Lobbyist.

Many years ago when President Kruger was in England he was approached concerning some concession, railway or otherwise, by a business man in London. The negotiations lasted for some time. One evening the Londoner, who was staying at the same hotel, having spent many hours with Mr. Kruger and his companion, went to bed much exhausted and feeling he had not got quite all he wanted. Next morning he arose at 9 and went along the corridor to Mr. Kruger's bedroom. To his astonishment it was empty and all the luggage was gone.

"Oh, sir," said the chambermaid, "Mr. Kruger and his friend left at 6 this morning." Then, with a giggle of amused reminiscence, the girl added: "They was a queer couple, sir, and no mistake. When 'e passed your door, sir, Mr. Kruger, 'e started dancin right outside your door, sir, 'e and his friend. They didn't know as any one saw them unbeknown from the top of the stairs. Then they went down stairs, sir, fairly splittin their sides with laughin, though they didn't say a word."—London News.

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.
Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company
Studio and Art Rooms
351 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A PIANO?

A piano brings pleasure, enjoyment and even happiness to the home. We have many different styles and makes of pianos, all of them the best instruments made for the price asked. We have an easy payment plan that enables you to buy a piano by paying a little each month.
Wouldn't you enjoy a piano in your home?

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC CO. 216-218 W. Third St. Bradbury Building

A Machinery Bargain

A 20-Horse Power
Westinghouse AUTOMATIC ENGINE
In excellent working order. A wonderful Bargain for Cash.
A 200-Light Edison Dynamo
110 Volt—Good as New.
CHEAP FOR CASH
For Particulars See
Tufts-Palmer Electric Works
701 SOUTH MAIN ST.,
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

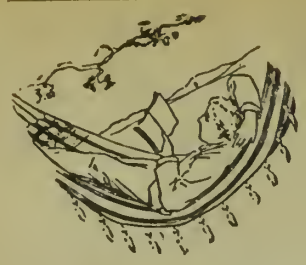
Vernondale Rabbitry

Breeders and dealers in high grade stock only. Orders carefully boxed and shipped to all parts north and east. We have a large stock of the finest strains, viz.,
Lord Britains, Dexters, Sir Styles, English Sovereign, Yukon, Gold Bug, Etc.
We have some bucks of the above especially fine in color, form and ticking. Correspondence invited.

S. B. DURYEA,
Central Avenue and 42nd Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Circulating Library

Room 201, 223 W. 2nd St., Los Angeles.
Tel. Main 1415 Membership Fee 50c
Books Rented at 5 Cents the Week--5c for Delivery
Seventy-five cents worth of magazines rented for 25c. Five 10c magazines rented for 20c one you keep. For $2.50 we rent you five 10c magazines the month and give you a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY POST.
This is equivalent to getting $7.00 worth of reading matter for the year for only $2.50.
Subscriptions taken for all Publications.
All leading Coast and Eastern Papers on File. Illustrations furnished to the press and public.



Sporting Goods

Guns, Ammunition Fishing Tackle.

TENTS THAT ARE TENTS!

AT THESE PRICES

We Rent Them With Furnishings Complete by the Week or Month

7x 7 ft. Miners' Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	$ 4.40	our price $ 1.95
7x 7 ft. A Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	6.30	our price 2.85
7x 7 3-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	8.00	our price 3.60
8x10 3-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	10.95	our price 4.25
10x12 3-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	12.90	our price 5.80
12x14 4-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	17.30	our price 7.80
12x16 4-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	19.20	our price 8.65
14x16 4-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	22.70	our price 10.20
14x20 4-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	28.20	our price 12.70
16x18 4-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	30.95	our price 13.90
16x20 4-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	34.10	our price 15.35
16x24 4-ft. Wall Tent, 8 oz.;	list price	38.85	our price 17.50

Larger and Other Sizes Just as Cheap In Proportion

MINERS' OUTFITS FOR ALL CLIMATES

Canvas Irrigating Hose, Ore Sacks, Flags, Decorations, Banners and Regalia Made to Order.

Large Stock Always on Hand

You are Invited to Call and See the Largest Establishment on the Coast.

Wm. H. Hoegee, 138-142 So. Main Street, LOS ANGELES.

TELEPHONE MAIN 658

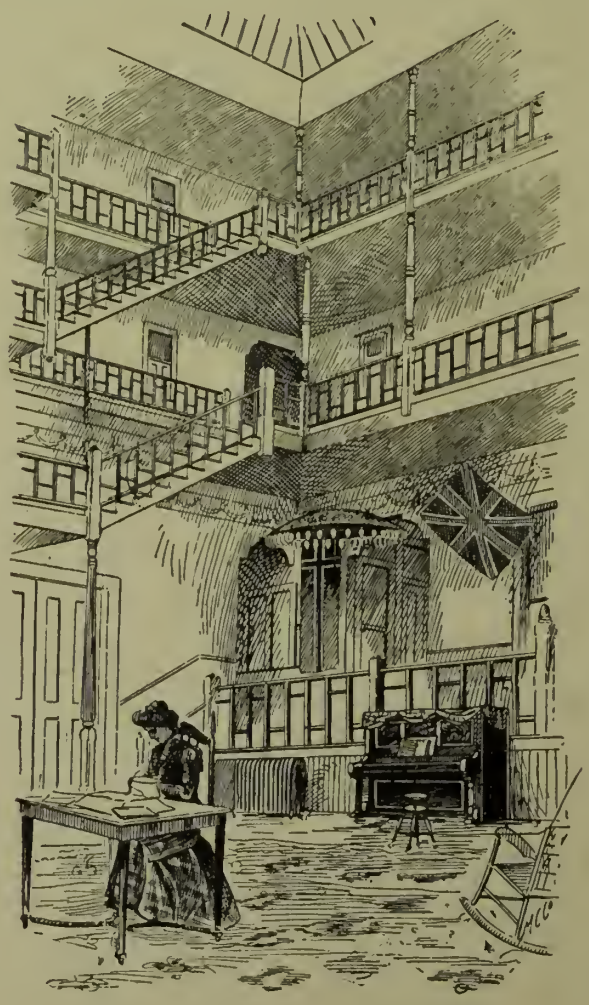
Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, Cal.

A HOTEL THAT IS DELIGHTFUL.

The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, Cal., is becoming recognized throughout the United States as a most delightful place at which to stop while in Southern California. Its praises are being sounded by thousands who have been its guests from Maine to Oregon. The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, is the Mecca to which all Arizona and the San Joaquin Valley turn during their long hot summers. The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, is the place to stop when you reach Southern California.

Check your baggage through To the Abbotsford Inn.

8th and Hope Streets



The Interior Court—Abbotsford Inn.

The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, Cal., is the social center of the city. Its beautiful interior court is daily the scene of renewed acquaintances of those who have been separated since their school days. It is the recognized Los Angeles headquarters for Arizona and San Joaquin Valley people. Its exceptionally fine cuisine, its convenience to the car lines, its free billiard room, its reading room, replete with the current periodical literature, and the daily and weekly papers from the principal places of Southern California and Arizona, make it the place you want to stop at while in Southern California.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *One Dollar per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., JUNE 16, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 24.

Jennie Baxter : Journalist.

BY ROBERT BARR.

II.

The Diamonds of the Princess

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.

"What about the diamonds of the princess?" asked Miss Baxter, her curiosity piqued by the remark of the editor.

"That is rather a long story," replied Mr. Hardwick, "and before I begin it I would like to ask you one or two questions. Can you manipulate a typewriter?"

"That depends on what make it is. The ordinary typewriter I understand very thoroughly."

"Good! Have you any knowledge of shorthand?"

"A workable knowledge. I can write about 100 words a minute."

"Admirable, admirable! Your coming to this office was an inspiration. You are just the person I have been looking for."

"You didn't seem to think so yesterday, Mr. Hardwick," said the girl, with a sly glance at him.

"Well, many things have happened since yesterday. We are now dealing with today and with Princess von Steinheimer."

"She is a German princess, of course?"

"A German princess, but an American woman. She was a Miss Briggs of Chicago, a daughter of Briggs, the railway millionaire, worth somewhere between twenty and twenty-five millions—dollars, of course. A year or two ago she married Prince Konrad von Steinheimer. You may remember having read about it in the papers?"

"Oh, yes, the usual international match—the girl after the title, he after the money."

"I suppose so; but, be that as it may, she was the only daughter of old Briggs and had spent a good deal of her time in Europe, and during her stay in Europe she had accumulated a vast stock of diamonds, some of them very notable stones. I don't know what the whole collection is worth; some say $1,000,000, while others say double that amount. However that may be, Miss Briggs became the Princess von Steinheimer and brought to Austria with her $1,000,000 in gold and diamonds, which her father gave her as her dowry; but, of course, being an only child, she will come in for the rest of the money when the old man dies."

"Is he likely to die soon? I don't suppose the prince gave himself away for a mere million?"

"Oh, you forget the diamonds! As to the likelihood of old Briggs' death, it didn't strike me as imminent when I had a conversation with him yesterday."

"Yesterday? Is he here in London, then?"

"Yes; he has come over to disentangle the mystery about the diamonds."

"And what is the mystery? You take a dreadful long time to tell a story, Mr. Hardwick."

"The story is important, and it must be told in detail; otherwise you may go on a long jonrney for nothing. Are yon taking down what I say in shorthand? That is right, and if you are wise you will not transcribe your notes so that any one could read them; they are safer in that form. The Von Steinheimer family have two residences, a house in Vienna and an ancient castle in the Tyrol, situated on the heights above Meran, a most picturesque place, I understand, but very shortly you will know more about it than I do, because The Bugle expects you to go there as its special correspondent. Here the diamond robbery took place something like two months ago, and the affair is still as great a mystery as ever. The princess was to open the season at Meran, which is a fashionable resort, by giving a fancy dress ball in Schloss Steinheimer, to which all the Austrian and foreign notables were invited.

"It was just before the ball commenced that the diamonds were first missed. In fact, the princess was about to put them on—she represented some gorgeously decorated character from the 'Arabian Nights'—when the discovery was made that the diamonds were gone. She was naturally very much upset over her loss and sent at once for the prince, her husband, insisting that the police should be notified immediately and detectives called in, as was perfectly natural. Now, here comes a strange feature of the affair, and this is that the prince positively forbade any publicity and refused his sanction when she demanded that the police should be informed, and yet the prince knew as well as anybody the very considerable value of the stones."

"What reason did he give for his refusal?" asked Miss Baxter, looking up from her notes.

"I am not quite certain about that, but I think he said it was infra dig. for the Steinheimers to call in the police. Anyhow, it was an excuse which did not satisfy the princess, but as guests were arriving and it was desirable there should be no commotion to mar the occasion the princess temporarily yielded to the wish of her husband, and nothing was said about the robbery. The great ball was the talk of Meran for several days, and no one suspected the private trouble that was going on underneath the public event. During these several days the princess insisted that the aid of the police should be invoked, and the prince was equally strenuous that nothing should be said about the matter. Then, quite unexpectedly, the prince veered completely round and said he would engage the best detectives in Europe. Strange to say, when he announced this decision to his wife she had veered round also and opposed the calling in of the detectives as strenuously as he had done heretofore."

"What reason did she give for her change of front?" asked Miss Jennie.

"She said, I believe, that it was now too late; that the thieves, whoever they were, had had time to make away with their plunder, and there would merely be a fuss and worry for nothing."

"Do you know, I am inclined to agree with her," said the girl.

"Are you? Then tell me what you think of the case as far as you have got."

"What do you think?"

"I shan't tell you at this stage, because I know of further particulars which I will give you later on. I merely want your opinion now, so that I may see whether what I have to tell you afterward modifies it in any way."

"Well, to me the case looks decidedly dark against the prince."

"That is what Mr. Briggs thinks. He imagines his highness has the jewels."

"Where did you get all these particulars?"

"From Mr. Briggs, who, of course, got them by letter from his daughter."

"Then we have, as it were, a one sided statement."

"Oh, quite so, but still you must remember the princess does not in the least suspect her husband of the theft."

"Well, please go on. What are the further particulars?"

"The further particulars are that the prince made some quiet investigations among the servants, and he fonnd that there was a man who, although he was a friend of his own, was much more the friend of the princess, and this man had, on the day the ball was given, the entire freedom of the castle. He is a young officer and nobleman, Lieutenant von Schaumberg, and the prince knew that this young man was being hard pressed for some debts of honor which he did not appear to be in a position to liquidate. The young man went unexpectedly to Vienna the day after the ball and on his return settled his obligations. The princess, from one of her women, got word of her husband's suspicion. She went to the prince at once and told him she had come to his own opinion with regard to the lost diamonds. She would under no circumstances have detectives about the place. Then he told her that he had changed his mind and resolved to engage detectives. So here they were at a deadlock again. She wrote to her father with great indignation about the prince's unjust suspicions, saying Von Schaumberg was a gentleman in every sense of the word. I gather that relations between herself and her husband are somewhat strained, so I imagine there is much more in this matter than the lost diamonds."

"You think, then, that she is shielding the lieutenant?"

"Candidly, I do."

"And you think he stole the diamonds?"

"Yes, I do."

"I don't agree with you. I think still it was the prince, and I think, besides this, that he dexterously managed to throw suspicion on the lieutenant. Have they called in the detectives yet?"

"No; they are still at a deadlock."

"Well, what am I expected to do?"

"Mr. Briggs cabled to his daughter—he never writes a letter—that he would come over and straighten out the tangle in 15 minutes. He is certain the prince stole the diamonds, but he did not tell his daughter so. He told her he was bringing her a present of a new typewriting machine and was bringing from Chicago a young woman who could write shorthand and would look after the princess' correspondence—act as secretary, in fact—for it seems the princess has a larger correspondence than she can reasonably attend to, and it seems she yearns for a typewriter. The old man tells me she is very careless about her letters, never being able to find anything she wants and leaving them about a good deal, so he thinks she needs some one to look after her correspondence, and it looks as if her father feared she might leave some compromising lettter about, so he wishes to ward off a divorce case."

"No; I think you are wrong there. The father hasn't the slightest suspicion there could be anything wrong with his daughter. It is probable the princess has written some libelous statements about her husband, and it is quite likely the prince is a brute and that young Von Schaumberg is a most charming person."

"Well, as I was saying," continued Hardwick, "the old man cables his daughter that he is bringing her a secretary and a typewriter. He engaged a female Pinkerton detective to enter the castle as secretary to the princess, and, if possible, to solve the mystery. She is a young woman who, when she left Chicago, was very anti-English, but she became acquainted on the steamer with a young Englishman who was tremendously taken with her, and so at Liverpool she quite calmly broke her engagement with the old man and fulfilled a new engagement she had made with the young man by promptly marrying him. Old Briggs has therefore a new typewriting machine on his hands, and so I was going to propose to you that you take the place of the Chicago Pinkerton person. Briggs has become so disgusted with all these detective women that he gave up the idea of sending a female detective with the machine and doesn't imagine that whoever is sent will be either a detective or a newspaper woman. I was introduced to him the other day by one of those lucky chances that sometimes put interesting items of news in our way, and he told me the whole story and asked me to recommend some one who wrote shorthand and understood the typewriter. I am to dine with him this evening, and I shall cordially recommend you. I may say that Briggs has gone to that celebrated London detective, Mr. Cadbury Taylor, and has engaged him to solve the diamond mystery. So, you see, you will have a clear field. If you can leave for the castle tomorrow night, you may have the pleasure of the company of Mr. Cadbury Taylor. He isn't visiting the castle, but goes straight to Vienna; so, if you work your cards rightly, you can be in his company as far as Munich, and during that time you could find out, perhaps, what he thinks about the case. I know only this much about his theory, and that is, he thinks the right place to begin is in Vienna, where some, at least,

of the stones are supposed to have been pawned."

"Oh, this is a delightful case, and I shall enjoy it. Has there been anything published yet about the robbery?"

"Not a word. Nobody knows anything about it except the prince and princess, Briggs, myself and yourself and perhaps one or two of the servants in the castle—oh, yes, and Cadbury Taylor."

Miss Baxter was early at the station before the continental train left. She walked up and down the platform, hoping to see Mr. Cadbury Taylor, with whose face and form she was familiar. She secured a porter who spoke French and pretended to him that she knew no English.

"I desire," she said, "to get into a first class compartment with a gentleman whom I shall point out to you. I shall give you 5 shillings, so you must let me have your whole attention. My luggage has been labeled and registered; therefore you will not need to bother about it, but keep your eye on me and follow me into whatever carriage I enter, bringing with you the handbag and this heavy package."

The heavy package was a typewriter in its case. Shortly before the train left there sauntered into the station the tall, thin, well known form of the celebrated detective. He had on a light ulster that reached almost to his heels, and his keen, alert face was entirely without beard or mustache. As he came up the platform a short, stout man accosted him.

"I was afraid you were going to be late," said the detective's friend, "but I see you are just in time, as usual."

"A railway station," said Mr. Cadbury Taylor, "is not the most inspiring place in London for the spending of a spare half hour; besides, I had some facts to get together, which are now complete, and I'm quite ready to go, if the train is."

"I have secured a smoking compartment here, where we shall be alone."

"That's right, Smith," said Cadbury Taylor. "You are always so thoughtful," and the two men entered the compartment together.

Just as the guards were shouting, "Take your seats, please!" Miss Baxter made a bolt for the compartment in which the detective and his friend sat together in opposite corners.

"I beg your pardon," said Smith; "this is a smoking compartment."

The lady replied to him volubly in French, and next instant the porter heaved the typewriter and handbag on the seat beside her. Smith seemed to resent the intrusion and appeared about to blame the porter, but the man answered rapidly as he banged to the door, "The lady doesn't speak any English," and the next moment the train moved out of the station.

"There was no need," said the detective, "my dear Smith, to depend upon the porter for the information that the lady could not speak English. She is the secretary to a very rich employer in Chicago and came from that city to New York, where she sailed on the Servia alone, coming to England to transact some special business, of which I could here give you full particulars if it were worth while. She came from Liverpool to London over the Great Northern railway and is now on her way to Paris. All this, of course, is obvious to the most casual observer, and so, my dear Smith, we may discuss our case with as much security as though we were entirely alone."

"Do you expect this Austrian diamond mystery to prove difficult?" asked Smith.

"Difficult? Oh, dear no! To tell the truth, I have solved it already; but in order to give the American a run for his money I am now on my way to Vienna. If I solved the problem offhand for him in London, he would have no more appreciation of my talent than you had a moment ago when I explained why I knew this French girl came from Chicago. My dear fellow, everything in this world is simple except one thing, and that is to find any problem that is difficult."

"Then who stole the diamonds—the lieutenant?"

The detective smiled and gazed upward for a few tantalizing moments at the roof of the carriage.

"Here we have," he said at last, "an impecunious prince who marries an American heiress, as so many of them do. The girl begins life in Austria on $1,000,000, say £200,000, and a case of diamonds said to be worth another $200,000 at least—probably more. Not much danger of running through that very speedily, is there, Smith?"

"No; I should think not."

"So the average man would think," continued the detective. "However, I have long since got out of the habit of thinking; therefore I make sure. The first problem I set to myself is this: How much money have the prince and princess spent since they were married? I find that the repairs on the Schloss Steinheimer, situated in the Tyrol, cost something like £40,000. It is a huge place, and the Steinheimers have not had an heiress in the family for many centuries. The prince owed a good deal of money when he was married, and it took something like £60,000 to settle those debts—rather expensive, as continental princes go; but, if one must have luxuries, one cannot save money. Not to weary you with details, I found that the £200,000 was exhausted something more than two months ago—in fact, just before the alleged robbery. The prince is of course without money; otherwise he would not have married a Chicago heiress, and, the princess being without money, what does she naturally do?"

"Pawn her own diamonds!" cried Smith enthusiastically.

The detective smiled.

"I thought it much more probable she would apply to her father for money. I asked him if this was the case, giving him the date, roughly speaking, when such a letter had been sent. The old man opened his eyes at this and told me he had received such a letter. 'But you did not send the money?' I ventured. 'No,' he said; 'I did not. The fact is, money is very tight in Chicago just now, and so I cabled her to run on her debts for awhile.' This exactly bore out the conclusion at which I had already arrived. So now, having failed to get money from her father, the lady turns to her diamonds, the only security she possesses. The chances are that she did so before her father's cable message came, and that was the reason she so confidently wished information to be given to the police. She expected to have money to redeem her jewels, and, being a bright woman, she knew the traditional stupidity of the official police, and so thought there was no danger of her little ruse being discovered. But when the cable message came saying no money would be sent her a different complexion was put upon the whole affair, for she did not know but if the police were given plenty of time they might stumble on the diamonds. All that is necessary for me to do now is to find out how many persons there are in Vienna who would lend large sums of money on valuable jewels. The second is to find with which one of those the princess pawned her diamonds. In my opinion, the diamonds never left Vienna. You see, the ball had been announced, and immediate money was urgently needed. She pawned the diamonds before she left the capital of Austria, and the chances are she did not intend any one to know they were missing; but on the eve of the ball her husband insisted that she should wear her diamonds, and therefore, being a quick witted woman, she announced they had been stolen. After having made such a statement, she of course had to stick to it, and now, failing to get the money from America, she is exceedingly anxious that no real detective shall be employed in investigation."

At Dover Miss Baxter, having notes of this interesting conversation in shorthand, witnessed the detective bid good-by to his friend Smith, who returned to London by a later train. After that she saw no more of Mr. Cadbury Taylor and reached the Schloss Steinheimer at Meran without further adventure.

Miss Baxter found life at the schloss much different from what she had expected. The princess was a young and charming lady, very handsome, but in a state of constant depression. Once or twice Miss Baxter came upon her with apparent traces of weeping on her face. The prince was not an old man, as she expected, but young and of a manly, stalwart appearance. He evidently possessed a fiendish temper and moped about the castle with a constant frown upon his brow.

The correspondence of the princess was in the utmost disorder. There were hundreds upon hundreds of letters, many of which she could not tell whether they had been answered or not, and Miss Baxter set to work tabulating and arranging them. Meanwhile the young newspaper woman kept her eyes open. She wandered about the castle unmolested, poked into odd corners, talked with the servants and, in fact, with every one, but never did she come upon a clew which promised to lead to a solution of the diamond difficulty. Once she penetrated into a turret room and came unexpectedly upon the prince, who was sitting on the window ledge, looking absently out on the broad and smiling valley that lay for miles below the castle. He sprang to his feet and looked so fiercely at the intruder that the girl's heart failed her, and she had not even the presence of mind to turn and run.

"What do you want?" he said to her shortly, for he spoke English perfectly. "You are the young woman from Chicago, I suppose?"

"No," answered Miss Baxter, forgetting for the moment the role she was playing; "I am from London."

"Well, it doesn't matter; you are the young woman who is arranging my wife's correspondence?"

"Yes."

The prince strode rapidly forward and grasped her by the wrist, his brow dark with a forbidding frown. He spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"Listen, my good girl! Do you want to get more money from me than you will get from the princess in ten years' service? Hearken, then, to what I tell you. If there are any letters from—from—men, will you bring them to me?"

Miss Baxter was thoroughly frightened, but she said to the prince sharply:

"If you do not let go of my wrist, I'll scream. How dare you lay your hand on me?"

The prince released her wrist and stepped back.

"Forgive me," he said. "I'm a very miserable man. Forget what I have said."

"How can I forget it?" cried the girl, gathering courage as she saw him quail before her blazing eyes. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to bring to me any letters written by—by"—

"Written by Von Schaumberg!" cried the girl, noticing his hesitation and filling in the blank.

A red wave of anger surged up in the prince's face.

"Yes!" he cried. "Bring me a letter to her from Von Schaumberg, and I'll pay you what you ask."

"It is contrary to my duty to the princess," she began hesitatingly, when he stopped and turned fiercely upon her.

"What is contrary to your duty?"

"There are letters, tied very daintily with a blue ribbon, and they are from a man. The princess did not allow me to read them, but locked them away in a secret drawer in her dressing room, but she is so careless with her keys and about everything else that I am sure I can get them for you, if you want them."

"Yes, yes, I want them," said the prince, "and will pay you handsomely for them."

"Very well," replied Miss Baxter, "you shall have them. If you will wait here ten minutes, I shall return with them."

"But," hesitated the prince, "say nothing to the princess."

"Oh, no! I shall not need to. The keys are sure to be on her dressing table."

Miss Baxter ran down to the room of the princess and had little difficulty in obtaining the keys. She opened the secret drawer into which she had seen the princess place the packet of letters, and, taking them out, she drew another sheet of paper along with them, which she read with wide opening eyes; then with her pretty lips she blew a long, astonished whistle. Taking both the packet of letters and the sheet of paper with her, she ran swiftly up the stair and along the corridor to the room where the prince was impatiently awaiting her.

"Give them to me!" he snapped, rudely snatching the packet from her hands. She still clung to the separate piece of paper and said nothing. The prince stood by the window and undid the packet with trembling hands. He examined one and then another of the letters, turning at last toward the girl with renewed anger in his face.

"You are trifling with me, my girl," he said.

"No, I am not;" she said stoutly.

"These are my own letters, written by me to my wife before we were married!"

"Of course they are. What others did you expect? These are the only letters, as far as I have learned, that any man has written to her and the only letters she cares for of all the thousands she has ever received. Why, you foolish, blind man, I had not been in this castle a day before I saw how matters were. The princess is breaking her poor heart because you are unkind to her, and she cares for nobody on earth but you, great stupid that you are."

"Is this true? Will you swear it's true?" cried the prince, dropping the packet and going hastily toward the girl. Miss Jennie stood with her back to the wall, and, putting her hands behind her, she said:

"No, no; you are not going to touch me again. Of course it's true, and if you had the sense of a 6-year-old child you would have seen it long ago. And she paid £60,000 of your gambling debts!"

"What are you talking about? The princess has never given me a penny of her money; I don't need it. Goodness knows, I have money enough of my own."

"Well, Cadbury Taylor said that you—oh, I'll warrant you, it is like all the rest of his statements, pure moonshine."

"Of whom are you speaking? And why did my wife protect that wretch, whom she knows has stolen her diamonds?"

"You mean Von Schaumberg?"

"Yes."

"I believe the princess does think he stole them, and the reason the princess protects him is to prevent you from challenging him, for she fears that he, being a military man, will kill you, although I fancy she would be well rid of you."

"But he took the diamonds—there was nobody else."

"He did nothing of the kind. Read that!"

The prince, bewildered, took the sheet that she handed to him and read it, a wrinkle of bewilderment corrugating his brow.

"I don't understand what this has to do with the case," he said at last. "It seems to be an order on the bank at Vienna for the diamonds, written by the princess herself."

"Of course it is. Well, if the diamonds had been delivered, that paper would now be in the possession of the bank instead of in your hands."

"Perhaps she mislaid this order and wrote another."

"Perhaps. Still it might be worth while finding out."

"Take this, then, to the princess and ask her."

"It is not likely she would remember. The better plan is to telegraph at once to the Vienna bank, asking them to send the diamonds to Meran by special messenger. No one there knows that the diamonds are missing."

"I will do so at once," cried the prince, with more animation in his voice than Miss Baxter had previously noticed. His highness was becoming interested in the game.

After luncheon the princess came to Miss Baxter, who was seated at her desk, and handed her a letter.

"There is an invitation from the Duchess of Chiselhurst for a grand ball she is shortly to give. It is to be a very swell affair, but I don't care enough for such things to go all the way to England to enjoy them. Would you therefore send her grace my regrets?"

"I will do so at once."

At that moment there came a messenger from the prince asking Miss Baxter to meet him in the library. The girl glanced up at the princess. "Have

t your permission to go?" she said.

The princess looked at her steadily for a moment, just the faintest suspicion of a frown on her fair brow.

"I do not suppose you need my permission." Her highness spoke with slow deliberation. "My husband condescends to take considerable interest in you. Passing along the corridor this morning, I heard your voices in most animated conversation."

"Had you sufficient interest in our discussion to stop and listen to what we said, Princess von Steinheimer?"

"Ah! Now you are becoming insolent, and I must ask you to consider your engagement with me at an end."

"Surely you will not dismiss me in that heartless way, princess. I think I am entitled to a month's notice, or is it only a week's?"

"I will pay you a year's salary or two years', if that will content you. I have no wish to deal harshly with you, but I desire you to leave at once," said the princess, who had little sense of humor and thus thought the girl was in earnest when she asked for notice.

Miss Baxter laughed merrily and replied when she was able to control her mirth. "I do hate to leave the castle just when things were becoming interesting. Still I don't suppose I shall need to go away in spite of your dismissal, for the prince this morning offered me ten times the amount of money you are paying."

"Did he?"

"Be assured he did. If you don't believe me, ask him. I told him he was a fool; but, alas, we live in a cynical age, and few men believe all they hear, so I fear my expression of opinion made little impression on him."

"I shall not keep you longer from his highness," said the princess, with freezing dignity.

"Thank you so much. I am just dying to meet him, for I know he has something most interesting to tell me. Don't you think yourself, princess, that a man acts rather like a fool when he is deeply in love?"

To this there was no reply, and the princess left the room. Miss Jennie jumped to her feet and almost ran to the library. She found the prince walking up and down the long room with a telegraph message in his hand.

"You are a most wonderful young woman," he said; "read that."

"I have been told so by more observing men than you, Prince von Steinheimer," said the girl, taking the telegram. It was from the manager of the bank in Vienna, and it ran: "Special messenger leaves with package by the Meran express tonight."

"Just as I thought," said Miss Jennie. "The diamonds never left the bank. I suppose those idiots of servants which the princess has round her didn't know what they took away from Vienna and what they left. Then, when the diamonds were missing, they completely lost their heads—not that any one in the castle has much wits to spare. I never saw such an incompetent lot."

The prince laughed.

"You think, perhaps, I have not wits enough to see that my wife cares for me. Is that it? Is that why you gave me my own letters?"

"Oh, you are well mated! The princess now does me the honor of being jealous of me. Think of that! As if it were possible that I should take any interest in you, for I have seen real men in my time."

The prince regarded her with his most severe expression.

"Are you not flattering yourself somewhat, young lady?"

"Oh, dear, no! I take it as the reverse of flattering to be supposed that I have any liking for such a ninny as you are. Flattering indeed! And she has haughtily dismissed me, if you please."

"The princess has? What have you been saying to her?"

"Oh, I made the most innocent remark, and it was the truth, too, which shows that honesty is not always the best policy. I merely told her that you had offered me ten times the amount of money she is paying me. You needn't jump as if somebody had shot off a gun at your ear. You know you did make such an offer."

"You confounded little mischief maker!" cried the prince in anger. "Did you tell her what it was for?"

"No. She did not ask."

"I will thank you to apply the cleverness you seem to possess to the undoing of the harm you have so light heartedly caused."

"How can I? I am ordered to leave tonight, when I did so wish to stay and see the diamond denouement."

"You are not going tonight. I shall speak to the princess about it if that should be necessary. Your mention of the diamonds reminds me that my respected father-in-law, Mr. Briggs, informs me that a celebrated detective, whom it seems he has engaged—Cadbury Taylor, I think the name is—will be here tomorrow to explain the diamond mystery, so you see you have a competitor."

"Oh, is Cadbury coming? That is too jolly for anything. I simply must stay and hear his explanation, for he is a very famous detective, and the conclusions he has arrived at must be most interesting."

In the morning the diamonds arrived per special messenger, who first took a formal receipt for them and then most obsequiously took his departure. By the same train came Mr. Cadbury Taylor, as modest as ever, but giving some indication in his bearing of the importance of the discovery his wonderful system had aided him in making. He blandly evaded the curiosity of Mr. Briggs and said, it would perhaps be better to reveal the secret in the presence of the prince and princess.

"Just what I suspected," muttered Mr. Briggs, who had long been convinced that the prince had stolen the stones.

The important gathering took place in the library, the prince, with the diamonds in his coat pocket, seated at the head of the long table, while the princess sat at the foot, as far from her husband as she could conveniently get without attracting notice. Miss Baxter stood near a window reading an important letter from London which had reached her that morning. The tall, thin detective and the portly Mr. Briggs came in together, the London man bowing gravely to the prince and princess. Mr. Briggs took a seat at the side of the table, but the detective remained standing, looking questioningly at Miss Baxter, but evidently not recognizing her as the lady who had come in upon him and his friend when they had entered the train.

"I beg the pardon of your highness, but what I have to say had better be said with as few hearers as possible. I should be much obliged if this young person would read her correspondence in another room."

"The young woman," said the prince coldly, "is secretary to her highness and is entirely in her confidence."

The detective, apparently unruffled by the discourtesy he met, bowed profoundly toward the prince, cleared his throat and began.

"May I ask your highness," he said, addressing himself to the princess, "how much money you possessed just before you left Vienna?"

The lady looked up at him in surprise, but did not answer.

"In heaven's name, what has that to do with the loss of the diamonds?" rapped out the prince, his hot temper getting once more the better of him.

Cadbury Taylor spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders in protest at the interruption. He spoke with deference, but nevertheless with a touch of reproach in his tone.

"I am accustomed to be listened to with patience and am generally allowed to tell my story my own way, your highness."

"What I complain of is that you are not telling any story at all, but are asking instead a very impertinent question."

"Questions which seem to you irrelevant may be to a trained mind most"—

"Bosh! Trained donkeys! Do you know where the diamonds are?"

"Yes, I do," answered Cadbury Taylor, still imperturbable, in spite of the provocation he was receiving.

"Well, where are they?"

"They are in the vaults of your bank in Vienna."

"I don't believe it. Who stole them, then?"

"They were put there by her highness the Princess von Steinheimer, doubtless in security for money"—

"What!" roared the prince, springing to his feet, his stentorian voice ringing to the ceiling. "Do you mean to insinuate, you villain, that my wife stole her own diamonds?"

"If your highness would allow me to proceed in my own"—

"Enough of this fooling. There are the diamonds!" cried the prince, jerking the box from his pocket and flinging it on the table.

"There!" shouted old man Briggs, bringing his clinched fist down on the oak. "What did I tell you? I knew it all along. The prince stole the diamonds and in his excitement yanks them out of his pocket and proves it. I said so from the first."

"Oh, father, father!" moaned the princess, speaking for the first time. "How can you say such a thing? My husband couldn't do a mean action if he tried. The idea of his stealing the diamonds! Not if they were worth a thousand millions and detection impossible."

"Come, come," cried Miss Jennie Baxter, stepping energetically forward. "I imagine everybody has had enough of this. Clear out, Mr. Briggs, and take Mr. Taylor with you. I am sure he has not had any breakfast yet, and he certainly looks hungry. If you hire detectives, Mr. Briggs, you must take care of them. Out you go. The dining room is ever so much more inviting just now than the library, and if you don't see what you want ring for it."

She drove the two speechless men out before her and, closing the door, said to the prince, who was still standing bewildered at having his hand forced in this manner:

"There! Two fools from four leave two. Now, my dears—I'm not going to highness either of you—you are simply two lone people who like each other immensely, yet who are drifting apart through foolish misunderstandings that a few words would put right if either of you had sense enough to speak them, which you haven't, and that's why I'm here to speak them for you. Now, madame, I am ready to swear that the prince has never said anything to me that did not show his deep love for you, and if you had overheard us you would not need me to tell you so. He thinks Schaumberg—not that I ever saw the poor man, but he is bound to be an idiot or the prince wouldn't be jealous of him. As nobody had stolen the diamonds after all this fuss, so no one has stolen the affection of either of you from the other. I can see by the way you look at each other that I won't need to apologize for leaving you alone together while I run up stairs to pack."

"Oh, but you are not going to leave us!" cried the princess.

"I should be delighted to stay, but there is no rest for the wicked, and I must get back to London."

With that the girl ran to her room and there reread the letter she had received. It ran:

DEAR MISS BAXTER—We are in a very considerable dilemma here, so I write to ask you to return to London without delay, going back to the Tyrol later on to finish the investigation of the diamond mystery. The Duchess of Chiselhurst is to give a great ball on the 29th. It is to be a very swagger affair, with notables from every part of Europe, and they seem determined that no one connected with a newspaper shall be admitted. We have set at work every influence to obtain an invitation for a reporter, but without success, the reply invariably given being that an official account will be sent to the press. Now, I want you to set your ingenuity at work and gain admittance if possible, for I am determined to have an account of this ball written in such a way that every one who reads it will know that the writer was present. If you can manage this, I can hardly tell you how grateful the proprietor and myself will be. Yours very truly, RADNOR HARDWICK.

Miss Jennie Baxter sat for some moments musing, with the letter in her hand. Suddenly her eyes lit up, and she sprang to her feet.

"What a fortunate thing it is," she cried aloud, "that I did not send on the refusal of the princess to the Duchess of Chiselhurst! I had forgotten all about it till this moment."

The Third of the Series of Jennie Baxter, Journalist, stories will appear in our next issue.

His Beaver Hat.

"When I was a very young man," said an old resident of the District, "I invested $22 in a tall beaver hat. That was long before the war. I wore the hat for the first time to Dan Rice's circus, and I figured that the beaver made me look like a beau sure enough. I was guiltless of any hair on my face at that period, and I can see now that I was pretty young to wear a hat of that ostentatious and dignified character.

"Dan Rice, who was doing a clown act, got his eye on that beaver of mine the first thing, and after the audience guying manner of the clowns of that era he made a show of me. I wish I could remember all of the ridiculous things he said regarding that hat of mine, pointing straight at it, and me sitting there helpless with the girl of my soul at my side. He sang 'Oh, Where Did You Get That Hat?'—not the modern version of the song, of course, but one of his own improvisation—and the whole crowd under the tent joined in the chorus, rose in their seats and pointed at me. I withdrew in a boyish rage, and the young woman with me—she's been my wife for a matter of about 45 years now—was so mortified that she wouldn't speak to me. When I got home, I took that beaver, the first and only one I ever owned, out into the back yard and stamped on it. Dan Rice had cured me totally of all my aspirations to be an exquisite."—Washington Post.

The Irish Soldier.

Pat is a hard man to set down, and many an officer has begun to reprimand him with an oath and ended with a grin. I remember being present when a colonel of the rangers—he's been dead this score of years, rest his soul—was lecturing his soldier servant on the sin of untruthfulness.

"It was not only a lie you told me," says he, "but a stupid lie at that."

"Faith, sorr," answers the man, "I see'd ye were in a raging temper, and I lost me presence of mind!"

Yet that was nothing in the way of impudence to what happened to the officer who was commanding the rangers when they were quartered in Edinburgh years ago. There had been a deal of drunkenness and disorder among his men, and he was determined to stop it. So one early morning parade he ordered an old offender who had been out all night to be marched across the regiment's front in his muddy tunic and torn trousers as an awful warning. When the prisoner arrived at the left flank, he turned to the colonel, saluted him and said, just as if he had been some swell inspecting them: "Thank ye, colonel. Faith, it's one av the foinest regiments I've ever seen. Ye may dismiss them!"—Cassell's Magazine.

A Good Word For Jack Frost.

Jack Frost indeed seems to have been more outrageously slandered than Lord Byron. The health seeker's truest friend has for centuries been denounced as a harbinger of death. The most effective specific for the cure of pulmonary disorders has been mistaken for their cause. Frost is nature's panacea for half a hundred different diseases, and the motto of the glass sanitarium should be answered as follows, "Yes, frost, long continued, will at last effect the destruction of all organic life, but will destroy disease germs long before it begins to affect the health or even the comfort of a human being."—Dr. F. L. Oswald in North American Review.

Thinks They Need Editing.

The blue pencil apparently did not exist in olden times. We have read ten pages of Marcus Aurelius at a stretch without understanding a word of it. Epictetus is equally hard to read. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus are philosophers without doubt, but they have a style that gives you a headache. Both need editing. The man with the blue pencil should get after Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Emerson's books also clamor for the blue pencil. Carlyle is another clumsy writer greatly in need of the blue pencil of a good editor. A wise saying is not a matter of faith. Unless you can see it and understand it it is not a wise saying.—Atchison Globe.

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

IN JACKSON'S PURCHASE.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

[Copyright, 1900, by Martha McCulloch Williams.]

With the two Mary Dickersons came the "moonlight." The Purchase knows what a moonlight is. Outland folk, however, may require to be told that it is a night picnic held when the moon is coming on to full. It prevails from May to September, the young people, small blame to them, preferring dew and coolness and the delicious seclusion of half lighted nooks to the crass and garish brightness of a broiling day.

The two Marys were the occasion of this one. It came off in Uncle Bob Mayner's yard, which was level, covered with white clover turf and set rectangularly with maples and honey locusts. All the rosebushes were strung with Chinese lanterns. Tin sconces for candles hung against some of the tree trunks. A few glass lanterns had been fastened upon pendulous boughs. Where the lights were thickest there were long plank benches. In remoter, shadowy nooks Uncle Bob had insisted upon setting camp stools in pairs.

"Thar's a time for all things, even courting. I ain't forgot that if I am so fat and old," he had said to Red Mary, with twinkling eyes. Red Mary was his own niece, Mary Spec his wife's. The two were first cousins, dear friends, delightfully alike, still more delightfully unlike and differentiated in the mouths of their world according to complexion.

Both Marys were out in the yard, running hither and yonder, though it was barely sundown and nobody likely to come for an hour. Major Dade had come, but he did not count. He propped his chair back against the trunk of a maple and let his eyes follow the two Marys in their white frocks and frittery red ribbon. Uncle Bab, who sat three feet away, his chair planted squarely upon its four feet, his elbows on his knees, caught the glance, set his fat fingers together with a little soft p-lop and said ruminantly:

"Nice span o' blood fillies."

"Thoroughbreds—clean!" the major ejaculated; then with a sigh: "If only a man could throw off 30 years! Choosing between them must be a big puzzle. I'm right down sorry for Bert Selby. Upon my soul I don't believe he knows which he loves best, for all he's been here every day since they came and nights and Saudays thrown in!"

"I've had a sorter sneaking notion all along he was in love with both," Uncle Bob said.

Major Dade laughed.

"The young man must remember he is running for congress in Kentucky, not Utah," he said. "Tell those young ladies for me, please, that the one who don't take him is mighty apt to live to be sorry for it."

"I told 'em so yistiddy," Uncle Bob returned. "Lord, how Red Mary did laugh! She is the sassiest piece—always making fun o' the way Bert talks."

"I can hardly blame her—but poor Bert!" Major Dade said, with a frown. "It is the greatest shame, the greatest pity, he was left to grow up with those poor white Lisenbees. A finer gentleman than his father never trod shoe leather, and his father, Bert's grandfather, went to congress from Tennessee."

"Bert will get everybody's vote—if only he gets the nomination," Major Dade continued thoughtfully. "But there's the rub. Politics ain't what it used to be, Uncle Bob—not by a long chalk. Money has a heap of friends. You don't need to be told that. Bert has just one man to fear, Duke Willoughby, and Willoughby has money to throw at the birds. He throws it, too; chips in for anything going—barbecue, picnic, big meeting, preacher's salary or missionary collection. Then he has lent money to a dozen fellows who are in tight places. Of course there has been no talk of buying their influence, but they are bound, just bound, to do their best for him. I tell you Willoughby is smart. He has got a mighty taking way too. If we don't look sharp, he'll sweep the convention"—

"And then Bert Selby is jest fool enough to pull off his coat and work like a nigger to elect him," Uncle Bob broke in. "Bert has had whatever he chose to ask for—been sheriff, assemblyman and all that. He is as ambitious as Lucifer. One term in congress will rub off that poor, white tang. After that—well, there's no telling what he may not be and do."

"Sister Lisenbee to the contrary notwithstanding?" Uncle Bob asked, with a hovering smile. "It's amazing, but Bert will stand by that poor creeter as long as she lives."

Major Dade scowled. "If she is coming tonight, I shall leave at once," he said. Uncle Bob laughed until he shook all over.

"You can't be so cruel, major!" he said, gripping the other's arm. "She's coming a-purpose to see you. We had to ask her—couldn't think of raising a row in church by slighting a sister that way."

"I smell plotting," Red Mary called gayly, rushing at her uncle as she spoke and setting his necktie straight. She was as roguish as she was rosy, a piece of dimpled prettiness, with very bright dark eyes and a saucy tip tilted nose, withal delicately virginal. Something childlike, wondering, underlay the limpid gayety of her glance. She moved lightly and spoke in a round, silvery voice. Mary Spec, who came at her back, was taller by half a head and had her roses powdered over with fine golden freckles. She had gray eyes, set under the finest arched dark brows, and was slender enough to suggest a gold flecked lily such as swayed in myriads out in the old fields.

"I know Major Dade is above plotting," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I almost wish he was not. Then I'd ask him to help us entice Daddy Dowell and the band here tonight."

"That is just the very meanest thing!" Red Mary interrupted. "I knew it would be, though. The first thing I said when Charley Mayner said they were going to have the moonlight was, 'Make sure of the band before you set the night.'"

"If you had told Bert Selby," Major Dade began, still holding Mary Spec's hand. He felt it tremble lightly. Red Mary made a face at him.

"You are conjured, like the rest," she said. "You seem to think the world begins and ends with Bert Selby."

"It does—down in the Purchase," Uncle Bob said, with a gurgle. "Lord, Red Mary, when he is president and you an old woman—an old maid most likely—you'll be forever telling how he used to come courting you and have 'em saying, 'The luck some men are born to.'"

"There comes Willoughby," said Major Dade. "I see his running mate, Amos Tandy, is along too. Wonder if the old man, old Duke Willoughby, pays Tandy to run around with this boy of his?"

"Suppose you ask him," Red Mary said, with a smile of innocent malice. "I can tell you, though, so can Mary Spec, that the two are a pair and go all the gaits."

"A good looking pair—confound them!" Major Dade said as Red Mary ran to make them welcome. She held out a hand to each and smiled up in Tandy's face. In spite of herself her eyes fell before Willoughby's. She felt rather than saw that his glance passed over her in search of Mary Spec, who had slipped out of sight among the shrubbery. While her hand was still in Willoughby's Red Mary caught the sound of slow wheels.

The buggy was big and low swung, but spick and span. An oldish woman drove it, a fat woman with mild blue eyes and a happy, vacuous face. She had on a white frock, a book muslin, short enough to show her feet in slippers that their pudginess overflowed. Her hat, which sat awry, was a wonderful concoction of lace and pink ribbons, with pinker roses nodding jauntily above it. In defiance of its youthful gayety there was a black band about her neck, clasped under the chin with a funereal miniature. She had black gloves, too, old fashioned lace mitts, not on her hands, but pushed back around her plump wrists.

"Look out, major! Sister Lisenbee has got on all her war paint," Uncle Bob said in the major's ear, then aloud: "Sister Lisenbee, you are a sight for sore eyes. Howdy! Howdy! Bless my soul! All these chits of girls will have to git out of your way."

"Lawsey, Br'er Mayner! How you do talk! Like I was good set out!" Sister Lisenbee said, waddling through the gate. "But what if I air set out? Scripcher says, don't it, that man was made ter mourn? But men ain't women, and the good Lord knows I've been a-mourning poor ole Lisenbee better'n ten year. I come ter the moonlight, though, jest fer nothing but not ter hurt Sist' Lucy Mayner's feelings. I didn't have no ide-cear of seeing the major. I am mighty glad, though, I have saw him. He makes himself the skacest at our house ever sence he promused me one of his fine peegs"—

"Ah, major! I always thought you were a gay deceiver!" Amos Tandy said, shaking his finger at the major. "Mrs. Lisenbee, I'm a lawyer, but have never had a case. Won't you give me one? I see a first class breach of promise suit right ahead."

Major Dade grew scarlet. Anger always set him stammering. He tried hard to say something, something cool and withering, but not a word was intelligible. Sister Lisenbee ambled up to him and caught his arm.

"I believe in my heart you're struck with the shaking agur," she said. "I kin cyore it in three shakes of er dead lamb's tail. All you got to do is ter take and swaller nine whole grains of black pepper and then hold yer breath while you say over yer name and age backward. It is the best thing. It cyored poor ole Lisenbee, and the fust year we lived down in the Purchase he shuk so they used ter hear him over at the neighbors'."

Willoughby had found Mary Spec and was talking eagerly to her. Amos beckoned them to him. As they came up he said, with a flourish: "An honor, like a pleasure, is doubled by sharing it with friends. Let me present you to a lady whom it is an honor to know—Mrs. Lisenbee, the mother of ex-Sheriff Selby"—

"Next Congressman Selby fits better," Uncle Bob interrupted. Major Dade swore silently and said in his mind: "Of all the low down tricks! Trying to make Bert's sweetheart believe he is blood kin to that blessed old elephant!"

Mary Spec took Mrs. Lisenbee's fat hand between both her own and said, pressing it gently: "I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Lisenbee. Some one has been telling me about 'mammy' ever since I came."

"And I been a-wanting ter see you the very wust way, Miss Mary Spec," Mrs. Lisenbee said earnestly. "I been a-trying ter do it, too, ever sence I seen how my boy jest couldn't eat no sort of vittles when he come home frum seeing you. That's the very shorest sign of deep love. Why, it wus only at the last barbecue I felt jest as hearty until I seen the major go on the stump. Then I ses ter Sis Sarah Jane Beasley, 'Sarah Jane, not a mossel kin I teteh—not ef you wus ter stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples like they done ole Solomon'"—

She stood ruminantly, tapping her snuff mull with one forefinger. Willoughby was at her elbow, Amos Tandy the other. Red Mary darted up to them. "You are a nice parcel, you Purchase fellows," she said, "giving us a picnic without music! Don't you know it is as flat as a cucumber without salt?"

"Don't murder us, please," Willoughby said; "at least not until you hear how hard we tried for the band. There is only one band, you know, that Purchase folks care about. Amos, didn't we both try for an hour to hire or coax or scare that old nigger into playing here tonight?"

"Well, we must do something. I reckon we can fall back on Wevilly. Can you trot?" Red Mary asked mischievously.

"All night—with you for partner," Amos said, catching her hand.

"Partners! Partners! Partners right now! Partners for Wevilly Wheat!" Amos called aloud. "The sun is down, the moon is up, the fun ought to be going."

Willoughby tried to take out Mary Spec, but she shook her head. Her eyes were half dreamy, half expectant. She let them rest upon the house. It was a double log one, with shed rooms at the back, a wide, middle passage and a deep, hospitable plazza across the front. Only last night she had sat upon the piazza hearing a voice whose timbre left her soul curiously vibrant. As she listened the moon flowers had kept opening all about her, and the sparse white honeysuckle sprays had made the air odorous. She wondered if she would ever again smell the flowers without bringing back the thrills, the tremor. Memory of them was half terror, half delight. She might have promised—anything, and she was free.

Daddy Dowell came around the house corner. His sense of deference never allowed him to approach "quality white folks" by the front way. He was very tall, very black, withered, but hale, with a fringe of grizzled wool around a shiny bald head. He held a slouch hat at his side and dropped it before speaking. So did his son and his three grandsons, who came behind with fiddles, a banjo, a flute and a tambourine. Dixie, the youngest granddaughter, beat time upon the triangle. She was small and neat and precise in speech as became the show pupil of the free school.

Red Mary leaned upon Tandy's arm, flushed and bright eyed, more than ever beautiful. Willoughby glanced covertly from her to Mary Spec and almost swore at himself in thinking that he could not find himself charmed by the girl so evidently within reach as by the one of whom he had such faint hope. Still he did not quite despair. If she had refused him thrice, she had done it hesitatingly, more than gently, with eyes that had seemed to say: "I am not sure of you. I am not sure of anything."

It was that as much as the stirrings of ambition which had moved him to try for a man's part, a man's place. He was doubly bent on winning in the contest now in hand, because he felt it might mean a winning ever so much more vital. Selby's rivalry had at first seemed to him exquisitely humorous. He was rapidly finding out that it was no joke. Only today had he learned that Selby contended with him in a dearer field. He was furious over the knowledge. "I ought to shoot the oaf, confound him," he had said to Amos Tandy, who had answered with a shrug: "Oh, well, wait till after election. If you kill him before, you kill yourself at the polls."

"This is no place for you, daddy," Red Mary said severely; "no place at all. Go away. If we can't be first, we won't be last"—

"Lawd love de young missis! You all wus fust all de time," daddy answered, with his very best bow. "I dest had ter fool dem yother gentemuns. Marse Bert, he had took an tole me ter cum yere ternight an sarrynade you all, but he say I must not tell nobody I wus gwine do it ner who tole me ter do it atter I come."

Daddy waved his bow. The band broke into a waltz. Amos caught Red Mary's hand, saying: "That is something like! Now we can twistify."

They shot away with 20 couples in their wake. Mary Spec sat down on a bench. Willoughby kept beside her. "You are cruel," he said. "I would give a great deal for one waltz with you." She smiled and drew a little way from him. "It will not last," she said. "Uncle Bob will stop it. It is funny what a difference the music makes to his way of thinking."

"Who's taking my name in vain?" Uncle Bob said, coming up to them. "Barbecue is most done, and, my, how good it smells! If that rascal, Bert Selby, don't hurry he'll lose deal entirely. Promised he'd come at 5 o'clock, then sends word by the major that he has to go somewhere else—on a fool's errand, I've no doubt in the world."

"I have a doubt," Mary Spec said, with a soft laugh. "I believe Mr. Selby has good reasons for whatever he

does."

Just then a clear voice called cheerily across the gate: "Hello! Hello the house!"

"Light, stranger, and look at your saddle!" Uncle Bob responded without turning an eyelash. The newcomer sat leaning a little from his horse, looking the assemblage critically over. Willoughby and Mary Spec were in the foreground. He kept his eye on them as he got down and walked inside. He was taller than Willoughby and broader, but had no suggestion of burliness. His bronzed face was clear cut. Commonly its expression was a sort of humorous patience. Tonight it was touched to gravity strongly tinctured with concern. He started toward Willoughby, but Major Dade drew him almost forcibly out of earshot of the rest.

"Did you see the fellow?" he asked. "Did he really have anything or was it just a flash in the pan?"

"I saw him all right enough. He had pretty good ammunition. At least, he thought so," Selby said, looking down. "Please don't ask nothing more, major. I'll tell you the whole story—as soon as the convention is over."

"You will? Nice way to treat your father's oldest friend and your own political godfather," the major said half pettishly.

"No, it don't look nice," Selby said humbly. "But, major, you know me clean through. Did you ever know me do anything, no matter how it looked, that thar wasn't a white man's reason for when you got ter the bottom?"

"No, sir! But you have never before been running for congress—nor in love with the finest young woman in the world," the major retorted.

"So you found out it is Miss Mary Spec," Selby said. "Major, you're right. Heaven and the angels ain't hardly good enough for her. I feel that, down ter the very bottom of my soul. Because I do feel it, I—I won't do a mean thing that might help me ter git her."

"I hate riddles. Men usually take leave of their senses when they fall in love. I wish you had waited until at least the convention was over," Major Dade said impatiently. Bert hardly heard him. He was walking with long strides toward Mary Spec and Willoughby.

"Howdy, Miss Mary Spec?" he said with awkward brevity. As he put her hand within his broad palm he felt it tremble delicately. As he held it Mrs. Lisenbee waddled up to them and said in a loud whisper: "Precious boy! I don't blame you, not the least bit. You couldn't help losing sleep and vittles over her. She is the only living woman ever I seen I was willing should have you and my best feather bed."

Major Dade said in his throat, "Confound her!" then aloud, "Mrs. Lisenbee, won't you be kind enough to come and tell me again about that pepper cure?"

"I'll come in er decanter, major, whenever you may want me," Mrs. Lisenbee returned, with a languishing glance. She went off clinging happily to his arm. Willoughby, who had fallen back a pace, laughed significantly. The band was playing loudly, but Selby caught the laugh. He stood a little straighter and said: "I'm glad you've seen mammy, Miss Mary Spec. She is the best woman. She was pretty once. Now, poor thing, she cain't seem ter understand that she ain't young no more and has fattened out of her good looks."

"She seems very—kind," Mary Spec said constrainedly. She, too, had caught the amused contempt of Willoughby's laugh. She shivered a little, remembering the moon flowers and the honeysuckle breath and the subtle compelling of Shelby's unspoken love. She knew he loved her. The knowledge had brought her dangerously near to loving him. In many ways she was brave, even heroic, yet she grew woman cowardly at the thought of affront to the conventions of her world. Willoughby typified her world. Still she would be kind to Selby. Mrs. Lisenbee even should not make her slight him.

"Supper! Supper! Come, all you that ain't lost your senses ner your appetites!" Uncle Bob shouted, coming around from the back yard.

"Lemme take you out, Miss Mary Spec!" Selby said, offering his arm.

"She is going with me," Willoughby said, almost roughly, stepping to the other side. Mary Spec flushed painfully, but tried to laugh. "I believe I want to go with a better looking man than either of you," she said, darting away after Uncle Bob. In time, to the strains of "Lexington," the crowd streamed after them, laughing, chattering, tumbling over itself, the merriest mob of healthy appetites.

Selby and his rival had stepped out of its way. The locust leaves let through a fine silver rain of sunbeams full in Selby's face. Willoughby saw that it was strangely agitated. He set his teeth and said arrogantly: "I am Miss Dickerson's friend. I will not have her annoyed further. You had better stop hanging about her."

"You say I 'had better?'" Selby asked.

"Are you deaf?" Willoughby retorted angrily. Selby shook his head.

"No!" he said. "But that is sorter a new word ter my ears. You see, nobody ain't told me I 'had better' before sence I wore a beard."

"All the same, I tell you here and now you had better let Miss"— Willoughby began. Selby's hand shut his mouth like a vise. "I'll have no names called here," he said. "Ef you wanter quarrel, wanter fight even, thar's politics handy."

"You'll have what I choose to give you. Take that!" Willoughby said furiously, striking Selby on the cheek. Selby stood still for half a minute, his breath coming hard; then he took out his handkerchief, wiped the place that had felt the blow and began to step off eight paces on the turf. When he had counted them, he made a mark with his heel and turned to Willoughby, saying:

"Is your gun ready? We better settle this right here and now."

"No. We will settle it tomorrow. I have too much respect"— Willoughby began.

"Pity it was so sleepy headed—that respect of yourn!" Selby interrupted, with a little drawl. "Ef it had been awake, maybe you might 'a' waited till tomorrow ter insult a man that is as much in place here as you da'ar ter be."

"You don't mean to insinuate I am afraid?" Willoughby said huskily. Selby folded his arms, "No, not of a gun," he said. I'll do you that justice. But you are afraid of what folks will say."

"We could not explain"— Willoughby began.

Selby held up his hand.

"Explanations won't signify to one of us, certain," he said; "maybe to both. But, we'll agree right now, the living one can tell what tale he likes."

At the last word his revolver gave an ominous click that set Willoughby wild. He had been livid all along. His face grew white and deadly as he said: "Agreed! You shall have the satisfaction of a gentleman, little as you deserve it."

Selby looked at him smiling, almost dreamily. As though to himself he said: "I've read in a fine old book that the man who knows how ter ride and shoot and tell the truth has the full education of a gentleman. I am a pretty poor sort compa'ared with what I want ter be, but anybody that knows me knows I can do them three things."

"As we have no seconds shall we not toss for position?" Willoughby said icily, as though he had not heard. Selby nodded, then suddenly held up his hand, saying: "Seems ter me this might be better—toss up, heads or tails, the one that loses ter stand under that candle thar on the locust tree and take his medicine like a man."

"As you please!" said Willoughby. Selby had drawn out a coin. "We better make all haste," he said. "Still, before this goes further, thar's an awkward thing got to be fixed."

"I won't wait," Willoughby said doggedly.

"You will wait," Selby said decidedly, drawing a long envelope from his pocket. "Here's a passel of papers that mustn't be found on me."

"I have nothing to do with your secrets," Willoughby said.

"Not even when they happen to be your own?" Selby asked. "These happen to be your secrets, Mr. Willoughby. Here are two checks you signed once—with another man's name. Most likely you was drunk and done it fer a lark. Most folks wouldn't think so, if you are so rich"—

Willoughby flung up his hands and staggered back against the nearest tree. "I—I cannot fight you!" he said. "I—I take back—everything. I will go away! I will do—anything you say if for my father's sake you will not use those papers against me."

"Use 'em against you!" Selby said. "When I'm mean enough ter do sech as that, I'll quit the country. Man wrote me ter come and git 'em. I did git 'em—paid his price—then told him I'd shoot him ef ever he named he had had 'em without my leave. I fetched 'em here ternight ter give back ter you. Ef I cain't beat you fighting fair, I won't beat you at all."

Willoughby clutched the envelope and flung away his pistol. "I will do as you bid me," he said in a shaken voice. Selby picked up the pistol, handed it back and said, touching his own cheek significantly:

"That sorter stings. It is a pity, but I reckon we're bound ter see this thing through."

Willoughby looked at him appealingly. There was no relenting in his face. The coin went spinning up, flickering silverly in the moonbeams, and fell with a tinkle between their feet.

"Heads!" Selby called. Both bent to look. The coin stood edgewise, lodged against a tiny pebble. This time Selby tossed, again calling "Heads" before the bit of silver touched the earth.

"Heads win!" Willoughby said, walking a little unsteadily to his place beneath the candle. It fluttered and flared spectrally in flows of night wind. Willoughby flung off his coat and let his arms drop. The flittering light showed his face beaded all over.

"Be still more merciful! Shoot quick!" he said, his eyes full on Selby's face. Selby took deliberate aim, but dropped his pistol to say:

"You agree—here in the face of death—this is er man's quarrel—one that touches nobody but our two selves?"

"I agree," Willoughby answered in a dry whisper. Selby started a little at the sound of it. Again he raised his pistol to cover his adversary's heart. The band was playing "Tom Meriwether," maddest of mad, merry, dancing tunes. "I'll go and make 'em stop—if you want ter pray a minute?" Selby said interrogatively. Willoughby shook his head. They could hear approaching voices. In two minutes the first of the crowd would be upon them. Selby drew back the hammer of his pistol, aimed and sent its bullet into the heart of the candle flame.

"I had ter snuff out er light, you know," he said almost apologetically, offering his hand to Willoughby. "I choosed the candle because—well, because it wasn't running fer congress ag'inst me."

The crowd was all about them, clamorously merry, before Willoughby dared trust himself to speak. Still coatless and bareheaded, he sprang upon a bench and shouted, "Every friend of mine cheer with me fer Bert Selby, our next congressman, the best man in the Purchase or out of it!"

As the cheers came wild and ringing Mary Spec's face grew illumined. She was almost at Willoughby's elbow, smiling through happy tears. Selby looked at her, sighed and said to his heart, "Willoughby's elected fer a heap more'n ever I shall be."

"Speech! Speech!" the crowd shouted. Major Dade and Uncle Bob caught him by the arms and tried to thrust him forward. He smiled, but shook his head obstinately and dived into the throng, threaded it and plunged into an ambush of shrubbery. As he stood for a moment with downcast eyes he felt the lightest touch. Mary Spec's hand was on his arm. Mary Spec herself was saying: "I never would have believed you so ungrateful, Mr. Selby. Why didn't you make that speech?"

He took her hand between both his own and said, "Thar ain't but one speech I feel like I could make, and I know that ain't worth while."

"How can you know it is not worth while unless you make it?" she said softly, a little tremor under her words.

"Because it is I love you, and I'm most sure you—cain't—never love—me," he answered, choking a little over the last words.

Possibly hearts feminine have a chameleon quality, possibly also a psychic wave too strong to be resisted was then setting Selbyward. Whatever the fact, Mary Spec smiled up at him and said, hardly above her breath, "Maybe I might learn how if—if you gave me leave to try."

F. BLECH & CO.
PRINTERS
258 South Main Street
TELEPHONE MAIN 1361
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

ORANGE BLOSSOM BRAND.
HAMS Sweet and delicate. Home Grown, Home Cured.
BACON A streak of lean and a streak of fat—an ideal meat.
LARD The orange Blossom Brand lard is absolutely pure.
THE KNOWING HOUSEWIFE STANDS BY THE ORANGE BLOSSOM BRAND
Maier Packing Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Be Independent.
Non-Trust Wall Paper, 3c; Ingrain, 8⅓c; Ingrain Borders, 2½c; Lead, 6½; Mixed Paint, $1.50 gal.; Opaque Shades, 35c; Moulding, 2c ft. WALTER BROS., 627 South Spring St. Tel. Main 1055.

WATCHES FOR EVERYBODY.
Any subscriber to THE SATURDAY POST who will send us one new prepaid subscriber will receive FREE a watch that is guaranteed to keep good time for one year. This is not a solid gold watch with a Waltham movement but the celebrated YANKEE WATCH.
Plain, Gilt or Nickel finish Case, Roman or Arabic dials, winds, sets and regulates in back without use of key. This watch has hour, minute and second hands, and runs 30 to 36 hours with one winding. It is not a toy but a splendid time-piece. These watches are on exhibition at the office of the
POST PUBLISHING CO.
401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.
Subscribers out of town who take advantage of this offer will kindly send 4 cents extra for postage on the watch. Make all checks, drafts, and money orders payable to the POST PUBLISHING CO., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone Red 756.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STOP PAPER

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

The Post Publishing Company

ABBOT KINNEY.

S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,
401-402 STIMSON BUILDING
Telephone Red 756. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, One Dollar per Year, Payable in Advance.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1900.

THE RECORD PREMATURE.

The Record said that the Herald had been sold and Republicanized. The Herald says that it has not sold itself, and is not Republican, but, on the contrary, remains solidly Democratic. "In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations it remains a water man." The Post is expecting to work into the daily field after awhile. The Record story made us think that the time had come for us to go to work. In fact, the Post was on the point of sending out telegrams to close arrangements for a daily. When we do decide that the time has come for action, the Saturday Post will continue as the Sunday magazi ne feature of the daily. The Herald at the present time contains a good working staff, many of whom are talented men. The business management and general control now in the hands of Messrs. Morgan and Lieutenant Miner as trustees for the water syndicate could not be in the hands of more agreeable and distinguished men.

Personally all of the owners and managers are wealthy or interesting men. The trouble is the water handicap. Incidentally there is not today an actual owner of stock in the Herald who will vote for Bryan for President. It is indeed probable that there is not a single one of the present owners who would even know a Democratic principle if he were to meet it at midday on Spring street. There is really not much difference between a paper owned as the Herald is run, nominally as a Democratic or nominally as a Republican paper.

OIL DEVELOPMENT.

A great deal is being done for Southern California by the progressive oil companies who are opening up and developing Southern California's wonderfully fertile and extensive oil fields. Many of Southern California's richest and most reliable men are promoting this development. A purchaser of stock in an oil company which as yet is non-producing, can in no manner be better guided than by the integrity of the men who direct the affairs of the company. All that a reasonable purchaser of stocks can honestly demand is that the money expended in the purchase of stocks shall be invested in the development of oil. On another page the Post has given some data on the probable expansion of the field from a comparison of the great Eastern oil fields and on the value and richness of California petroleum as a fuel oil. The oil industry in Southern California is yet in its infancy and it is not unlikely that much greater wealth will come forth from the earth.

INSANITY AS A PLEA FOR MURDER.

Every murderer in civilized society is insane. Insanity may be temporary and caused by passion, jealousy or fear. Insanity leading to murder is most often the manifestation of degeneracy. Degeneracy is the principal cause of crime. A person who commits murder has an unbalanced nervous system.

Consequently, the plea of insanity, if a valid excuse to avoid punishment for murder in one case, is valid in all cases. The plea of insanity has been used to give juries an excuse to acquit persons from the charge of murder where the evidence of the crime fixed the guilt but where the killing was deemed just though not so recognized in law.

There is something to be said for a plea that makes it easy for a jury to do what is deemed substantial justice in such cases as the betrayal of a wife, and killing of the paramour. We cannot, however, endorse such a standard. Beyond cases of this kind the plea of insanity is the trick of the resourceful criminal lawyer. The murderer should suffer the penalty of the law. The murderer is insane any way, or was insane while committing murder. The more insane a murderer is the more dangerous to society he is. Consequently the demonstration of insanity instead of being a means of loosening the criminal on society should be deemed a conclusive cause for execution or permanent detention.

A reasonable change in the law on this subject would be to make it obligatory on the judge on the proof of complete insanity, in proved criminals, to issue a judgment for the life detention of the criminal. Either thus or by law make insanity no extenuation of murder or for the escape of these dangerous criminals.

DELINQUENT TAX LIST.

The county delinquent tax list published by the Record is padded out in paper and printing by an index. This index covers five pages of eight columns and two extra columns. The labor put into the index could have been better utilized in arranging the delinquent list alphabetically. That plan would have saved cost in publication and would have saved time to property owners, who seek knowledge as to whether their taxes are paid and properly credited. The delinquent list is voluminous and appears a formidable arraignment of the economic conditions of the people. It is not, however, as bad as it looks. The great map of delinquencies are for very small amounts, often for less than one dollar. Twice more than two solid pages are taken up with sixty cent items on lots in the desert. Practically the whole thing is an item of less than ten dollars. The list is totally unreliable as to present ownership of the property advertised as delinquent. Property is advertised as now owned by persons who have no present interest in it, and in at least several cases the property is thus advertised in the name of persons long since dead and buried. There are other points of criticism in the make-up of the list.

The fact is that the double and treble system of assessment, tax collection and treasurership, now prevalent in all our towns and cities in this county, should be reformed. The county assessment should be taken as the town and city assessment. This would avoid double sets of officers, double cost, and all the present confusion and trouble inherent in the double system, and so costly to the taxpayer.

The county treasurer should receive all taxes. The check of the auditor on the treasurer is sufficient for the people's safety without the cumbersome politically loaded tax collector's office. The consolidated system is in force in our economically governed states, municipalities and counties now. It is effective, popular and cheap. In Los Angeles we could thus cut off three officers and the three costly armies of political deputies with whom they are loaded down to the guards. It would be a great economy in the tax money to do this rational thing. It is now legal in California, for a municipality to accept the county assessment and have its taxes collected by the county officers. It would be a great convenience to the people to have but one place to pay taxes instead of several in the same county as at present. It would prevent most of the delinquencies to have one tax receipt for all taxes on one piece of property. Much of the delinquency list is now due to error and not to attempted evasion or to financial inability. Give the taxpayers a chance. The city delinquent list just out is arranged alphabetically, just as we said should have been done in the county.

MORE ALGERINES.

We are hardly accustomed to the army stealing of Algerine quartermasters, and other civil employes of Cuba, made while Alger was running things in the Ever Faithful Isle, but we have a new series of similar scandals in San Francisco Over three millions of dollars of the people's money has been stolen in San Francisco It has either been stolen by officers in the quartermaster's department set there by the infamous political patronage debauch, or stolen under these men's noses. The steals already proved seem to absolutely require conspirators inside the army lines. There is no way to think of such gigantic rake-offs as being possible without a ring of these political favorites wearing United States uniforms being in the deal. The political patronage system which is one of the serious threats against our Republic, has loaded the higher officials in the army, and especially in the quartermaster's department with political manipulators and machine men or placed in power the favorites or relatives of high politicians. It has been a costly mistake. Neither Shafter nor Otis had a military education. Both were run into Major Generalship without any military record showing ability, and without the West Point instruction which our Civil War experience has demonstrated to be so necessary for a successful general officer. Both were politically boosted over experienced and competent men not only specially educated for army work, but who had shown their efficiency in war. These two officers both got out of complete disgrace simply by the force and courage of their men and subordinate officers.

It is a painful thing for any of us to record of our small force of trained and high-souled army and navy officers the injustice done them by political mountebank appointments in the army. There has been no need outside of the grossest venality of politics for any of the incompetencies or for any of the disgraceful scandals arising from political army appointments.

M. M. ESTEE .

Mr. Estee has been appointed a judge for the territory of Hawaii. The new judge is a man of learning and of legal ability. It would be hard to select from the Republicans of California a man better qualified and of higher personal integrity for this responsible place. It is whispered that his appointment is due to the Burns wing of the party. Another gentleman was endorsed and pushed for the place by the Republican congressional delegation. Our congressional delegation on the dominant side seem to be mainly occupied with appropriations, appointments and private pensions. The lawyer thus endorsed was Judge Green, of Oakland. The people did not know Green nor what forces were behind him. It now appears that his backers were of the notorious Alameda railroad push. Judge Green on the nomination of Estee, advertised by bitter open letter and by interview his unfitness for high judicial office. His own letter showed him to lack the judicial temperament and besides that his letter showed a leaning to political machine methods in securing the ermine. A few days after Judge Green's letter we hear of him as the judge in charge of the politically organized grand jury of Alameda. This jury had for foreman a foe to the Republican reformers of Oakland. Mr. Barker a short time ago was the machine nominee for mayor of Oakland with a machine ticket behind him. The fight in Oakland for official decency has been a long one with the victories running for the people. The Barker ticket was deemed so bad by the Republicans that the body of the party bolted under the leadership of Pardee and Dalton, and elected Pardee mayor. The appointment of Barker as foreman of a grand jury after that campaign was neither promising for reform action by the jury nor a recommendation to preferment for the judge who appointed him. The jury contained many politicians of the railroad type. In Oakland they have a sort of vagrant political orchestra that harps on borrowed partisan prejudice and hands the hat for spoils. Moffit, Bill Foote, Metcalf, Henshaw and Barker, are prominent in the Oakland party machines that quarrel openly and are privately friendly on politics. This political grand jury has indicted the county assessor, Dalton. Dalton is an honest and courageous public officer. He was the first assessor of Alameda to bring the big corporations into a fair payment of their share of taxes to support government, and to protect their own property. Hence hatreds. The indictment is upon two counts: 1st, That Dalton has destroyed or allowed to be destroyed the memoranda of the field notes of deputy assessors. These are not generally preserved anywhere and have no importance. 2nd. That Dalton did not place on the assessment role the "personal property of persons unknown to the grand jury." It is a frivolous and futile political trick. The bitter hostilities that have grown up in Oakland politics by reason of the overthrow of the old complete political control of that section of the railroad is set forth in the indictment cited. Their recent history is another reason for congratulating Hawaii on securing Mr. Estee for judge and on their escape from Judge Green.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The position of the Board of Education on the High School is that the people having refused to vote bonds for an expensive new High School, the board itself will spend $10,000 of the people's money on an annex. The vote on the High School bonds indicated an indisposition of the people to further endorse the very costly establishment now maintained for fancy education in the High Schools and University at Berkeley. The people are not hostile to these so-called higher educational institutions. The opinion is that these are limited in their benefits, as you go beyond the common school, to fewer and fewer persons. It is also thought that the increasing cost to the taxpayer is accompanied by an increasing cost to the student. This takes their education out of the class appropriate for public and forced support because only well-to-do parents can send their children to such places and give so much time to sedentary and non-productive pursuits. In most of the states private enterprise or endowments provide fully for such high literary education. California is no exception. This state has Stanford, Mills College, the University of Southern California, Throop, Pomona, Claremont, and many others. In the Los Angeles High School the board's nullification of the popular verdict as expressed in the school bond elections, is particularly aggravating. The High School location on its mountain grave yard is and always has been a bad one. Every day it is becoming less central and less healthy. We respectfully suggest to the Board that if they must give more free High School education in spite of the popular disapproval, that there is a cheaper and better way to do it than by another mountain annex. Such additional expenditure on this unfortunate site will only tend to delay and longer fix the location where it is. The proper way to do what the Board is determined to do is to extend the High School hours. Not to make longer hours for the teachers or students now attending, but longer hours for the building. By this method, the capacity of the present building can be increased one-third and probably doubled. In case of an annex building, new teachers would have to be employed. The new teachers can just as well be employed in the old building class rooms during new hours. The fact is that the present High School hours are too long for the young people. This is especially true for the average girls. These girls are now placed under this forced nervous pressure at the period of life when an entire change of natural function is taking place. The re-establishment of vital balance and the development of the maternal capacity is an exceedingly important time of life both for the individual girl and for society. It is well known to medical men that the nerve pressure of High School work on girls at the age of puberty is one of the most prominent causes of permanent invalidism of women in after life. The High School and the University are both sterilizers and devitalizers for women. The heavy taxation for the support of these city and state lishments falls in part upon the private schools and independent universities. These institutions that can only live by merit are forced to pay for the support of state rivals that exist by taxes and not by voluntary support.

The state and city taxation for the University and for High Schools is neither wise nor just. It is not necessary. The State University in California was in a comatose condition until Stanford started up. Since then it has taken on a new lease of life.

Why should the people of Southern California be forced to contribute to the Berkeley College? Why should we see our own endowed schools and university, like Throop, Pomona and the Southern California University handicapped by the heavy taxes these have to pay even on their buildings and apparatus, to support a fat and haughty rival in distant Berkeley? The sound, fair and wise stand in public education is for a complete common school education for all. Nothing beyond should receive forced taxes.

What Has Become of the Water Question?

Water Company Routed in Its Fight. Flight from Position to Position. People Have Only to Stand Firm. Determination of Water Millionaires to Secure the Mayor, City Attorney and a Majority in the Council.

Sapient politicians say the city water company is preparing for a big move. The water company will shortly pull the string and the Herald will climb up, out of its tower of silence and endeavor to elect water company candidates in the coming municipal elections. If the water company can succeed in installing enough of its candidates in office to constitute a majority of the council, it will have the taxpayers by the tail. If it can fix politics it will continue to supply the citizens of Los Angeles with water at the princely profit of $450,000 a year for some years to come. To do this there must be officers controlled by the water company who will betray the people.

The sapient ones are beginning to look wiser than ever and question the sincerity of the erstwhile proposals for a compromise between the water company and the city which are well known to have emanated from the sacred archives of the water company situated in the salacious precincts of "Little Paree." They say the water company did not desire and would not accept any fair or reasonable compromise. The water company idea is to seize the city property, nullify the arbitration, have the city officers abandon the city rights, and pocket millions that they have no right to. To get this position the water company desires to wait until the coming elections, and, by securing a majority in the council and a well-watered mayor, continue in possession of the city plant which by the terms of the lease has in the eyes of the law passed into the possession of the city.

The grand move for a new charter which has been taken well in hand by progressive citizens of Los Angeles will meet with bitter opposition from the water company. The charter desired by the water company is one which will permit it to manipulate city officials for its personal ends. Any charter that has a municipal ownership plank which will stand forth for the city's owning its own water works (and paying a reasonable price for the improvements thereon) will be vigorously opposed by the water syndicate. The syndicate's political work will be as secret as possible. However, if the syndicate feels that the installation of its candidates in the city hall would be instrumental in inducing the city to purchase the water company improvements at water company highbinder prices, it may switch around and advocate a municipal ownership plank in the new charter. The water company's action all depends upon the success of its candidates in the coming elections. If it can elect its candidates and secure a majority in the council, the water company syndicate will make most strenuous efforts to sell its improvements to the city at the well known demand of $2,800,000, which is a million and a half dollars more than the arbitration price for the water company property. It is six hundred thousand dollars more than the friendly high option price now held on the water company stock by Millionaire Hellman, Perry, Miner, Mott, et al. These millionaires are the water syndicate who control the city press, own the Herald, and do politics. The citizens of Los Angeles in drafting a new charter will observe the greatest caution in guarding against the insidious attacks of this powerful secret syndicate. The proposed move to capture a majority in the council and, thus, continue the enormous revenues of gold into the coffers of the water company at the expense of the Los Angeles public, will meet with defeat at the polls. The Post was the first paper in this city to advocate a new charter and will be the first to oppose any movement whereby the property of the city of Los Angeles shall be used to the advantage of the water syndicate.

The people can rest assured that the water company option syndicate has lost its fight. The outfit of millionaires has dabbled in newspapers, in law and in politics. The final outcome in each case has been only gain on the small and immaterial points. The option secret syndicate have made no money, made no friends and made no important points. The fact has at last dawned on these very wealthy men that their fight is lost. They are not quitters and so they are looking for some place to land. The money spent on newspapers and politics by the water option syndicate is thus far a total loss. The option price argeed to by the least aggressive of the water company stockholders and held by the handful of millionaires is for $2,200,000. The value set by the arbitration board is a million less. And the arbitration figure was away and far in excess of any fair payment to the water company for improvements. It included, for instance, the value of pipe paid for by private land owners and tract promoters. It made no allowance for the value of the excess city water siezed by the company amounting to 2000 miner's inches to which it had no right. Many other points were not considered in the city's interest. The arbitration price was a most liberal value for the water company improvements. The people of Los Angeles have simply to stand pat, back up their officers and see that new officers for the municipality are not tools of any corporation combine but good, straight men of sense and courage.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

2 cans Corn or Roast Beef.....25c	Large size pail Cottolene.....$1.10
Corn or Roast Beef per doz.....$1.40	3-lb. pail Ko-nut.....45c
3 cans Challenge Milk.....25c	10-lb. pail pure Leaf Lard.....95c
3 cans Van Camp's Soups.....25c	7 cans Deviled Ham.....25c

ALASKA Refrigerators, FREEZERS, Etc.

Cass & Smurr Stove Co.

314 and 316 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES.

Largest and Best Agency on Pacific Coast. Carefully Selected Help of all Kinds Promptly Furnished.

TELEPHONE MAIN 509

HUMMEL BROS. & CO., Employment Agents

Basement California Bank Building, Corner Broadway,

300-302 WEST SECOND STREET, - - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Hay and Storage Company ::Wholesale Hay

Office, Third and Central Ave. Telephone Main 1596

The Wraith and The Reservoir

A Romance of the Kinneola Range.

Written for THE SATURDAY POST

BY HARRIET LANE.

Back in the misty days when romance gilded the deeds and loves of poor and rich alike, as the rays of the setting sun make beautiful the landscape, there lived in Southern California near where the town of Pasadena now stands, a beautiful Mexican Girl, by name, Wiona. The blood of a hundred Montezumas ran in her veins, and the rich love of a long line of beautiful women shone forth in her dark eyes, her red cheeks, her black hair and her rounded form. Her laugh was caressing as the call of the dove to his mate and many lovers there were who came to her door and fought for her favors.

But above all there was one she loved more than the others. This was Picho, a sturdy youth to whom secretly she was betrothed. Picho was short and squat and jealous. Often, in public, when others were present, Wiona would treat him with indifference, or flirt desperately with some rival, and Picho would smart, and chafe. But he would say nothing. Neither would he fill up with the rich wine which the Mexican loves, wine which swells the heart and carries away the head, for he knew that when he had enough money—in a little while,—Wiona would become his wife, would care for him, bringing joy to his heart and children to his hearth. These were happy moments for Picho to contemplate. He sold fruit in Los Angeles and when the day's work was done, he would count the pennies, then run and tell Wiona, and together they would saunter off through the twilight arm in arm, building lovers' castles in the air, and longing for the final moment when they should become united forever.

So the hazy days ran on in love and forgetfulness and the vigorous Picho having saved enough pennies, proceeded to build a little home near the foot of the Sierra at the rich and romantic Kinneloa rancho. The house was under a great live oak and hard by a huge reservoir. Soon the little thatch was completed. Its neat adobe walls, pleasant rooms, and small chicken yard in the back, with a cow shed, were more than the heart of any Mexican girl could withstand, and, more than once, Wiona had visited the premises with her girl friends, chatting with them complacently as she smoothed down the folds of her dress and blushed deep red like the rich wine which sends the blood bounding through the veins.

At last all was ready. It was the eve before the wedding. The linen had been placed in the little home. The crucifixes and statues hung on the walls, the tables, the chairs and even a carpet graced the little nest that was to receive the young couple on the morrow. Picho and Wiona had paid their last visit and had exchanged the last kiss under its walls which would be given ere they should become man and wife. The neighbors were all assembling from a distance and all were ready to participate in the wedding festivities and the dance which would mark the joining of these two loving hearts. Everyone, so it seemed, had determined to come, and the disappointed suitors, who had in hot passion cursed each other and longed to bury their knives in the hearts of their rivals, had accepted the inevitable and even gone so far as to ask other maidens to accompany them to the wedding. And so all was ready.

It was the eve before the wedding. The twilight was falling, flickering, and Picho made haste with his stocking full of pennies and small coin which he was carrying from his new home to the city, where he was to pass the night, and make some small purchases on the following morning. He closed the door of the little cottage and thought with satisfaction how he had triumphed over his rivals and won the girl of his heart. Then he hurried through the gathering gloom around the reservoir and took the trail which led to Pasadena. Strange premonitions of danger filled his heart and to quiet his misgivings he determined to select a stout cudgel for defense in addition to the knife he always carried. He stooped to pick it.

"Madre de Dios!" he cried. A sharp knife slipped quickly under his arm. Once, twice, again and the warm blood spurted over his clothing as he fell to the ground, coughing convulsively. He writhed among the grasses and wild flowers in great pain for a moment, and then became still. The bride groom was dead. His life was flown. The murderer rifled his pockets; he took the stocking of pennies; he spat on the body; he left it and took his way over the mountains.

Wiona was restless. There were many visitors at the house. They had seen her few dresses and admired her beads very often. Besides she was tired. She wanted to get away. She felt she would meet Picho up at their little home, too. Her lover had told her he would be at the cottage that evening and that he was going to town to make some purchases. Some one had asked at dinner if he were going to buy a burro for his bride to ride upon and he had replied, better than that." Wiona put a red shawl over her head and slipped away unobserved. Her heart was filled with happiness and she pictured to herself the wholesome life for many years to come she would lead with her steady, patient, energetic, loving Picho. Ah, he was a lover to be proud of! He had never forgotten her in drinks or revelry. She would show him what a dear wife she could be. Her heart sung with joy and so she tripped up the path to the cottage. When she came near the reservoir her feet slipped and she almost fell over something. It was a dog. No, it was a man. Her heart almost stopped beating. She stopped and felt in the blood; she felt the face, the arms, the neck, the lips, the dear eyes. She called to Picho, her loved one, her darling. She felt the heart. Life had gone. Picho was dead. A terrible wailing scream, once heard, never to be forgotten, called the wedding guests from the home in the valley. They thronged up the trail. But long before they came the love-lorn bride had taken the body of her lover in her arms and plunged into the silent reservoir which closed about them quietly, hardly disturbed by a ripple on the surface, and leaving only a few bubbles and a blood-red stain to mark the spot where bride and groom had entered the bridal bed.

Many years have passed since the bodies of Picho and his bride plunged beneath the surface of the reservoir. The wedding guests are old and gray and many of them have passed to the silent white city never to return. Their children are grown and still they speak of the beauty of the lost bride Wiona. 'Tis said that on still evenings at twilight the figure of a beautiful woman clad in white, with a darker shawl over her head, comes up the path, and stooping down, seems to bear a burden to the reservoir. She stands on the brink a moment, and then pressing a kiss upon her burden, plunges into the lake. And 'tis said further a faint wailing cry can be heard as she stoops with her burden. But perhaps this is but the whistling of the wind in the trees. Who knows?

TURKISH BATHS.

Now is the time for a Turkish bath. Drs. Carpenter and Wilson, who have fitted up the old Thom mansion at 118 E. Third street, with sybarite luxuriousness, give the finest Turkish, Russian, and electric baths in the country. The plunge is large and magnificent. It is without doubt the finest plunge in Southern California. Richard Adamson, the accomplished and popular masseur, who for many years was with the Athletic Association of this city, and Mr. A. E. Close, who is as skilled a masseur as can anywhere be found, are in attendance. There is also a manicure and chiropodist at hand. The Turkish Bath house of Drs. Carpenter and Wilson is thoroughly equipped with every convenience. It is cosmopolitan in every particular. The guests are accorded the utmost courtesy. Rooms and meals can be had when desired. Every kind of bath han be had at Drs. Carpenter and Wilson's new establishment, Turkish, Russian, Swedish, electric, salt glow, massage, tub and plunge, Mineral and sulphur baths as also a good rub-down in alcohol. Tuesday is ladies' day, when accomplished la 'y attendants are at hand. When you feel bad, come and see Drs. Carpenter and Wilson, 118 East Third street. Open day and night.

Keep this Copy of the SATURDAY POST. It is Your Accident Insurance For the Next Week.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS

The Events of the Week that go to make up the World's History.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The past week in South Africa has been one of guerrilla warfare on a rather large scale, but Roberts' forces have demonstrated that this warfare will not long survive. President Kruger's predirection that "the price would stagger humanity is likely to remain unfulfilled. On Saturday there came news that the Boers had cut the wires north of Kroonstadt and in many places destroyed the railroads so that Lord Roberts' forces were cut off from the outside world. The Boers had inaugurated guerrilla warfare. Sunday's news reports showed that Gen. Botha had refused to surrender his forces unconditionally to Buller and that an artillery duel was in progress. The Boers seem almost ready to capitulate, but not unconditionally. The Boers are keeping hold of the prisoners as hostages for their protection against starvation, and to further their resources for drawing the Britsh government into negotiations of some kind. Monday's news: Gen. Botha, of the Boer forces, still occupied his strong position east of Pretoria, keeping Buller's army out of touch with Lord Roberts' troops. Tuesday's news reported that a portion of Buller's forces had forced Almond's Nek, the extreme northern point in Natal. The Boers are behind Lord Roberts, cutting off his communication with the base of supplies; 24 miles of Lord Roberts' vital line of railway between America siding and Roodeville have been torn up. Tuesday's news reports indicated that 50,000 British troops were endeavoring to clear the country of Boers near Kroonstadt. The loss of the Derbyshires at Roodeville is estimated at between 600 and 700 men killed, wounded and captured. President Kruger has transferred the capital to Machadodorp, where he has a bodyguird of 1000 burghers. General Olivier, of the Boer forces, is reported as killed and Gen. De Villiers as mortally wounded. On Wednesday Lord Roberts cabled that no apprehension need be felt about the army. The railway communications with Kroonstadt have been practically repaired. 'Tis said that Gen. Botha is still entrenched in his strong position fifteen miles east of Kroonstadt on the Middleburg road. The fact of Botha's presence has kept up excitement and prevented many from surrendering, says Roberts. Thursday's news showed that the Boers were everywhere retiring before Buller's advance. Afternoon reports said Botha had evacuated his strong position during the night. Beyond driving Botha from the capital, Lord Roberts' move seems to have accomplished little. Friday: Sickness among horses and soldiers is increasing among the British on account of the bitter cold and lack of clothing. The Boer Gen. Dewet destroyed 3,000 suits of clothes near Machadodorp.

ORIENT.

The "Boxer" troubles in China have now reached a situation almost as critical as war. The "Boxers" or "Big Knives" are said to be a patriotic society much opposed to foreigners, and have resolved to drive them out. In this they have been tacitly encouraged by the Dowager Empress. The fearful drouth from which the region is suffering is by the "Boxers" attributed to the Christians and naturally the missions have been the first object of the "Boxer" attacks. The "Boxer" society contains 4,000,000 persons and is manipulated by zealous and adroit men. On Saturday there came news from the Orient that the Chinese government forces had been defeated in a battle with the "Boxers," an attack on Tien Tsin is expected and the movement in which the "Boxers" declared their first object to be the annihilation of Catholic converts, is taking on, more and more, the character of a fanatical war for the extermination of all foreigners in China. Sunday's news showed the "Boxer" trouble was still increasing. The American naval forces are to be increased, but no United States troops will be sent to China. A chapel is burned by the "Boxers," giving Russia a chance to land more troops. The capture of the insurgent General Pio del Pilar in the Philippines is regarded as important as proving the loyalty of the native police. On Monday the reports say the letters discovered by Funston in the Philippines, show that in reality little progress has been made toward assimilating the Filipinos or overcoming them. As to the "Boxer" trouble—4000 Russians are said to have landed at Taku, and are preparing to march on Pekin. The Dowager Empress takes refuge at the Russian legation. It is expected that she will call on the powers for help. Any movement to disrupt China will be counteracted by Japan. On Tuesday it was reported that the general Chinese situation was as bad as ever. Consul Martin at Chen Kiang has asked for a cruiser as there is absolutely no protection for Americans in that district. The United States will hold aloof from all the political schemes in which many of the powers may become involved. In the Philippines two more insurgent leaders are captured which promises an abatement of the war. On Wednesday the latest dispatches from Minister Conger indicated that the foreign troops had not yet reached Pekin, but were progressing steadily. The Dowager Empress will not oppose the entry of foreign troops into Pekin. On Thursday came news that the Chinese troops were entrenched before Pekin to resist the advance of the international column. The reform leaders will ask outside powers to take joint action. United States Minister Conger wants 2,000 troops. Dr. Terry, the famous missionary is murdered. On Friday came news that 30,000 Chinese troops were drawn up outside the gates of Pekin to oppose the relief expedition. Chinese have trained guns on American, Japanese and British legations.

EUROPE.

The attention of Europe has been much directed to the Chinese embroglio during the week past. Russia holds the high card in her possession of Northern Asia and Siberia and her troops in Southern Asia. Proposals came from German papers late in the week that representatives of the powers should meet and decide upon a mutual course of action and against an exclusive movement by a single power in case China should be occupied by foreign troops. It is asserted in European circles that Russia has been secretly stirring up Korea against Japan. In England plans have been matured for the future government of the Transvaal which will be on a colonial basis similar to that of Canada and Australia. On Saturday came news that the Pope and Kaiser had sent kindly messages to Brazil on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of that country. Reports from Vienna say that heavy indemnity claims have already been filed by European ministers at Pekin. Germany is said to be sending consuls to all the large cities in Brazil, organizing banks, railroad companies, etc. Other nations are suspicious. Sunday's news reported that in England Lord Salishury did not look on the "Boxer" developments with any apprehension; England will probably not send troops; Germany favors prompt action lest some one power gain an undue advantage. Monday's news showed that the European nations fear if Russia lands more troops in China on a peace pretext she will never remove them. Tuesday's news reported jealousies in the Paris Exposition on the part of French machinists in regard to American exhibits. British interest is waning in the South African war. On Wednesday came reports of the breaking of the drouth in Southern Russia and Turkey. The Prince of Wales will go to South Africa and review the troops personally at the expiration of the wark. Thursday reported the passage of the naval bill in the reichstag at Berlin, and fresh battles of the French troops with the Moors. Friday came news of the Ashanti relief expedition. Three thousand persons of the native community at Kumassie are in a state of destitution.

NATIONAL.

During the past week the great street car strike in St. Louis has not abated. Interest in the coming presidential campaigns has put forth a number of candidates for vice-president; Dolliver of Iowa has been mentioned as a likely mate for McKinley, and as Dewey's boom is somewhat played out, it has been suggested Dewey would not be averse to accepting second place on the ticket with Bryan. On Saturday Colorado Democrats instruct for Bryan; the woman's meeting at Milwaukee closes; Cuban stealings continue to grow larger as investigations are made; Major Gen. Otis, who has reached Chicago, says the force in the Philippines is sufficient. On Sunday the news was: Gov. Stephens leaves St. Louis without calling out the troops to maintain order in the strike; Bryan makes a pro-Boer speech at Omaha at the reception of Wessels, the Boer envoy. Dewey is enthusiastically received in Detroit; the end of the Chicago labor war in sight. On Monday the news reports showed that many coolie Japanese laborers were being smuggled into the Northwest coast by corporations; the Republican convention will convene at Philadelphia June 19; Senator Clark given an enthusiastic greeting upon his arrival in Butte, Montana; four men were killed and five wounded in the St. Louis street car strike on Sunday. Ohio democrats will endorse Bryan in convention. Tuesday's news: The Republican territorial convention at Honolulu, Hawaii, elect delegates to the national convention. Congress has authorized the expenditure of $51,000,000 for the hulls and machinery of five battleships and three improved Olympias. Wednesday's news: Hanna does not like Dolliver, of Iowa, as a vice-presidential candidate; a Kentucky sheriff goes to Indianapolis with a requisition for ex Governor Taylor, of Kentucky. On Thursday the news came that the Associated Press was served in mandamus proceedings by a half-dozen papers for not furnishing the news. St. Louis street car street car strike passes the crisis; Admiral Remy asks for more marines for service at Manila. Friday: Net earnings of the Southern Pacific railroad for last ten fiscal months, $1,-725,615, of the Central Pacific for the same period, $5,125,541.

LOCAL.

The Democrats have exercised considerable energy in the state conventions during the past week. On Saturday the latest issue of the Post and its wonderful premium offers caused much favorable comment. W. H. Perry states he would like to see the water question settled. Council decides to back up the police commission Unusual number of clever sermons on Sunday. On Monday Mrs. Emeline Childs offers to donote her Main street property for an auditorium site, the hall to be erected within a year. Lively business on the rival oil exchanges; citizens object to the erection of a packing house near the Los Angeles brewery. Tuesday's news: Officer Fowler fired from the police force without a hearing. Los Angeles is in the new California baseball league, and Washington Gardens will be converted into a model park. Academy of Sciences' reception. Wednesday: Daily Herald denies the report that it has been sold to a syndicate of Republicans. Lively business on the oil exchanges. Thursday: Charles Compton sent to state's prison for eleven years after three years in the county jail since his arrest: case will be again appealed. Mayor Eaton says water for city parks should cost nothing, and will raise the point with the water company. Friday: Everybody on the lookout for the Saturday Post.

CIGARETTES MADE TO ORDER.

Ivan Strogoff, the Russian cigarette maker, late of San Francisco, has opened up a cigarette factory at 212½ North Spring street, Los Angeles, where he is prepared to make cigarettes to suit the individual tastes of cigarette smokers. The best of Turkish, Russian and Egyptian tobacco only is used in the manufacture of these cigarettes. Trial orders are solicited. Ivan Strogoff, 212½ North Spring street.

City News in Brief.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

NYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

RED CLOUD MINING CO.

The Red Cloud Mining Company has located a large number of oil claims in one of the best oil regions in this State near Salton, and the intention is to sink wells and put in a 500 horse-power dynamo and connect the mill with an electric current, when the machinery will be run entirely by electricity. The surplus oil will be placed on the market for sale. The elevation of the oil location is such that the oil can be conveyed by gravity to the railroad, thereby saving the expense of hauling it

The Red Cloud Mining Company's property comprises sixteen claims, and are rich in gold, silver, lead and copper, upon which considerable work has been prosecuted in shafts and tunnels, running from 75 to 150 feet, and the work is still going on. The company has purchased the largest set of Cornish rolls in the State of California, and have a capacity of 175 tons of ore per day. Experts have estimated that the output of the mines will easily run $50,000 and upward per month after the machinery is put in operation. The mines were bought, organized and promoted by S. P. Creasinger, the well-known financier, who has associated with him as directors men of well-known business acumen and standing, and in the practical development of these valuable mines he has at command a corps of trained and experienced engineers and miners engaged in prosecuting the extension of the work in hand.

Love and Duty.

It's been the derndest, slowest afternoon
I've seen for more'n a month. It ain't because
I've worked so awful hard. I ain't plowed half
What any other fellow'd done, I 'spose.
The team's all right; the ground's a-workin fine;
The field's a-needin plowin too. You'd think
I'd keep 'em goin lively, but, I jing!
I jest can't do it. When I turn around
Down at the other end, there, next the house,
Or stop a bit to clean the shovel off,
Jest like as not I'll fool around an take
Three times as long's I really ought to do.

A fellow shouldn't act jest this a-way
An waste the whole endurin afternoon
An keep a-lookin all the time to where,
Down to the house acrost the pasture lot,
She's visitin our folks.

—W. Schuyler Miller in Kiote.

The Small Boy's Troubles.

Before they had arithmetic
Or telescopes or chalk
Or blackboards, maps and copybooks,
When they could only talk;

Before Columbus came to show
The world geography,
What did they teach the little boys
Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then,
They couldn't read or speli,
For books were not invented, yet
I think 'twas just as well;

There were not any rows of dates
Or laws or wars or kings
Or generals or victories
Or any of those things;

There couldn't be much to learn,
There wasn't much to know;
'Twas nice to be a boy
Ten thousand years ago.

For history had not begun,
The world was very new,
And in the schools I don't see what
The children had to do.

Now always there is more to learn,
How history does grow!
And every day they find new things
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this
I'm glad I live today,
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will not have time to play!

—Answers.

The Poet.

The poet sees the tragedy that lies
Concealed within the heart from other eyes.

Behind the mask, beneath the surface smile,
He sees the gnawing canker grief the while.

Beneath the word he sees the deeper thought
And deeper still the soul with sorrow fraught.

All things reveal themselves unto his ken;
His chart is human life, his books are men.

And this the secret is of all his art,
He sees life wholly, others but in part.

A godlike gift is this the gods bestow,
To see the truth, to feel it and to know.

And thus because he pierces the pretense
Of shallow smiles and words disguising sense.

The poet may not follow others' lead
And lightly write what some may lightly read.

But true to life his lines some trace must bear
Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.

The sweetest music breathes a minor strain,
And life would not be perfect but for pain,

And so the poet sings of grief and strife
And tears and fears, because of such is life.

—Boston Pilot.

BURBANK THEATRE.

A dramatization of the famous Polish novel, "Quo Vadis," by Mr. B. B. Valentine, of New York city, will be given a most sumptuous production by the Frawley Company at the Burbank beginning tomorrow evening. This version is the one secured by Mr. T. Daniel Frawley, while in the East recently, and it is said to follow more closely Sienklewicz's great book, than any of the other versions of which there are many. The wealth of incidents, the gorgeous coloring of the tragedy, the religious sentiment brought into contrast with the dying paganism of a luxurious despotism, offer opportunities which seem almost beyond the capacity of the stage to reproduce. The great Arena, in which Ursus is supposed to have his fierce battle with the bull, the Burning of Rome, Nero's castle and all the greatest scenes have been gotten up for this great play, and Managers Morosco and Frawley state positively that the forth-coming production will be the most lavish of its kind ever witnessed in this city. The cast is a very long one and in addition to every member of the Frawley company, a lot of new faces have been secured among whom is Mr. Henry Roberts, the Australian actor who secured a big hit in a great many of the recent Frawley productions. Owing to the fact that the advance sale of seats being so very large the management have decided to give an extra performance of Quo Vadis on Wednesday afternoon next. There will be no advance in prices for this great scenic production, but for the benefit of those who have already ordered seats, it will be necessary to state in these columns, that all seats ordered for the Sunday night performance must be called for by 12 o'clock that day, and by 6 o'clock the evening of the performance on week days.

———o———

BAND CONCERT AT WESTLAKE.

Following is the program of the concert by the Fitzgerald Music Company Band at Westlake Park at 2 p. m. Sunday:

1. March, "Fearless" (Heed).
2 Overture, "Soldier of Fortune" (Volker).
3. Waltzes, "Wedding Chimes" (Wiegand).
4. Serenade, "A Long Farewell" (Holt).
5. Cake Walk "Dusky Dudes" (Schwartz).
6. Grand Medley of Popular Songs (ar. Beyer).
7. Entr' acte "Bewitching Beauty" (Laurendeau).
8. La Caravane (Asch). Illustrating a caravan crossing the desert. I. Caravan is heard coming. II. Caravan marching through the town. III. Caravan slowly disappearing.
9. Concert Mazurka "One Heart, One Mind" (Strauss).
10. March, Selected.

The Trekking Wagon.

The South African wagon is a long, heavy cart mounted on four high wheels, as a rule, with a sort of canvas tent over the back half, leaving the front clear to carry the miscellaneous furniture of its owner, drawn by 16, 18 or 20 oxen, curiously fierce looking, with their immense spread of horn, sometimes as much as eight feet from tip to tip and rarely less than six, but in reality as patient and hardworking beasts as one could wish to find.

Their mode of progression is certainly slow, but there are a strangeness and a fascination about it which may draw men to it almost as the Alps draw their devotees. In front there marches the "voor looper," generally a small boy, leading the two foremost oxen by a rein or rope passed through their nostrils.

The driver walks alongside with the long and terrible whip he uses so unsparingly or else sits on the front of the wagon and gets off occasionally to lash up the whole team with unfailing impartiality. The traveling is all done at night, starting a little before sunset and marching till perhaps 11 or 12 o'clock; then there is a halt till a little before the first signs of dawn, when they go on again till the sun begins to get hot overhead, and then they lie by for the day.

An Explanation.

"John," said the funny man's wife sternly, "did you write this horrid mother-in-law joke in The Weekly Snicker?"

"Yes, my dear," replied John humbly, "but"—

"Well, I think you are just too mean for anything. Hasn't my mother always treated you like her own son?"

"Yes, love, I know she has, "but then"—

"Don't try to excuse yourself. If I had ever supposed you capable of such baseness, I never should have married you. I don't see how you will be able to look her in the face when she comes to visit us next week."

"You don't understand," said John desperately. "She told me that joke herself, and it will tickle her to death to see it in print."—San Francisco Examiner.

Couldn't Help Saying It.

"Dearest," asked the confiding girl, after her usual manner, "am I really your first and only love?"

"No, darling," said the young druggist, "but you are something just as good."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Odd Coffin.

"The most remarkable coffin of which I ever heard," said a traveler, "was that of a very old Englishman who served in the French wars under Lord Nelson and afterward went to Canada and settled, I think, in Victoria, B. C. In his leisure moments he constructed a model of the flagship Victory. It was eight feet long and had all the masts, sails, rigging and cannons which Nelson's ship had. The old man took the greatest pride in it and in his last days used to watch it for hours at a time. He was a very small man, and when he died some of his sailor friends lifted the deck off the Victory and had the inside upholstered. Then they put the old man in and replaced the deck. At the funeral the Victory was lowered into the grave, with sails set and the flags flying. I don't suppose there was ever a more appropriate coffin than that."

Effect of Her Prayers.

A Philadelphia woman relates the following instance of an answer to prayer: "One day I was walking on the street when I saw a runaway horse galloping toward me. The driver had lost all control over the animal, and as the wagon was swaying from side to side the driver seemed in great danger of being thrown out and severely injured, if not killed. I stepped into the street and prayed for the horse with all my might. It gave one look at me, stopped and hung its head abashed.

"But that isn't all. The driver, seeing the horse was submissive, was about to seize the whip, with the intention of lashing the beast, when I directed my prayers toward him. He at once gave up his cruel design, jumped from his seat and began patting the horse's head. Then I went on my way rejoicing."—New York Tribune.

The Victoria Cross.

The Victoria cross measures one inch and two-fifths square. The actual weight of the metal is 434 grains, just 3½ grains less than an ounce. Its intrinsic value is a penny, and it is illegal in Great Britain for a pawnbroker to accept it as a pledge under any circumstances.

Marketable.

"Cap," said the mate of the Black Flag, "we have just grappled a Peruvian bark. Reduce her to ashes?"

"No," thundered the bold coast pirate; "reduce her to quinine!" Then the plank walking exercises proceeded without delay.—Chicago News.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU

That the paper on the walls of your home influences the disposition of your family? Dark, ugly, gloomy wall paper is enough to give your wife the "blues." You can't expect her to be happy staying at home day after day in a house papered years ago. It's enough to make her irritable. Paper your home from ground floor to garret in an artistic manner and see the change it will make.—It will pay you to consult

T. FRANK McGRATH, 414 South Broadway.

The Saturday Post Insurance Against Death by Accident.

$500 Cash

Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.

The Cheapest Accident Insurance.
No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

A Genuine Turquoise Ring Free.

Subscribers to the Saturday Post can secure a one caret genuine turquoise set in a 14 caret solid gold ring by sending ten subscriptions to the Saturday Post (the best weekly on the Pacific Coast) at $1.00 each per year.

These turquoise rings are made and guaranteed by the Pacific Gem Co., cutters of precious stones, South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., and are worth at least $10 each.

Subscribe to the Saturday Post yourself, get ten of your friends to subscribe through you and get this beautiful ring. On exhibition at office of the Post Publishing Co. For samples apply to the

Post Publishing Co., *401-402 Stimson Block.*

Premiums for Subscribers To the Saturday Post

THE SATURDAY POST presents its readers the following list of premiums which will be given away absolutely free for new prepaid subscribers to THE SATURDAY POST. NONE BUT SUBSCRIBERS CAN SECURE THESE PREMIUMS.

FOR ONE NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTION.

A Yankee Watch, guaranteed to keep good time for one year.

FOR FOUR NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Yankee Camera, size 4x5. This camera is in all respects first class.

FOR TEN NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A genuine 1 caret Turquoise Set in a Solid Gold Ring (rings made and guaranteed by the Pacific Gem Co., South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.)

FOR TWENTY NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Camping Outfit complete, consisting of a tent 10x12 feet, two canvas cots, two mattresses, two pillows, two comfortables, two camp stools and one camp table.

FOR 100 NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Deed to a lot at Ocean Park, Santa Monica. This lot is near the electric Railroad, the Santa Fe Station and Postoffice.

For further particulars in regard to these premiums apply at the offices of the POST PUBLISHING CO., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone Red 756.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL

BY

GUY BOOTHBY

AUTHOR OF

A BID FOR FORTUNE, DR. NIKOLA

THE MARRIAGE OF ESTHER, ETC.

Copyright, 1898, by D. Appleton and Company.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER I.—Dr. De Normanville, an English physician at Hongkong, hears of a woman called the Beautiful White Devil, making her home on an island in the Pacific, of which she is the sovereign and leading a piratical life in a white yacht on the ocean. Dr. De Normanville receives a call from a stranger who engages his professional services to go to an unknown place to treat an epidemic of smalpox. They leave Hongkong that night on a Chinese junk. The Chinese crew prove treacherous and attack Dr. De Normanville and his companion and are cowed only after four of their number are killed. Dr. De Normanville is wounded and loses consciousness just as they come in sight of the mysterious schooner to which they are to be transferred. When Dr. De Normanville regains consciousness he finds himself on board the Lone Star, the yacht of The Beautiful White Devil. He is treated with great courtesy by that mysterious lady who relates to him much of interest concerning herself and her adventures. De Normanville is conducted to the island home of Alie, the Beautiful White Devil, where he fights an epidemic of small pox. When the plague is conquered De Normanville is so completely worn out with his duties that Alie plans a little excursion into the mountains. They have an enchanting trip and Dr. De Normanville falls in love with the Beautiful White Devil and urges her to marry him and give up her life of adventure. She is firm in her refusal to marry him but promised to give him his answer in one year if he still desires to marry her. Their excursion is broken up by the arrival of a messenger who brings tidings of treachery of an agent who wishes to betray the Beautiful White Devil into the hands of the British navy. It is decided that the only safe method of riddling herself of this menace is to abduct this agent and make him a prisoner on the island. Dr. De Normanville decides to accompany her and aid her in this adventure. Leaving the island the party meet at Batavia, where Alie personates an American girl. They go to Singapore and Alie, as Miss Sanderson, meets Ebbington, the man who would betray her to the authorities, and accepts his attentions. Ebbington is induced to invite her for a trip about the harbor. During the trip Alie makes herself known, orders the launch out to sea and transfers Ebbington to the Lone Star. The Lone Star then overhauled a mailboat for the purpose of taking off and flogging Mr. Barkmansworth, a man who had, while in authority on an island, had flogged to death two native women. After punishing Mr. Barkmansworth he was returned to the steamer and the Lone Star sets off for the Island. On this voyage Ebbington commits suicide by taking poison.

CHAPTER XI.

A TYPHOON.

A 5 o'clock next morning, being unable to bear the closeness of my cabin any longer, I dressed myself and went on deck. To my surprise, the schooner was stationary and wrapped in as dense a fog as ever I remember to have seen. It was most depressing, so for the sake of companionship I fumbled my way over to the starboard bulwark, and, having found it, ran it along to the bridge, where I almost fell into some person's arms. The fog here was so thick that I could not see his face, so I inquired his name.

"Walworth," was the reply, "and from your voice you should be Dr. De Normanville."

"Quite right," I answered. "But what a fog this is, to be sure! How long have we been in it?"

"Very nearly three hours," he replied. "It's most unfortunate. By the way, I want to ask a favor of you on her ladyship's account. We are going to bury that poor beggar Ebbington in half an hour. Will you conduct the service?"

"Did her ladyship tell you to ask me?"

He answered in the affirmative.

"Then, if it is her desire, of course I will do so," I replied, "though I must own I do not very much look forward to the task."

He thanked me and went below to give the necessary instructions. I waited about, and in half an hour the body was brought on deck, neatly sewed up in a hammock and covered with a plain white ensign by way of a pall. Though we could hardly see each other or the bier, we took our place at the gangway, and I at once began to read the beautiful service for the burial of the dead at sea. When I arrived at the place where it is instructed that the body shall be cast into the deep, I gave a signal, and the stretcher was tilted so that the hammock and its grim contents slid off it and fell with a sullen splash into the water alongside. Just as it disappeared a curious thing happened.

The body could hardly have touched the water before the fog was lifted as though by some giant hand, and the sun shone brilliantly forth. The transition from the obscurity of semidarkness to bright sunshine was quite dazzling and set us all blinking like so many owls. Then I saw every face turn suddenly in one direction, and as they did so every mouth went down. Next moment the officer of the watch had bounded to the engine room telegraph, there was a confused ringing of bells in the bowels of the ship, and before a minute could have elapsed we were under way once more.

And what do you think was the reason of all this commotion? Why, there, not half a mile distant from us, full steam up and ensign streaming in the breeze, lay an enormous English man-of-war. She was evidently on our trail and by altering her course only half a point might have run us down in the fog. It was very evident she had only just become aware that she was so close to her prey or she would surely have sent a boat and attempted to take us prisoner. As it was, this sudden lifting of the fog must have caused them as much surprise as it did us, for it was a good minute before we heard the shouting of orders and blowing of bos'n's pipes aboard her. As soon as I had recovered from my astonishment I fetched a glass from the rack and brought it to bear on her, at the same time convincing myself that we were in for a warm quarter of an hour.

True to our expectations, before we had been steaming a couple of minutes there came a puff of smoke from her port bow, and an instant later a shot flew in front of us and dropped into the water a mile or so on our left side. It was evidently a signal to us to heave to without any nonsense or further waste of time. But as the boom of the gun died away Alie made her appearance from the after companion and came over to where I stood.

"Good morning, Dr. De Normanville," she said, as calmly as if we were greeting each other in Hyde park. "You see how anxious your government is to have me in its keeping. Mr. Patterson, full steam ahead."

The chief officer touched his cap, gave the order, and then resumed his promenade, stopping now and again to examine the man-of-war through his glass.

"They're going to fire another gun, and then if we don't attend to that they will chase us," said Alie, who was also closely scrutinizing her great opponent's movements.

She was correct in her prophecy, for as she finished speaking another jet of flame issued from the cruiser's side, followed by a sullen roar. This time the shot passed through our rigging, fortunately, however, without doing any damage, and next moment we could see that she was under weigh. It was going to be a stern chase, and if they didn't hull us before we got out of range we knew it would be a long one.

Seeing that we did not intend to heave to, as she ordered, our antagonist sent another shot after us, but this time it fell altogether wide of the mark. Alie called the third officer to her side.

"Inquire from the engine room what we're doing, Mr. Gammel," she said.

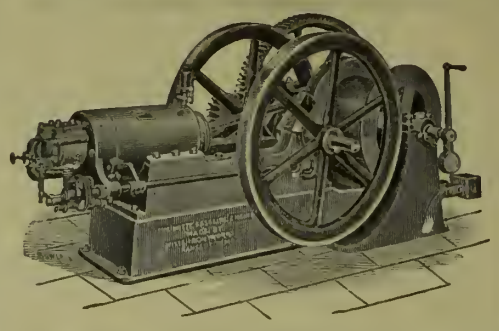
The officer asked the necessary question, and the answer came back, "Eighteen."

"Tell them to give her every ounce of steam she is capable of carrying. We must not allow our friend yonder to get

MACHINERY.

BOOTHE MANUFACTURING and SUPPLY CO.

126 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines

COMPLETE

IRRIGATING PLANTS

Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE

Gasoline Engines

ARE

Simple

Reliable

Durable

FULLY GUARANTEED.

Model GAS Ranges

And Instantaneous Water Heaters Have

REDUCED

Many of the Unpleasant Features of Housekeeping TO a Minimum.

The Cheapest and Best Light and Fuel Is

GAS AT $1.50 Per 1000 Cu. Ft.

The rate which takes effect July 1st. These modern necessities as well as other GAS APPLIANCES on sale AT ABSOLUTE COST.—Cash or Installments.

LOS ANGELES LIGHTING CO.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891

—SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.—

Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical

A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets

Polished oak floors $1.25 per Sq. Yard. Will last a life-time. Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.

JOHN A. SMITH 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from

JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS

Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.

ROBT. JORDAN Telephone Main 217 641 South Broadway

Ocean Park.

THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.

T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P. O.

us within range again, or one of those chance shots may hull us."

Then turning to me, she continued, as if in explanation, "You see, Dr. De Normanville, I have no desire to fall into their hands yet awhile."

I felt as though I would have given anything to have been allowed to say something at this juncture, but I remembered my compact with her and wisely held my tongue. During breakfast, of which I partook in the officers' mess, for I did not breakfast with Alie every morning, I noticed a nervous and, as I thought, a hopelessly sad look upon the chief officer's face. Could it be the presence of the man-of-war that occasioned it? I did not question him, of course, but when he halted at the foot of the ladder, glanced anxiously at the barometer and returned to the deck I asked Walworth if anything were the matter.

"Look at the glass for yourself," he said. "Don't you see that it is dropping in a most alarming fashion? And if you listen for a moment, you will hear how the wind and sea are rising."

And so they were. There could be no mistake about that. I picked up my cap and followed the chief's example.

By 10 o'clock the wind had risen to the strength of a more than moderated gale and the sea in proportion. It was most alarming, and I must confess that, seeing the strength of the wind, I was a little surprised when, about the middle of the morning, Alie appeared on deck. She came aft to where I was standing and, having looked at the compass card, gazed round her.

"If I'm not mistaken, we're in for a typhoon," she shouted, her glorious hair blowing in tangled profusion across her eyes and about her face. "Our friend the cruiser, you see, is out of sight. I expect she thinks it's useless endeavoring to chase us across such a sea." Then turning to Walworth, who was standing near, she cried, "Send Mr. Patterson to me!"

Though it was not Patterson's watch on deck, he was too anxious about the weather and his ship to go below. Immediately on receiving Alie's message he came aft and, having touched his southwester, waited for her to speak.

"Mr. Patterson, what is your opinion of the weather?" she shouted in his ear, for it was impossible to make yourself heard by any ordinary means. "Don't you think we had better heave to and endeavor to find out how the center of the storm bears from us?"

"I was just going to do so," Patterson bellowed in reply. Then turning to his subordinate, he gave the necessary instructions in a yell that sounded like a fog horn. The yacht's nose was immediately pointed dead to the wind, which at that moment was due northeast, the requisite number of points to the right of it were taken and the center of the approaching hurricane found to be exactly south southeast of our position. At this juncture Walworth, who had been acting under instructions, returned from the cuddy and reported the barometer had fallen to 27.45. It might therefore be inferred that we were within the storm circle, and for the same reason it was apparent that our safety entirely depended upon our being able to avoid the center of the field. Having decided the direction of the storm and discovered that we lay in the due line of its advance—the most dangerous of all—there was nothing for it but to run with the wind on our starboard quarter.

Never shall I forget the scene presented as our course was changed. I looked from Alie, who, enveloped in oilskins, was clinging to the starboard railing, then to the chief officer gazing anxiously aloft and from both to the men struggling and straining at the wheel. Now, when a great wave, seemingly mountains high, dark as green jade and topped with hissing foam, would come tearing toward us, obscuring half the horizon, I would shut my eyes and wait for it to engulf us. Then I would feel the noble little vessel meet it, rise on to its crest and next moment be sinking again, down, down, down into the trough. Then once more I would draw breath and open my eyes just in time to see another rise and meet her forward, to break with a roar upon the forecastle head, carrying away a dozen feet of bulwark and one of the boats as if both were built of so much paper.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the strength of the gale began somewhat to abate, the sea lost its greater fury, and the barometer in a measure recovered its stability. It seemed incredible that the Lone Star could have come through it so safely, for, with the exception of one man washed overboard, another who had three of his ribs smashed in by a marauding sea, a portion of the port bulwark and a boat carried away as above described, and another crashed to atoms on the davits, we had experienced no casualties worth mentioning.

By the time darkness fell the sea was almost its old calm, placid self again, so quickly do these terrible typhoons spring up and die away. As soon as we were certain all danger was past the yacht was returned to her course, and we once more proceeded on our way.

How wonderful and inscrutable is the mighty deep! Next day the weather was as peaceful as ever I had seen it—bright sunshine, gentle breezes and a sea as smooth as polished silver. After breakfast the awning, which on account of the storm had been unshipped the day before, was rigged again, and, drawing a deck chair aft, I settled myself down to read beneath its shade. A few minutes later Alie and her companion joined me. I brought them seats, and then for the first time I saw the Beautiful White Devil—for I must sometimes call her by her picturesque Chinese cognomen—engaged in needlework. Why I should have found anything extraordinary in such a circumstance I cannot say. Possibly it may have been because I had never imagined that there could be sufficient leisure in her life for such a homely occupation. At any rate, I know that to watch her bent head, with its glorious wealth of hair; to see those beautiful white fingers, unadorned by jewelry of any sort, twisting and twining among her silks, and to make out one little foot peeping beneath her snow white dress sent a thrill through me that made me tingle from top to toe.

Suddenly one of the hands engaged upon some work in the fore rigging uttered a cry in the native. Alie and her companion sprang to their feet, and though I did not understand what had happened I followed their example. We ran to the starboard bulwark, but nothing was to be seen there. Not being able to make it out, I asked what had occasioned the alarm.

"One of the hands reports a boat away to starboard," said Alie.

She turned to one of the younger officers, who was standing near, and ordered him aloft to take the boat's bearing. As soon as this was discovered the yacht was put over on a tack that would bring us close up with it, and after that there was nothing for it but to wait patiently for the result.

For some time we could not see anything; then a small black speck made its appearance about two points off our starboard bow and gradually grew plainer.

"Keep her as she goes," said Alie to the man at the wheel, while we strained our eyes toward the tiny dot.

Little by little it became more distinct until we were sufficiently near to make out with a glass that it was a man-of-war's gig pulled by two men and containing three others. Ten minutes later the yacht was hove to, and Patterson clambered on to the rail of the bulwarks.

"Are you strong enough to bring her alongside, do you think," he bellowed, "or shall we send a boat to tow you?"

The man steering, who was evidently an officer, funneled his mouth with his hands and shouted back that they thought they could manage it. Then, as if to prove his words, the men who had been rowing, but had now stopped, resumed their monotonous labor. Bit by bit the tiny craft crept over the oily surface toward us until she was close enough for us to see with our naked eyes all that she contained.

As she came alongside our gangway was lowered, and within an hour from the time of our first sighting her the boat's crew stood upon our deck. In spite of their man-of-war dress a more miserable, woebegone appearance could not have been imagined than the party presented. It consisted of one lieutenant, a midshipman and three able sea-

The Sonora Yard
Frank Giambastiani, Prop.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer In
Wood, Coal, Hay and Grain.
The only burner of steady, pure, Live Oak Charcoal in Southern California. Yard and office cor. San Fernando and Alpine Sts., facing head of New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Telephone Black 2911.

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. *Telephone Main 561.*

CUT THIS OUT. Good for 10c.
Discount, in Trade, May 26th to June 26th, 1900, at the
CITY DYE WORKS
Cleaners and Dyers
345 South Broadway LOS ANGELES

BUY YOUR **SHOES** AT THE
Queen Shoe Store
162-164 North Main Street

PALACE MARKET
EVERHARDY & WREDEN, Proprietors
Dealers in Fresh Meats, Poultry, Game, Oysters
Cor. 3d and Spring Sts. *Tel. Main 415*

Buy Your Roll Paper and Twine
FROM.....
Blake, Moffitt & Towne,
146 North Los Angeles St.

Western Fish Co.,
BARACUDA, MACKEREL AND SALMON
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

'PHONE MAIN 805
Christopher & Sparks
THE LEADING
Caterers and Confectioners
214 S. Spring St., Los Angeles

TURKISH BATH HOUSE
Formerly the Thom Residence
...108 East Third Street
Dr. Carpenter and Wilson, Props.
Rooms and Meals When Desired
Ladies' Day EVERY TUESDAY

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS,
General Agents
John Wieland and Jos. Schlitz
- LAGER BEER -
Family Trade Solicited
'Phone Main 468. 112-118 Central Av. Los Angeles, Cal.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at
306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.)
SANTA MONICA

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO MAY 1, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
7:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
7:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:30 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:50 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:50 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:50 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:50 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:50 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5:25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	8:02 am
1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	11:10 am
5:15 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	...Port Los Angeles...	
*1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only.

SANTA FE ROUTE.

Southern California Railway Company.

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect June 3, 1900.

City Ticket Office, corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angel's		Arrive Los Angel's
10:10 a.m. Daily	Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago .....and East.....	8:25 a.m. Daily
8:50 p.m.	.....San Diego.....	12:10 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	.....San Diego.....	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	San Bernardino	8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	.... Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	San Bernardino	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	..... Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Redlands	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	5:30 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	.... Pasadena	
S 8:50 a.m.	Redlands	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 a.m.
	..... Orange	5:47 p.m.
	Riverside	
*8:30 a.m.	via	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	.... Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	Riverside	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	..... Orange	5:17 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Pasadena,	8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	Monrovia	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	.....and Azusa.....	5:30 p.m.
8:50 a.m.	.....Santa Ana.....	8:45 a.m.
2:00 p.m.	.....Santa Ana.....	12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	.....Santa Ana.....	5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m.	San Jacinto	O*10:55 a.m.
O*10:10 a.m.	...and Elsinore...	
*2:00 p.m.	.... Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	.... Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	..Redondo Beach..	8:25 a.m.
9:55 a.m.	..Redondo Beach..	11:40 a.m.
1:30 p.m.	..Redondo Beach..	4:25 p.m.
5:34 p.m.	..Redondo Beach..	7:15 p.m.
S 7:00 p.m.	..Redondo Beach..	S 8:40 p.m.
9:55 a.m.	S'ta Monica and	7:50 a.m.
5:47 p.m.	....Ocean Park....	4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sunday. O via Orange. P via Pasadena. S Sundays only. All other trains daily.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*
Employment Agents
123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring.

men, and out of curiosity I glanced at the cap of the man standing nearest me. It bore the name H. M. S. Asiatic. Then I looked round for Alie, only to discover that she had mysteriously disappeared. It was left for Patterson to welcome the poor fellows to the yacht, and this he accordingly did with a hearty kindness that I should hardly have expected from him.

"Before you tell me anything about yourselves," he said, "let me arrange for the comfort of your men." Then, calling a hand to him, he continued, pointing to the three Jacks who stood sheepishly by: "Take these men forrard and tell the cook to give them all they want. You can supply them with hammocks among you and find room somewhere for them to sling them." Then, turning to the officers again, he said, "Will you be so good as to follow me, gentlemen?" and led the way down the companion to the cuddy. Thinking my professional services might possibly be required, I followed with Walworth.

On reaching the cabin they were conducted to seats, and food was immediately set before them. They fell upon it like starving men, and for some time only the sound of steady munching and the clatter of knives and forks were to be heard. When they had finished, the midshipman without warning burst into a flood of tears and was led by Walworth to a cabin near by, where, when his torrent had worn itself out, the poor little chap fell fast asleep.

"Now," said Patterson as soon as the lieutenant had finished his meal, "perhaps you will tell me your story?"

"It won't take long to do that," the officer began. "I am the first lieutenant of her majesty's cruiser Asiatic. We were sent out from Singapore last Saturday in pursuit of this very yacht, if I mistake not. As you know, we almost picked you up in the fog, but when it lifted your superior steaming power enabled you to escape us. Then the typhoon caught us, and in looking after ourselves we lost sight of you altogether. We rode out the storm safely enough, but just at suntime yesterday she struck an uncharted rock and went down within five minutes."

He stopped for a moment and covered his face with his hands.

"This is terrible news!" cried Patterson, while we all gave utterance to expressions of horrified astonishment. "And was yours the only boat that got away?"

"I'm very much afraid so," he replied. "At least I saw no other. Yes, you are right; it is terrible, and her majesty has lost a fine vessel and a splendid ship's company in the Asiatic."

When the poor fellow had finished his story, he was silent for some minutes. Indeed, so were we all. It seemed almost incredible that the great vessel we had admired and feared only the day before should now be lying, with the majority of her crew, deep down at the bottom of the ocean.

"We are fortunate in having been able to pick you up," said Patterson after awhile. "An hour later and we should have changed our course and have been many miles away."

"In that case we should have been dead men by nightfall," was the reply. "As it was, we lost one man."

"How did it happen?"

"The poor devil went mad and jumped overboard. Remember, we had no water and nothing to eat, and so you may imagine it was heartbreaking work pulling in that baking sun. The miracle to me is that the boy stood it as well as he did."

"Poor little chap! It must have been a terrible experience for him."

"And what do you intend doing with us?" asked the officer, after a little pause. "For, of course, we're your prisoners."

"That I cannot say," Patterson answered. "It does not lie within my province. However, you'll hear soon enough—never fear. By the way, I suppose you will give me your word that you will not attempt to play us any tricks. You must remember, please, that to all intents and purposes we are at war!"

"I will give you my word. Is that enough?"

"Quite enough. And now that you have done so I make you free of our wardroom and its contents."

All the time Patterson had been speaking I had noticed that the lieutenant, whose name, it transpired later, was Thorden, had been staring at his face as if trying to recall some countenance it reminded him of. Just as we were preparing to go on deck again his memory seemed to come back to him.

"I hope you will excuse what I am going to say, and stop me if I am recalling any unpleasant memories," he blurted out, "but ever since I came aboard I've been wondering where we have met before. Aren't you Gregory, who was commander of the gunboat Parsifal in the Egyptian business of 1879?"

Patterson fell back against the wall as if he had been shot. For a moment his face was as white as the paper I am now writing upon; then, with a great effort, he pulled himself together and answered:

"I have quite forgotten that I had any existence at all in 1879. May I beg that you will not recall the fact to my memory?" Then, as if to change the subject, he continued: "I expect you would like to rest after all your troubles. Pray let me conduct you to a cabin."

"Many thanks," said Thorden, and with that they went along the alleyway together, and I returned to the deck to think out what I had heard. It was, of course, no business of mine, but I was interested in Patterson and could not help speculating as to what the reason could have been that had induced him to abandon a career in which, even so many years ago, he seemed to have attained such exalted rank.

During the afternoon I received an invitation from Alie to dine with her that evening. She stated in the little note she sent me that she had also asked the rescued lieutenant and his midshipman, and I gathered from this that something out of the common was toward.

About an hour before dusk, as I was reading in the officers' messroom, the lieutenant came out of his cabin and sat down at the table beside me. He looked round to see that we were alone, and then said in a confidential whisper:

"Your position on board this boat, Dr. De Normanville, has already been explained to me. I'm sure I sympathize with you, but for rather selfish motives I am glad you are not in league with this extraordinary woman. I have received an invitation to dine in her cabin this evening, and I want you, if you will, to tell me something about her. Do you know enough to satisfy my curiosity?"

"I won't tell you anything about her," I answered, with a laugh. "You must wait and judge for yourself. One caution, however, before you see her—beware how you behave toward her, and if I might venture a hint, make a good toilet. She's very particular, and it's well to humor her. My things are at your disposal, of course."

He thanked me, and I saw no more of him or the midshipman until a few minutes before dinner time, when I met them on deck and accompanied them to Alie's saloon. Having descended the companion ladder, I drew back the curtain for them to enter. Prepared as I was to see him show astonishment, I had no idea the lieutenant would be filled with such amazement as he betrayed when we entered the beautiful cabin I have before described. As good luck had it, Alie was not present, and so we were able to look about us undisturbed.

"Why didn't you prepare me for this?" whispered my companion after he had glanced round the cabin. "I never saw anything like it before, and I've been aboard scores of yachts in my time."

"There is but one Beautiful White Devil," I said with serio comic earnestness.

"Curios, china, skins, divans, musical instruments, a grand piano oven, and, by Jove, inlaid with tortoise shell and lapis lazuli! It's wonderful, it's superb! And now I want to see the woman who owns it all."

"Steady," I whispered. "If I mistake not, here she comes."

As I spoke the curtains at the other end of the cabin were parted by a tiny hand, and Alie, dressed entirely in black, stood before us. The color of her costume showed off the superb beauty of her complexion and hair, while its making exhibited her matchless figure to perfection. She stood for a moment in the doorway and then advanced toward us with that wonderful floating grace which always characterized her, giving me her little hand first and then turning toward her other guests.

To the lieutenant she bowed and said, with a smile:

"Sir, you must forgive my not having personally welcomed you to my boat, but for reasons which would not interest you I am not always able to do as much as I could wish. However, I hope my officers have taken every care of you."

She shook hands with the handsome little midshipman as she spoke, and while she was doing so I had time to steal a look at the first lieutenant's face. The astonishment I saw depicted there almost caused me to laugh. He had been amazed at the beauty of the cabin, but that was nothing compared with the admiration he betrayed for the Beautiful White Devil herself. He murmured a confused but not altogether inappropriate reply to her last speech, and then we sat down to dinner. Her companion, I learned on inquiry, was suffering from a severe headache and had elected to dine in her own cabin.

The dinner was in the chef's best style, and its cooking, serving and variety, combined with the beauty and value of the table decorations, evidently completed the effect upon the officer that the cabin had begun. Alie herself was in excellent spirits and talked with the wit and cleverness of a woman who has perfected an originally liberal education by continual and varied study of the world and its inhabitants. By the time the meal was ended and we had bidden her good night the lieutenant was in a maze of enchantment.

We went on deck together, and once there, out of earshot of the cabin, his enthusiasm broke loose. I will spare you, however, a recital of all the extravagant things he said. Let it suffice that I gathered enough to feel sure that when he got back to Hongkong he would add to rather than detract from the number of stories already in circulation about the too famous Beautiful White Devil. One promise, however, I took care to extract from both officers, and that was not to mention my name in connection with the yacht on their return to civilization. I made the excuse that if such a thing got known it might

THE SATURDAY POST
A FAMILY STORY PAPER

WE take pleasure in announcing the following copyrighted Short Stories by celebrated authors which will appear in THE SATURDAY POST.

THE PROMOTION AT ROCKY LEDGE
By Elmore E. Peake

THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG
By Clinton Ross

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET GRASS
By W. A. Fraser

IN JACKSON'S PURCHASE
By Martha McCulloch Williams

THE PEACEMAKER
By W. W. Jacobs

AN ICE WRAITH
By John Boyd Clarke

THE NIGHT BEFORE EL CANEY
By Francis Kimball

Stories by Local Authors

BETWEEN MESSAGES.
By Grace Adelaide Luce.

A MARKETABLE QUALITY.
By Grace Adelaide Luce.

A CLINIC AND A MEMORY.
By Arthur Johnston.

LEGEND OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. By Minnie Bell.

The Saturday Post will be sent by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for *$1 00 Per Year.*

Address all communications and make all checks, drafts and money orders payable to

The Post Publishing Company,
401-402 Stimson Building,
Telephone Red 756. *Los Angeles, Cal.*

A Yankee Camera Free!

Any subscriber to the Saturday Post who will send us four new prepaid subscribers for one year at $1 each will receive FREE a 4x5 Yankee Camera. These cameras are covered with seal grain keratol leather and are fitted with the best rapid achromatic lenses known; time and instantaneous shutter.

Send us $4 with the names of four new subscribers and get this camera. Make all checks and money orders payable to the

POST PUBLISHING CO.,
401-402 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles

Cards and Card Case Free

All new subscribers to THE SATURDAY POST sending their subscription direct to this office, 401-402 Stimson Building, before July 1st, 1900, will receive 100 Calling Cards and an Aluminum Card Case with their name engraved on it FREE OF CHARGE.

Send your name and address and $1.00 to The Post Publishing Co., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal., and receive The Saturday Post every week for one year and 100 calling cards and an engraved card case.

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.
For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,
401-2 STIMSON BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

do me serious harm in the practice of my profession, and both men readily gave me their words that they would not breathe a syllable on the subject.

Their stay with us, however, was not to be of as long duration as we had expected, for early next morning we sighted a small brigantine, who, on being hailed, stated that she was bound for Hongkong. Passages for the officers and their men were soon arranged, and, within an hour of picking her up she had sent a boat, we had bidden our naval visitors goodby and were standing on our fictitious course again. As soon, however, as they were out of sight the helm was put up and we were making a bee line back to the settlement.

That evening as I was pacing the deck, smoking my cigar and wondering when the time would come for me to say farewell, I heard a light footstep behind me and next moment Alie came to my side. We paced the deck for a little while, talking commonplaces about the beauty of the night, the speed of her vessel, and the visit of the man-of-war's men; then she drew me to the stern and said:

"Do you remember your first night on board this boat, when we discussed the sea and the poets who have written of her?"

"It was the night of the first day I ever saw you," I answered. "Is it likely I should have forgotten it?"

"Some men forget very easily," she answered, looking down at the sparkling water. "But I'll do you the justice to say I don't think you are one of that kind."

"And you are right; I am sure I am not. I think if I were lying dead in my grave, my brain would still remember you."

She looked roguishly up into my face and said:

"That is rather a big assertion for a medical man to make, is it not?"

"Bother medicine," I cried impatiently. "It reminds me of the outer world. And by the same token, Alie, I want to ask you something unpleasant again."

"And that is?"

"When I am to say goodby to you?"

"Tomorrow," she answered. "Tomorrow night, all being well, we shall pick up a trading schooner off a certain island. Her owner is under an obligation to me and will take you on board and convey you to Thursday island. Thence you can travel home via Australia and the canal or Honolulu and America, as you please."

I had expected that the parting was not far distant, but I did not think it would prove as close as this. I told Alie as much.

"It is the only opportunity that may serve," she answered. "And I must not keep you with me too long for your own sake."

Under cover of the darkness I managed to find and take her hand.

"It is only for a year, Alie. You understand that, don't you? At the end of a year you are to be my wife?"

"If you still wish it, yes," she answered, but so softly that I had to strain my ears to catch it. Then with a whispered good night she slipped from me and went below.

At sundown next evening, surely enough, a small topsail schooner hove in sight from behind an island, and seeing us ran up a signal. It was returned from our gaff, and as soon as I read it I knew that my fate was sealed. Leaving Walworth to see my luggage brought up on deck, I went down Alie's companion ladder to bid her farewell. She was seated on the couch at the farther end, reading.

"The schooner has just put in an appearance and answered our signals," I began, hardly able to trust my voice to speak. "I have come to say goodby. For both our sakes we must not let this interview be a long one. Alie, will you tell me for the last time exactly when I am to see you again and where?"

"On the first day of May next year, all being well, I will be at an address in London, of which I will take care to acquaint you beforehand."

"But since you last spoke of that I have been thinking it over. Alie, you must not come to England. The risk would be too great."

"There will be no risk at all, and I shall take every precaution to insure my own safety. You may rest assured of that," she answered. "But before you go I have a little keepsake for you, something that may serve to remind you of the Beautiful White Devil and the days you have spent with her when you are far away."

As she spoke she took from the table, beside which she was now standing, a large gold locket. Opening it, she let me see that it contained an excellent portrait of herself.

"Oh, Alie," I cried, "how can I thank you? You have given me the one thing of all others that I desired. Now in my turn I have a present for you. This ring"—here I drew a ring from my finger—"was my poor dead mother's last gift to me, and I want you to wear it."

I placed it on her finger and, having done so, took her in my arms and kissed her on the lips. This time she offered no resistance.

Then we said goodby, and I went on deck. An hour later the Lone Star had faded away into the night, and I was aboard the Pearl Queen bound for Thursday island and the port of London.

When I came to think of it, I could hardly believe that it was nearly four months since Walworth had found me out in the Occidental hotel, Hongkong, and induced me to become the servant and at the same time the lover of the Beautiful White Devil.

Arriving in Thursday island, one of the hottest and quaintest little spots on earth, I was fortunate enough to catch a British India mailboat in the act of starting for Brisbane.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Next morning after my return to England I donned the orthodox top hat and frock coat and set off to walk to South Kensington to call upon my sister Janet, who, by the way, was a widow, her husband having died of malarial fever when with his regiment on the west coast of Africa.

I found her in the morning room in the act of writing a note of welcome to me. She greeted me with all her old sisterly affection and when she had done so made me sit down before the fire and tell her all my adventures.

"We have heard the most wonderful tales about you," she said, with a smile. "How you were captured by a sort of female Captain Kidd of fabulous beauty, who carried you off to an island in the Pacific, where you were made to dig sufficient gold to pay your ransom."

"Indeed?"

"It has been recopied into all sorts of papers," she continued. "But I've no doubt it was a mass of mere fabrication. Own the truth now, wasn't it?"

"Every bit," I answered candidly. "I have been very much annoyed by those stupid newspaper paragraphs. It is just like the rabid craving of the age for sensationalism. But before I go any further, Janet, I want to tell you something. I am going to be married."

"You, George! Why, you always used to say you had made up your mind never to do anything so foolish."

"So I did, but you see I have changed my mind."

"So it would appear. And, now, who is she? Tell me where you met her and all about her."

This was what I dreaded, but it had to be met and faced.

"Well, in the first place, her name is Alie. She is 27 years of age and an orphan. Her father was a captain in the English navy, but is now dead. She is very sweet, very accomplished, and very beautiful, and I feel sure, Janet, if only for my sake, you will offer her a hearty welcome when she comes home."

"You know me well enough to be sure of that, don't you, dear old George? And is anything settled yet? How soon does she come home, and when are you going to be married?"

"To your first question I can only answer, as soon after the 1st of May as possible. On the 1st Alie will arrive in England. Now will you wish me happiness, Janet?"

"With all my heart and soul. But I am dying to know more. Tell me where you met her and indeed all about your adventures; remember, you have been away a whole year."

I told her as much as I thought prudent without revealing Alie's identity, and when my story was ended we sat chatting on till lunchtime.

When I left the house in the afternoon, I knew I had insured a kind reception for Alie when she should arrive in England.

Now I must skip the greater part of a year and come to the middle of the last week in April, just three days, in fact, before I knew I might expect my darling.

I had her own assertion that she would be in England on the 1st of May, and I had never known her fail to keep her word. Just as that thought passed through my brain there was a ring at the bell, and a few seconds later my man brought up a telegram on a salver. With fingers trembling with eagerness I tore the envelope open and read the following message:

Arrived this morning. Bundaberg House, Surbiton. Come quickly. ALIE.

There and then I ran out of the room, gave the telegraph boy in the porch half a crown for his trouble, seized my hat and stick, hailed a hansom and bade the cabman drive me with all possible speed to Waterloo. The man was a smart whip, and as he possessed a good horse we covered the ground in grand style. When we reached the station, I paid him off, purchased my ticket and ran on to the platform just in time to catch the 6:15 express. Punctually at five and twenty minutes to 7 I left the train again at Surbiton and, proceeding into the station yard, called another cab.

"Do you know Bundaberg House?" I asked the man as I took my place in the vehicle.

He shook his head and called to one of his mates.

"Where's Bundaberg House, Bill?"

"Out on the Portsmouth road nearly to Thames Ditton," was the reply; "that big house with the long brick wall next to Tiller's."

"I know now, sir," said the man, climbing on to his box.

"Very well, then! An extra shilling if you hurry up," I cried, and away he went.

At the end of a short drive we pulled up before a pair of massive iron gates. A passerby threw them open for us, and we drove in, passed round a shrubbery and pulled up at the front door. I paid the cabman off, and then, having watched him drive down and through the gates again, rang the bell. Next moment the door opened and a trim maidservant, without inquiring my name, invited me to enter. The front door opened on to a nicely built and furnished hall, and from it I passed into a handsome drawing room. It was empty, but before I had time to look round the folding doors on the other side were thrown back and Alie entered the room.

I must leave you to imagine our greeting. I can only say that it sends a tremor through me to this day to remember it. I know that while I held Alie, who seemed more beautiful than ever, in my arms she whispered:

"You are still of the same mind, George?"

"Doesn't this look as if I am, darling?" I whispered. "Yes, I love you more fondly than ever, and I have come tonight to claim the fulfillment of your promise."

"You have been very patient, George!"

"It was because I loved and believed in you, Alie!" I replied. "But come, darling; I want my answer."

"And you shall have it," she said softly. "There it is!"

As she spoke she raised her beautiful white hand and pointed to the ring I had given her, saying as she did so, "It has never left my finger since you placed it there!"

"My best of girls," I cried, raising the little hand to my lips and kissing it fondly, "I am the very happiest man in the world! And now I must hear all your doings; tell me how you got home!"

"There is little to tell," she answered. "I followed your route via Thursday island, Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne. I staid in the latter place for nearly a month, and while there advertised for a companion. The result was Mrs. Barker, a nice, amiable little person, whom you will shortly see. When we reached Naples, I happened to see an advertisement concerning this furnished house in an English paper, tele-

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.
Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company
Studio and Art Rooms
351 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

NEW MACHINERY

We have just put in a lot of new modern improved machinery and are better equipped than ever to turn out first class work.
A trial will satisfy you that our work is all right.

Acme Steam Laundry
'Phone M. 531. 327 E. 2d St.
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

A Machinery Bargain
A 20-Horse Power
Westinghouse
AUTOMATIC ENGINE
In excellent working order. A wonderful Bargain for Cash.
A 200-Light Edison Dynamo
110 Volt—Good as New,
CHEAP FOR CASH
For Particulars See
Tufts-Palmer Electric Works
701 SOUTH MAIN ST.,
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

Vernondale Rabbitry

Breeders and dealers in high grade stock only. Orders carefully boxed and shipped to all parts north and east. We have a large stock of the finest strains, viz.,
Lord Britains, Dexters, Sir Styles, English Sovereign, Yukon, Gold Bug, Etc.
We have some bucks of the above especially fine in color, form and ticking. Correspondence invited.
S. B. DURYEA,
Central Avenue and 42nd Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Circulating Library
Room 201, 223 W. 2nd St., Los Angeles.
Tel. Main 1415 Membership Fee 50c
Books Rented at 5 Cents the Week--5c for Delivery
Seventy-five cents worth of magazines rented for 25c. Five 10c magazines rented for 20c--one you keep. For $2.50 we rent you five 10c magazines the month and give you a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY POST.
This is equivalent to getting $7.00 worth of reading matter for the year for only $2.50.
Subscriptions taken for all Publications.
All leading Coast and Eastern Papers or Illustrations furnished to the press and

graphed about it, received an answer in Paris, engaged it and arrived here this morning."

"And how did you leave the settlement? And, by the way, where is Mr. 'Beelzebub?'"

"The settlement was very well when I came away. They were busy building the new Communal hall I used to talk to you about. And poor old Bel is left at the bungalow. I was afraid he might excite remark and possibly draw suspicion upon me."

"Alie, do you think you are safe in London?" I cried in alarm, all my old fears rushing back upon me at the mention of that one word suspicion. "Whatever should I do if any one suspected you?"

"You need have no fear on that score, dear," my intrepid sweetheart answered. "There is no one in England who could possibly recognize me, and the only people in the whole world who could do so are Vesey of Hongkong, the sultan of Surabaya, the rajah of Tavoy, Barkmansworth and that lieutenant and midshipman. The first is dead, the second never leaves his own territory, the third is in bad odor with the English government just at present and little likely to come home. Barkmansworth is, I presume, still in Hongkong, and the lieutenant and his junior are with their ship in the China sea."

"All the same, I shall not be satisfied until we are safely out of Europe again, Alie."

"You say we. Then you mean to come away with me, George?"

"Of course. With whom else should I go? Hark. Somebody is coming."

"It is Mrs. Barker, my duenna. Now we must be matter of fact folk once more."

As she spoke Mrs. Barker, a dapper little lady with silver gray hair and a very pleasant expression, entered the room.

"Let me introduce Dr. De Normanville to you," said Alie, rising from her chair and going forward to meet her. "Dr. De Normanville, Mrs. Barker."

I bowed and Mrs. Barker did the same. Then we went in to dinner. What happened during that very pleasant meal, how Mrs. Barker found occasion to require something from her bedroom afterward and so left us alone in the drawing room together, I need not relate. Suffice it that when I got home about 12 o'clock I was the happiest and at the same time the most nervous man in England.

Next morning I called for Janet and, willy nilly, carried her off there and then to call on Alie. We found her walking in her garden, which led down to the river, and I must be excused if I say that, proud as I was of my darling, I was infinitely prouder as I noticed the look of astonishment and admiration that came into Janet's face when she was introduced to her. Alie's radiant beauty and charming manners were irresistible, and before they had been together half an hour the two women were on the best of terms. It was Alie's earnest desire that we should remain to luncheon, and she herself walked to the railway station with us when we at last took our departure.

"Now what do you think of my sweetheart?" I asked as we steamed out of the station.

"I think that she is a very beautiful and charming girl," was my sister's immediate reply, "and if I know anything of my sex she is as good as she's beautiful."

This pleased me, as you may be sure, and when Janet went on to tell me that she had invited Alie and Mrs. Barker to spend a few days with her and that the visit would commence the following afternoon my opinion of my sister's kindness became even more exaggerated than before.

And so that week went by and another after it, till Alie had thoroughly settled down among us and nearly all the preparations for our wedding were complete. By that time, you may be sure, she had won golden opinions on every side. On each occasion that I saw Janet she was more and more profuse in her praises of her, until I had really to tell her that unless she moderated them a little I should soon become insufferably conceited about my good fortune.

One morning when I was beginning to think of getting up the following note was brought to me with my shaving water. It was from my sister and had evidently been written the previous evening:

SOUTH KENSINGTON, Monday Evening.

DEAR OLD GEORGE—I have succeeded in inducing Alie and Mrs. Barker to prolong their visit to me until Saturday. On Wednesday evening we hope to witness the new play at Drury Lane. Alie, you know, has never seen a spectacular melodrama. We shall of course want a gentleman to escort us. Would you care for the position, or must we look elsewhere? On that occasion we dine at 6:30, and, unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall lay a place for you. In haste. Your affectionate sister, JANET.

Need it be said that I accepted, or that on Wednesday evening I was proud of my charges as they took their seats in the box Janet had been at some pains to secure?

The house was packed from pit to gallery, and I noticed that more than one glass was leveled at the beautiful girl who took her place at Janet's side in the front of the box. Alie herself, however, seemed quite unconscious of the admiration she excited and throughout the piece kept her eyes fixed upon the stage with never failing earnestness. What the play was I have not the very vaguest recollection.

In the middle of the first act I noticed that three gentlemen entered the box opposite us and from the vociferous nature of their applause gathered that they had evidently been dining not wisely, but too well. After awhile their glasses were so continually brought to bear on our box that I began to feel myself, foolishly enough, becoming excessively annoyed. The face of one of them struck me as familiar and during the next interval, seeing that they had left their box, I made an excuse and went out to endeavor to discover who he was and where I had seen his face before. For a little while I was unsuccessful in my search; then, just as the next act was commencing, I turned a corner and almost ran into their arms. The man whose face I had been puzzling about was farthest from me, but I knew him instantly. It was Barkmansworth! My heart seemed to stand still with terror, and when I recovered my wits he was gone.

What was I to do? I dared not tell Alie before my sister and Mrs. Barker, and yet I knew, if Barkmansworth had recognized her, not an instant must be lost in getting her out of harm's way. For a moment I stood in the vestibule feeling more sick and giddy than I have ever felt before or since, and all the time trying vainly to think how to act. Then, when I took my seat again and saw that the occupants of the box opposite had gone, I resolved to put off all consideration of the matter for that evening and to call and tell Alie first thing in the morning. Oh, that little bit of indecision! How fatal were its consequences!

When I had conveyed my fair charges home, I made a severe headache an excuse, and bidding them good night set off on foot for my own abode. But my brain was too full of anxiety to entertain any idea of bed, so turning off from the direct route I wandered down to the Green park and on to the embankment, thence through Lincoln's Inn Fields to Oxford street, and so round to Cavendish square. By the time I let myself into my house it was nearly 3 o'clock and a beautiful morning. Passing along the hall, I went into my consulting room and lit the gas. A letter lay upon the table, addressed in my sister's handwriting and marked "Immediate." With a sickening fear in my heart I tore it open and read:

DEAR GEORGE—Come to me at once, without an instant's delay. Alie has been arrested. Your frantic sister, JANET.

The blow had fallen. My little shirking of an unpleasant duty had ruined the woman I loved. Oh, how bitterly I reproached myself for my delay in reporting my discovery! But if I had hesitated then I did not do so now. A second or two later I had let myself out again and was off as fast as I could go on my way back to South Kensington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞ Subscribe for the Post.

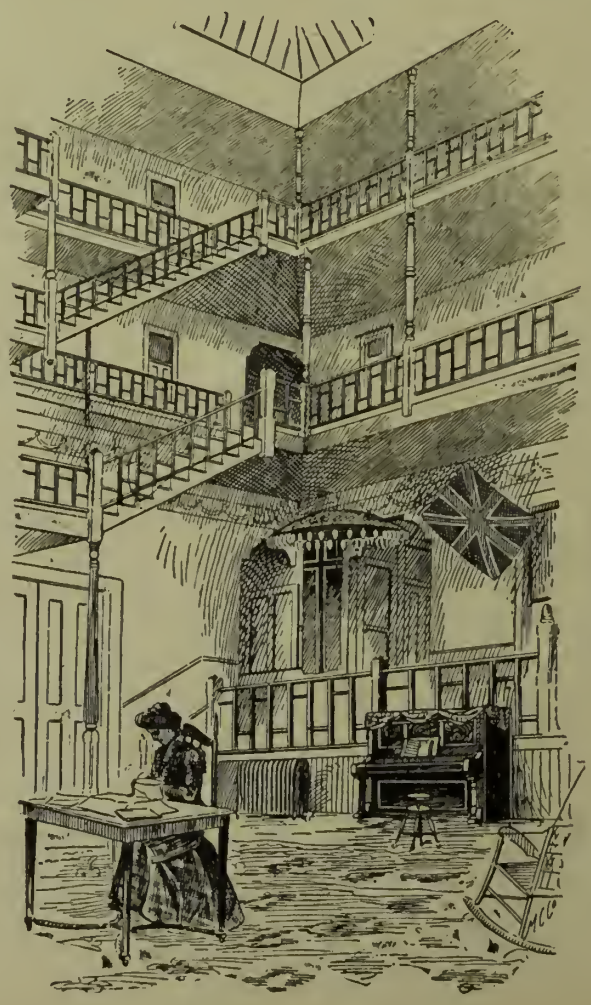
Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, Cal.

A HOTEL THAT IS DELIGHTFUL.

The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, Cal., is becoming recognized throughout the United States as a most delightful place at which to stop while in Southern California. Its praises are being sounded by thousands who have been its guests from Maine to Oregon. The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, is the Mecca to which all Arizona and the San Joaquin Valley turn during their long hot summers. The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, is the place to stop when you reach Southern California.

Check your baggage through To the Abbotsford Inn.

8th and Hope Streets



The Interior Court—Abbotsford Inn.

The Abbotsford Inn, Los Angeles, Cal., is the social center of the city. Its beautiful interior court is daily the scene of renewed acquaintances of those who have been separated since their school days. It is the recognized Los Angeles headquarters for Arizona and San Joaquin Valley people. Its exceptionally fine cuisine, its convenience to the car lines, its free billiard room, its reading room, replete with the current periodical literature, and the daily and weekly papers from the principal places of Southern California and Arizona, make it the place you want to stop at while in Southern California.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *One Dollar per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., JUNE 23, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 25.

The Summer Resort of Los Angeles

ABBOTSFORD INN

Eighth and Hope Streets Los Angeles, Cal.

Take A Tent At Ocean Park

Ocean Park is the most accessible Summer Resort for Los Angeles people. Three transportation lines—the Santa Monica Electric, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific make it practical for the families of Los Angeles business men to "camp out" on the clean sands at

Ocean Park.

Nothing can be more delightful than a summer camp at the finest bathing beach on the coast.

Good fishing from the wharf.

A free reading room.

Pure soft water.

Electric lights and gas stoves for cooking.

In fact all the conveniences of the city and the pleasures of camp life can be had in a tent at Ocean Park.

For particulars apply to

T. H. DUDLEY, Agent,
OCEAN PARK, CAL.

SAN DIEGO OFFICIALS.

THE COURT HOUSE, SAN DIEGO.

Hotel Brewster

J. E. O'BRIEN, Prop.

San Diego, Cal.

THE Best Equipped Hotel in Southern California.

American and European Plan

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

Rooms $1.00 per Day and up

AMERICAN PLAN
$2.50 per Day and up

The Reedona Inn,

Coronado Beach, California.

A Perpetual Summer and Winter Home.

Open All The Year.

Rates as Low as $5 a Week.

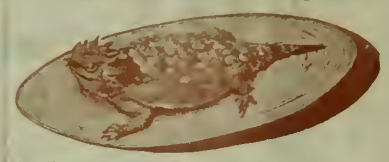
A. L. REED, · MANAGER

BURNELL'S Curiosity Store

S. E. Corner Fifth and F Streets

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

BARKER BURNELL, Proprietor



Mexican, Indian and California **CURIOSITIES**

And Souvenir Goods

Opals Canes Pottery Relics

Call and see us making Mexican Hand-Carved Leather.

Only Exclusive Curio Store in the City.

Vienna Restaurant

Cor. Fourth and F Sts., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The Best 15 Cent Meal in the Gity.
Only White Help Employed.

V. BENOIT, Proprietor.

MONTGOMERY BROS.

Jewelers and Silversmiths

DOUGLAS BUILDING

Spring and Third Sts.

The influence and patronage of the readers of the SATURDAY POST are respectfully solicited.

F. Blech & Co.,

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,

FERD. BLECH

WE PRINT

Booklets
Folders
Circulars
Cards
Envelopes
Letter Heads
Bill Heads

Anything and everything you may want in up-to-date style.

You get the best when you get it from us.

J. H. MASON

253 So. Main St. Los Angeles.

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER

VOLUME 1. *One Dollar per Year.* LOS ANGELES, CAL., JUNE 23, 1900. *Single Copy 5 Cents.* NUMBER 25.

Jennie Baxter : Journalist.

BY ROBERT BARR.

III.

The Duchess of Chiselhurst's Ball.

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.

The room which had been allotted to Jennie Baxter in the Schloss Steinheimer enjoyed a most extended outlook. A door window gave access to a stone balcony, which hung against the castle wall like a swallow's nest at the eaves of a house. This balcony was just wide enough to give ample space for one of the easy rocking chairs which the princess had imported from America and which Jennie thought were the only really comfortable pieces of furniture the old stronghold possessed, much as she admired the artistic excellence of the mediæval chairs, tables and cabinets which for centuries had served the needs of the ancient line that had lived in the schloss. The chair was as modern as this morning's daily paper, its woodwork painted a bright scarlet, its arms like broad shelves, its rockers as sensitively balanced as a marine compass—in fact, just such a chair as one would find dotted round the vast veranda of an American summer hotel. In this chair sat Miss Jennie, two open letters on her lap and perplexity in the dainty little frown that faintly ruffled the smoothness of her fair brow. The scene from the high balcony was one to be remembered; but, although this was her last day at the castle, the girl saw nothing of the pretty town of Meran so far below, the distant chalk line down the slope beyond which marked the turbulent course of the foaming Adige, the lofty mountains all around or the farther snow peaks, dazzlingly white against the deep blu of the sky.

One of the epistles which lay on her lap was the letter she had received from the editor recounting the difficulties he had met with while endeavoring to make arrangements for reporting adequately the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball; the other was the still unanswered invitation from the duchess to the princess. Jennie was flattered to know that already the editor, who had engaged her with unconcealed reluctance, now expected her to accomplish what the entire staff was powerless to effect. She knew that, had she but the courage, it was only necessary to accept the invitation in the name of her present hostess and attend the great society function as Princess von Steinheimer. Yet she hesitated, not so much on account of the manifest danger of discovery, but because she had grown to like the princess, and this impersonation, if it came to the knowledge of the one most intimately concerned, as it was almost sure to do, would doubtless be regarded as an unpardonable liberty. As she swayed gently back and forth in the gaudy rocking chair she thought of confessing everything to the princess and asking her assistance; but, pondering on this, she saw that it was staking everything on one throw of the dice. If the princess refused, then the scheme became impossible, as that lady herself would answer the letter and decline the invitation. Jennie soothed her accusing conscience by telling herself that this impersonation would do no harm to Princess von Steinheimer or to any one else, for that matter, while it would be of inestimable assistance to her own journalistic career. From that she drifted to meditation on the inequalities of this life, the superabundance which some possess, while others, no less deserving, have difficulty in obtaining the scant necessities. And, this consoling train of thought having fixed her resolve to take the goods the gods scattered at her feet, or rather threw into her lap, she drew a long sigh of determination as there came a gentle tap at the door of her room and the voice of the princess herself said, "May I come in?"

Jennie, a rapid blush flaming her cheeks, sprang to her feet, flung the letters on a table and opened the door.

The visitor entered, looking charming enough to be a princess of fairyland, and greeted Miss Baxter most cordially.

"I am so sorry you are leaving," she said. "Cannot you be persuaded to change your mind and stay with me? Where could you find a more lovely view than that from your balcony here?"

"Or a more lovely hostess?" said the girl, looking at her visitor with undisguised admiration and quite ignoring the view.

The princess laughed, and as they now stood together on the balcony she put out her hands, pushed Jennie gently into the rocking chair again, seating herself jauntily on its broad arm, and thus the two looked like a pair of mischievous schoolgirls, home at vacation, thoroughly enjoying their liberty

"There! Now your are my prisoner, about to be punished for flattery," cried the princess. "I saw by the motion of the chair that you had just jumped up from it when I disturbed you, so there you are back in it again What were you thinking about? A rocking chair lends itself deliciously to meditation, and we always think of some one very particular as we rock."

"I am no exception to the rule,' sighed Jennie. "I was thinking of you, princess."

"How nice of you to say that, and, as one good turn deserves another, here is proof that a certain young lady has been in my thoughts."

As she spoke the princess took from her pocket an embossed case of Russia leather, opened it and displayed a string of diamonds lustrous as drops of liquid light.

"I want you to wear these stones in remembrance of our diamond mystery; also I confess that I want you to think of me every time you put them on. See how conceited I am! One does not like to be forgotten; that is why I chose diamonds."

Jennie took the string, her own eyes for a moment rivaling in brilliancy the sparkle of the gems; then the moisture obscured her vision, and she automatically poured the stones from one hand to the other, as if their scintillating glitter hypnotized her. She tried once or twice to speak, but could not be sure of her voice, so remained silent. The princess, noticing her agitation, gently lifted the necklace and clasped it round the girl's white throat, chattering all the while with nervous haste.

"There! You can wear diamonds, and there are so many to whom they are unbecoming. I also look well in diamonds; at least so I've been told over and over again, and I've come to believe it at last. I suppose the young men have not concealed from you the fact that you are a strikingly good looking girl, Jennie. Indeed, and this is a brag, if you like, we two resemble one another enough to be sisters, nearly the same height, the same color of eyes and hair. Come to the mirror, Miss Handsomeness, and admire yourself."

She dragged Jennie to her feet and drew her into the room, placing her triumphantly before the great looking glass that reflected back a full length portrait.

"Now confess that you never saw a prettier girl," cried the princess gleefully.

"I don't think I ever did," admitted Jennie, but she was looking at the image of the princess and not at her own. The princess laughed, but Miss Baxter seemed too much affected by the unexpected present to join in the merriment. She regarded herself solemnly in the glass for a few moments, then slowly undid the clasp, and, slipping the string of brilliants from her neck, handed them back to the princess.

"You are very, very kind, but I cannot accept so costly a present."

"Cannot? Why? Have I offended you by anything I have said since you came?"

"Oh, no, no! It isn't that."

"What, then? Don't you like me, after all?"

"Like you? I love you, princess!" cried the girl impulsively, throwing her arms round the other's neck.

The princess tried to laugh as she pressed Jennie closely to her, but there was a tremor of tears in the laughter.

"You must take this little gift as a souvenir of your visit with me. I was really—very unhappy when you came, and now—well, you smoothed away some misunderstandings. I'm very grateful. And it isn't natural for a woman to refuse diamonds, Jennie."

"I know it isn't, and I won't quite refuse them. I'll postpone. It is possible that something I shall do before long may seriously offend you. If it does, then goodby to the necklace! If it doesn't, when I have told you all about my misdeed—I shall confess courageously—you will give me the diamonds."

"Dear me, Jennie, what terrible crime are you about to commit? Why not tell me now? You have no idea how you have aroused my curiosity."

"I dare not tell you, princess, not until my project proves a success or a failure. We women—some have our way made for us; others have our own way to make. I am among the others, and I hope you will remember that, if you are ever angry with me."

"Is it a new kind of speculation, a fortune made in a day, gambling?"

"Something of that sort. I am going to stake a good deal on the turn of a card; so please pray that luck will not be against me."

"If pluck will make you win, I am sure that you will carry it through, but if at first you don't succeed, try, try again, and if you haven't the money I'll supply the capital. I know I should like to gamble. Anyhow, you have my best wishes for your success."

"Thank you, princess. I can hardly fail after that."

The time had come when the two friends must part. The carriage was waiting to take Miss Baxter to the station, and the girl bade goodby to her hostess with a horrible feeling that she was acting disloyally by one who had befriended her. In her hand bag was the invitation to the ball, and also the letter she had written in the princess' name, accepting it, which latter she posted in Meran. In due course she reached London and presented herself to the editor of The Daily Bugle.

"Well, Miss Baxter," he said, "you have been extraordinarily successful in solving the diamond mystery, and I congratulate you. My letter reached you, I suppose. Have you given any thought to the problem that now confronts us? Can you get us a full report of the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, written so convincingly that all the guests who read it will know that the writer was present?"

"It is all a question of money, Mr. Hardwick."

"Most things are. Well, we are prepared to spend money to get just what we want."

"How much?"

"Whatever is necessary."

"That's vague. Put it into figures."

"Five hundred pounds, £700, £1,000 if need be."

"It will not cost you £1,000, and it may come to more than £500. Place £1,000 to my credit, and I shall return what is left. I must go at once to Paris and carry out my plans from that city."

"Then you have thought out a scheme? What is it?"

"I have not only thought it out, but most of the arrangements are already made. I cannot say more about it. You will have to trust entirely to me."

"There is a good deal of money at stake, Miss Baxter, and our reputation as a newspaper as well. I think I should know what you propose to do."

"Certainly. I propose to obtain for you an accurate description of the ball written by one who was present."

The editor gave utterance to a sort of interjection that always served him in place of a laugh.

"In other words, you want neither interference nor advice."

"Exactly, Mr. Hardwick. You know from experience that little good comes of talking too much of a secret

project not yet completed."

The editor drummed with his fingers on the table for a few moments thoughtfully.

"Very well, then; it shall be as you say. I should have been very glad to share the responsibility of failure with you, but if you prefer to take the whole risk yourself there is nothing more to be said. The thousand pounds shall be placed to your credit at once. What next?"

"On the night of the ball I should like you to have three or four expert shorthand writers here. I don't know how many will be necessary. You understand more about that than I do. But it is my intention to dictate the report right along as fast as I can talk until it is finished, and I don't wished to be stopped or interrupted; so I want the best stenographers you have. They are to relieve one another just as if they were taking down a parliamentary speech. The men had better be in readiness at midnight. I shall be here as soon after that as possible. If you will kindly run over their typewritten manuscript before it goes to the compositors, I will glance at the proofs when I have finished dictating."

"Then you hope to attend the ball yourself?"

"Perhaps."

"You have just returned from the Tyrol, and I fear you don't quite appreciate the difficulties that are in the way This is no ordinary society function, and if you think even £1,000 will gain admittance to an uninvited guest you will find yourself mistaken."

"So I understood from your letter."

Again the editorial interjection did duty for a laugh.

"You are very sanguine, Miss Baxter. I wish I felt as confident. However, we will hope for the best and, if we cannot command success we will at least endeavor to deserve it."

Jennie, with the £1,000 at her disposal, went to Paris, took rooms at the most aristocratic hotel, engaged a maid and set about the construction of a ball dress that would be a dream of beauty. Luckily, she knew exactly the gown making resources of Paris, and the craftsmen to whom she gave her orders were not the less anxious to please her when they knew that the question of cost was not to be considered. From Paris she telegraphed in the name of the Princess von Steinheimer to Claridge's hotel for an apartment on the night of the ball and asked that a suitable equipage be provided to convey her to and from that festival.

Arriving at Claridge's, she was aware that her first danger was that some one who knew the Princess von Steinheimer would call upon her, but on the valid plea of fatigue from her journey she proclaimed that under no circumstances could she see any visitor, and thus shipwreck was avoided at the outset. It was unlikely that the Princess von Steinheimer was personally known to many who would attend the ball—in fact, the princess had given to Jennie as her main reason for refusing the invitation the excuse that she knew no one in London. She had been invited merely because of the social position of the prince in Vienna and was unknown by sight even to her hostess, the Duchess of Chiselhurst.

It is said that a woman, magnificently robed is superior to all earthly tribulations. Such was the case with Jennie as she left her carriage, walked along the strip of carpet which lay across the pavement under a canopy and entered the great hall of the Duke of Chiselhurst's town house, one of the huge palaces of western London. Nothing so resplendent had she ever witnessed or even imagined as the scene which met her eye when she found herself about to ascend the broad stairway, at the top of which the hostess stood to receive her distinguished guests. Early as she was, the stairway and the rooms beyond seemed already thronged. Splendid menials in gorgeous livery, crimson the predominant color stood on each step at either side of the stair. Uniforms of every pattern from the gorgeous oriental raiment of Indian princes and eastern potentates to the more sober but scarcely less rich apparel of the diplomatic corps, ministers of the empire and officers, naval and military, gave the final note of magnificent and picturesque decoration. Like tropical flowers in this garden of color were the ladies, who, with easy grace, moved to and fro, bestowing a smile here and a whisper there, and yet, despite her agitation, a hurried, furtive glance around brought to Jennie the conviction that she was perhaps the best gowned woman among that assemblage of well dressed people, which recognition somewhat calmed her palpitating heart. The whole environment seemed unreal to her, and she walked forward as if in a dream. She heard some one cry, "The Princess von Steinheimer!" and at first had difficulty in realizing that the title, for the moment, pertained to herself. The next instant her hand was in that of the Duchess of Chiselhurst, and Jennie heard the lady murmur that it was good of her to come so far to grace the occasion. The girl made some sort of reply which she found herself unable afterward to recall, but the rapid incoming of other guests led her to hope that if she had used any unsuitable phrase it was either unheard or forgotten in the tension of the time. She stood aside and formed one of the brilliant group at the head of the stairs, thankful that this first ordeal was well done with.

Her rapidly beating heart had now opportunity to lessen its pulsations, and as she soon found that she was practically unnoticed her natural calmness began to return to her. She remembered why she was there, and her discerning eye enabled her to stamp on a retentive memory the various particulars of so unaccustomed a spectacle, whose very unfamiliarity made the greater impression on the girl's mind. She moved away from the group, determined to saunter through the numerous rooms thrown open for the occasion, and thus, as it were, get her bearings. In a short time all fear of discovery left her, and she began to feel very much at home in the lofty, crowded salons, pausing even to enjoy a selection which a military band, partly concealed in the foliage, was rendering in a masterly manner, led by the most famous impresario of the day. The remote probability of meeting any one here who knew the princess reassured her, and there speedily came over her a sense of delight in all the kaleidoscopic dazzle of this great entertainment. She saw that each one there had interest in some one else, and, to her great relief, found herself left entirely alone, with reasonable assurance that this remoteness would continue to befriend her until the final gantlet of leave taking had to be run—a trial still to be encountered, the thought of which she resolutely put away from her, trusting to the luck that had hitherto not deserted her.

Jennie was in this complaisant frame of mind when she was suddenly startled by a voice at her side.

"Ah, princess, I have been searching everywhere for you, catching glimpses of you now and then, only to lose you, as, alas, has been my fate on a more serious occasion! May I flatter myself with the belief that you also remember?"

There was no recognition in the large frightened eyes that were turned upon him. They saw a young man bowing low over the unresisting hand he had taken. His face was clear cut and unmistakably English. Jennie saw his closely cropped auburn head, and, as it raised until it overtopped her own, the girl, terrified as she was, could not but admire the sweeping blond mustache that overshadowed a smile, half wistful, half humorous, that lighted up his handsome face. The ribbon of some order was worn athwart his breast; otherwise he wore court dress, which well became his stalwart frame.

"I am disconsolate to see that I am indeed forgotten, princess, and so another cherished delusion fades away from me."

Her fan concealed the lower part of the girl's face, and she looked at him over its fleecy semicircle.

"Put not your trust in princesses," she murmured, a sparkle of latent mischief lighting up her eyes.

The young man laughed. "Indeed," he said, "had I served my country as faithfully as I have been true to my remembrance of you, princess, I would have been an embassador long ere this. covered with decorations. Have you, then, lost all recollection of that winter in Washington five years ago, that whirlwind of gayety which ended by wafting you away to a foreign country, so that the eventful season clings to my memory as if it were a disastrous western cyclone? Is it possible that I must reintroduce myself as Donal Stirling?"

"Not Lord Donal Stirling?" asked Jennie, dimly remembering that she had heard this name in connection with something diplomatic, and her guess that he was in that service was strengthened by his previous remark about being an embassador.

"Yes, Lord Donal, if you will cruelly insist on calling me so, but this cannot take from me the consolation that once, in the conservatory of the White House, under the very shadow of the president, you condescended to call me Don."

"You cannot expect one to remember what happened in Washington five years ago. You know the administration changes every four years, and memories seldom carry back even so far as that."

"I had hoped that my most outspoken adoration would have left reminiscence that might outlast administration. I have not found forgetting so easy."

"Are you quite sure of that, Lord Donal?" asked the girl archly, closing her fan and giving him for the first time a full view of her face.

The young man seemed for a moment perplexed, but she went on, giving him little time for reflection, "Have your diplomatic duties taken you away from Washington?"

"Yes, to the other end of the earth. I am now in St. Petersburg, with ultimate hopes of Vienna, princess. I happened to be in London this week, and, hearing you were to be here, I moved heaven and earth for an invitation."

"Which you obtained only to find yourself forgotten. How hollow this world is, isn't it?"

"Alas, yes! A man in my profession sees a good deal of the seamy side of life, and I fully believe that my rapidly lessening dependence on human veracity will be shattered by my superiors sending me to Constantinople. But let me find you a seat out of this crowd where we may talk of old times."

"I don't care so much about the past as I do about the present. Let us go up into that gallery, where you will point out to me the celebrities. I suppose you know them all, while I am an entire stranger to London society."

"That is a capital idea!" cried the young man enthusiastically. "Yes, I think I know most of the people here, at least by name. Ah, here comes the royal party! We shall just be in time to have a good look at them."

The band played the national anthem, and Lord Donal got two chairs, which he placed at the edge of the gallery, well hidden from the promenaders by spreading tropical plants.

"Oh, this is jolly!" cried Jennie, quite forgetting the dignity of a princess. "You told me why you came to the ball. Do you know why I am here?"

"On the remote chance of meeting me, whom you pretended to have forgotten," replied the young man audaciously.

"Of course," laughed Jennie. "But, aside from that, I came to see the costumes. You know we women are libelously said to dress for each other. Away from the world, in the Tyrol, I have little opportunity of seeing anything fine in the way of dress, and so I accepted the invitation of the duchess."

"Have you the invitation of the duchess with you?"

"Yes; I am going to take some notes on the back of it. Would you like to see it?" She handed him the letter and then leaned back in her chair, regarding him closely. The puzzled expression on his face deepened as he glanced over the invitation and saw that it was exactly what it purported to be. He gave the letter back to her, saying:

"So you are here to see the fashions. It is a subject I know little about; but, judging by effect, I should say that the Princess von Steinheimer has nothing to learn from any one present. If I may touch on a topic so personal, your costume is what they call a creation, is it not, princess?"

"It isn't bad," said the girl, looking down at her gown and then glancing up at him with merriment dancing in her eyes. The diplomat had his elbow resting on the balustrade, his head leaning on his hand, and, quite oblivious to everything else, was gazing at her with such absorbed intentness that the girl blushed and cast down her eyes. The intense admiration in his look was undisguised. "Still," she rattled on somewhat breathlessly, "one gets many hints from others, and the creation of today is merely the old clothes of tomorrow. Invention has no vacation, so far as ladies' apparel is concerned. 'Take no thought of tomorrow, wherewithal ye shall be clothed,' may have been a good motto for the court of Solomon, but it has little relation with that of Victoria."

"Solomon, if the saying is his, was hedging. He had many wives, you know."

"Well, as I was about to say, you must now turn your attention to the other guests and tell me who's who. I have already confessed my ignorance, and you promised to enlighten me."

The young man, with visible reluctance, directed his thoughts from the one to the many and named this person and that, while Jennie, with the pencil attached to her card, made cabalistic notes in shorthand, economizing thus both space and time. When at last she had all the information she desired, she leaned back in her chair with a little sigh of supreme content. Whatever might now betide, her mission was fulfilled if she could once get quietly away. The complete details of the most important society event of the season were at her fingers' ends. She closed her eyes for a moment to enjoy the satisfaction which success leaves in its train and when she opened them again found Lord Donal in his old posture, absorbed in the contemplation of her undeniable beauty.

"I see you are determined I shall have no difficulty in remembering you next time we meet," she said, with a smile, at the same time flushing slightly under his ardent gaze.

"I was just thinking," he replied, shifting his position a little, "that the five years which have dealt so hardly with me have left you five years younger."

"Age has many privileges, Lord Donal," she continued, laughing outright, "but I don't think you can yet lay claim to any of them. The pose of the prematurely old is not in the least borne out by your appearance, however hardly the girl you met in Washington dealt with you."

"Ah, princess, it is very easy for you to treat these serious matters lightly! He laughs at scars who never felt a wound. Time, being, above all things, treacherous, often leaves the face untouched the more effectually to scar the heart. The hurt concealed is ever the most dangerous."

"I fancy it has been concealed so effectually that it is not as deep as you imagined."

"Princess, I will confess to you that the wound at Washington was as nothing to the one received in London."

"Yes; you told me you had been here for a week."

"The week has nothing to do with it. I have been here for a night—for two hours or three. I have lost count of time since I met you."

What reply the girl might have made to this speech, delivered with all the fervency of a man in thorough earnest, will never be known, for at that moment their tete-a-tete was interrupted by a messenger, who said:

"His excellency the Austrian embassador begs to be permitted to pay his regards to the Princess von Steinheimer."

Lord Donal Stirling never took his eyes from the face of his companion, and he saw a quick pallor overspread it. He leaned forward and whispered:

"I know the embassador. If you do not wish to meet him, I will intercept him."

Jennie rose slowly to her feet, and, looking with a calmness she was far from feeling at the young man, said coldly:

"Why should I not wish to meet the embassador of my adopted country?"

"I know of no reason; quite the contrary, for he must be an old friend of

yours, having been your guest at the Schloss Steinheimer a year ago."

He stepped back as he said this, and Jennie had difficulty in suppressing the gasp of dismay with which she received his disquieting information; but she stood her ground without wincing. She was face to face with the crisis she had foreseen—the coming of one who knew the princess. Next instant the aged statesman was bending over her outstretched hand, which in courtly fashion the old man raised to his lips.

"I am delighted to have the privilege of welcoming you to this gloomy old city, Princess von Steinheimer, which you illumine with your presence. Do you stay long in London?"

"The period of illumination is short, your excellency. I leave for Paris tomorrow."

"So soon, without even visiting the embassy? I am distressed to hear of so speedy a desertion, and yet, knowing the charms of the Schloss Steinheimer, I can hardly wonder at your wish to return there. The prince, I suppose, is as devoted as ever to the chase. I must censure his highness next time we meet for not coming with you to London. Then I am sure you would have staid longer with us."

"The prince is a model husband, your excellency," said Jennie, with a sly glance at Lord Donal, whose expression of uncertainty increased as this colloquy went on, "and he would have come to London without a murmur had his wife been selfish enough to tear him away from his beloved Meran."

"A model husband!" said the ancient count, with an unctuous chuckle. "So few of us excel in that respect, but there is this to be said in our exculpation—so few have been matrimonially so fortunate as Prince von Steinheimer. I have never ceased to long for a repetition of the charming visit I paid to your delightful home."

"If your excellency but knew how welcome you are, your visits would not have such long intervals between."

"It is most kind of you, princess, to cheer an old man's heart by such gracious words. It is our misfortune that affairs of state chain us to our pillar, and indeed diplomacy seems to become more difficult as the years go on, because we have to contend with the genius of rising young men like Lord Donal Stirling here, who are more than a match for old dogs that find it impossible to learn new tricks."

"Indeed, your excellency," said his lordship, speaking for the first time since the embassador began, "the very reverse of that is the case. We sit humbly at your feet, ambitious to emulate, but without hope of excelling."

The old man chuckled again, and, turning to the girl, began to make his adieux.

"Then my former rooms are waiting for me at the castle?" he concluded.

"Yes, your excellency, with the addition of two red rocking chairs imported from America, which you will find most comfortable resting places when you are free from the cares of state."

"Ah! The rocking chairs! I remember now that you were expecting them when I was there. So they have arrived safely, I hope, but I think you had ordered an incredible number to be certain of having at least one or two serviceable."

"No, only a dozen, and they all came through without damage."

"You young people, you young people!" murmured the embassador, bending again over the hand presented him. "What unheard of things you do!"

And so the old man shuffled away, leaving many compliments behind him, evidently not having the slightest suspicion that he had met any one but the person he supposed himself addressing, for his eyesight was not of the best, and an embassador meets many fair and distinguished women.

The girl sat down with calm dignity, while Lord Donal dropped into his chair, an expression of complete mystification on his clear cut, honest face. Jennie slowly fanned herself, for the heat made itself felt at that elevated situation, and for a few moments nothing was said by either. The young man was the first to break silence.

"Should I be so fortunate as to get an invitation to the Schloss Steinheimer, may I hope that a red rocking chair will be allotted to me? I have not sat in one since I was in the States."

"Yes, one for you, two for the embassador," said Jennie, with a laugh.

"I should like further to flatter myself that your double generosity to the embassador arises solely from the dignity of his office and is not in any way personal."

"I am very fond of embassadors. They are courteous gentlemen, who seem to have less distrust than is exhibited by some not so exalted."

"Distrust! You surely cannot mean that I have distrusted you, princess?"

"Oh, I was speaking generally," replied Jennie airily. "You seem to seek a personal application."

"I admit, princess, that several times this evening I have been completely at sea."

"And, what is worse, Lord Donal, you have shown it, which is the one unforgivable fault in diplomacy."

"You are quite right. If I had you to teach me, I would be an embassador within the next five years, or at least a minister."

The girl looked at him over the top of her fan, covert merriment lurking in her eyes.

"When you visit Schloss Steinheimer, you might ask the prince if he objects to my giving you lessons."

Here there was another interruption, and the announcement was made that the United States embassador desired to renew his acquaintance with the Princess von Steinheimer. Lord Donal made use of an impatient exclamation more emphatic than he intended to give utterance to, but on looking at his companion in alarm he saw in her glance a quick flash of gratitude as unmistakable as if she had spoken her thanks. It was quite evident that the girl had no desire to meet his excellency, which is not to be wondered at, as she had already encountered him three times in her capacity of journalist. He not only knew the Princess von Steinheimer, but he knew Jennie Baxter as well.

She leaned back in her chair and said wearily:

"I seem to be having somewhat overmuch of diplomatic society this evening. Are you acquainted with the American embassador also, Lord Donal?"

"Yes," cried the young man, springing to his feet. "He was a prominent politician at Washington while I was there. He is an excellent man, and I shall have no difficulty in making your excuses to him if you don't wish to meet him."

"Thank you so much. You have now an opportunity of retrieving your diplomatic reputation if you can postpone the interview without offending him."

Lord Donal departed with alacrity, and the moment he was gone all appearance of languor vanished from Miss Jennie Baxter.

"Now is my chance," she whispered to herself. "I must be in my carriage before he returns."

Eager as she was to be gone, she knew that she should display no haste. Expecting to find a stair at the other end of the gallery, she sought for it, but found none. Filled with apprehension that she would meet Lord Donal coming up, she had difficulty in timing her footsteps to the slow measure that was necessary. She reached the bottom of the stair in safety and unimpeded, but once on the main floor a new problem presented itself. Nothing would attract more attention than a young and beautiful lady walking the long distance between the gallery end of the room and the entrance stairway entirely alone and unattended. She stood there hesitating, wondering whether she could venture on finding a quiet side exit, which she was sure must exist in this large house, when, to her dismay, she found Lord Donal again at her side, rather breathless, as if he had been hurrying in search of her. His brows were knit, and there was an anxious expression on his face.

"I must have a word with you alone," he whispered. "Let me conduct you to this alcove under the gallery."

"No; I am tired. I am going home."

"I quite understand that, but you must come with me for a moment."

"Must!" she said, with a suggestion of defiance in her tone.

"Yes," he answered gravely. "I wish to be of assistance to you. I think you will need it."

For a moment she met his unflinching gaze steadily; then her glance fell, and she said in a low voice, "Very well."

When they reached the alcove, she inquired rather quaveringly—for she saw something had happened which had finally settled all the young man's doubts—"Is it the American embassador?"

"No; there was little trouble there. He expects to meet you later in the evening. But a telegraphic message has come from Meran, signed by the Princess von Steinheimer, which expresses a hope that the ball will be a success and reiterates the regret of her highness that she could not be present. Luckily, this communication has not been shown to the duchess. I told the duke, who read it to me, knowing I had been with you all the evening, that it was likely a practical joke on the part of the prince, but the duke, who is rather a serious person, does not take kindly to that theory, and if he knew the prince he would dismiss it as absurd, which it is. I have asked him not to show the telegram to any one; so there is a little time for considering what had best be done."

"There is nothing for me to do but to take my leave as quickly and as quietly as possible," said the girl, with a nervous little laugh bordering closely on the hysterical. "I was about to make my way out by some private exit if I could find one."

"That would be impossible, and the attempt might lead to unexpected complications. I suggest that you take my arm and that you bid farewell to her grace, pleading fatigue as the reason for your early departure. Then I will see you to your carriage, and when I return I shall endeavor to get that unlucky telegram from the duke by telling him I should like to find out whether it is a hoax or not. He will have forgotten about it most likely in the morning. Therefore all you have to do is to keep up your courage for a few moments longer until you are safe in your carriage."

"You are very kind," she murmured, with downcast eyes.

"You are very clever, my princess, but the odds against you were tremendous. Some time you must tell me why you risked it."

She made no reply, but took his arm, and together they sauntered through the rooms until they found the duchess, when Jennie took her leave of the hostess with a demure dignity that left nothing to be desired. All went well until they reached the head of the stair, when the duke, an ominous frown on his brow, hurried after them and said:

"My lord, excuse me."

Lord Donal turned with an ill concealed expression of impatience, but he was helpless, for he feared his host might not have the good sense to avoid a scene even in his own hall. Had it been the duchess all would have been well, for she was a lady of infinite tact, but the duke, as he had said, was a stupid man, who needed the constant eye of his wife upon him to keep him from blundering. The young man whispered: "Keep right on until you are in your carriage. I shall ask my man here to call it for you; but please don't drive away until I come."

A sign brought a serving man up the stair.

"Call the carriage of the Princess von Steinheimer," said his master. Then, as the lady descended the stair, Lord Donal turned, with no very thankful feeling in his heart, to hear what his host had to say.

"Lord Donal, the American embassador says that woman is not the Princess von Steinheimer, whom he has met several times in London. He cannot remember her name. Now, who is she, and how did you come to meet her?"

"My lord duke, it never occurred to me to question the identity of guests I met under your hospitable roof. I knew the princess five years ago in Washington, before she was married. I have not seen her in the interval, but until you showed me the telegraphic message there was no question in my mind regarding her."

"But the American embassador is positive."

"Then he has more confidence in his eyesight than I have. If such a question, like international difficulties, is to be settled by the embassies, let us refer it to Austria, who held a long conversation with the lady in my presence. Your excellency," he continued to the Austrian embassador, who was hovering near, waiting to speak to his host, "my lord duke has some doubt that the lady who has just departed is the Princess von Steinheimer. You spoke with her and can therefore decide with authority, for his lordship seems disinclined to accept my testimony."

"Not the princess? Nonsense! I know her very well indeed, and a most charming lady she is. I hope to be her guest again before many months are past."

"There, my lord duke, you see everything is as it should be. If you will give me that stupid telegram, I will make some quiet inquiries about it. Meanwhile the less said the better. I will see the American embassador and convince him of his error. And now I must make what excuses I can to the lady for my desertion of her."

Placing the paper in his pocket, he hurried down the stair and out to the street. There had been some delay about the coming of the carriage, and he saw the lady he sought at that moment entering it.

"Home at once as fast as you can!" he heard her say to the coachman. She had evidently no intention of waiting for him. He sprang forward, thrust his arm through the carriage window and grasped her hand.

"Princess," he cried, "you will not leave me like this! I must see you tomorrow!"

"No, no!" she gasped, shrinking into the corner of the carriage.

"You cannot be so cruel. Tell me at least where a letter will reach you. I shall not release your hand until you promise."

With a quick movement the girl turned back the gauntlet of her long glove. The next instant the carriage was rattling down the street, while a chagrined young man stood alone on the curb with a long, slender white glove in his hand.

"By Jove!" he said at last as he folded it carefully and placed it in the pocket of his coat. "It is the glove, this time, instead of the mitten!"

The Fourth of the Series of Jennie Baxter, Journalist, stories will appear in our next issue.

A Generous Whim.

The London Daily Mail tells this pretty story of a kiss sold at auction: A fascinating actress, whose name need not be mentioned, being anxious to assist a certain charity in the provinces, offered a kiss to be put up at auction. The bidding was brisk and had advanced in three leaps from 2 guineas to 30, when without further parley the round sum of £800 was offered. There being no higher bid, the kiss was knocked down by the auctioneer to a colonel in one of our line regiments, who came forward to meet the blushing lady.

But to the surprise of all present, the colonel introduced a dear little fair haired boy, explained that it was his grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him. Whereupon Miss —— took the child in her arms and discharged her debt with interest. The charity, a local one, in which the colonel took a keen interest, was the richer by £800 for the granddad's generous whim.

Brazil Diamonds.

It is not generally remembered that Brazil was at one time the most important diamond producing country in the world. Between 1772 and 1843 1,354,700 carats were taken out by the "Real Extraccao." Since that day mining has been carried on exclusively by private individuals and mostly on a small scale. The total production of Brazil up to 1880 is estimated by M. Garceix at 2½ tons. It is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the present production, but it is probably about 40,000 carats a year, including the Bahia diamond fields.

☞ *Subscribe for the Post.*

THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG.

The Night at Friarstone House, August, 1747.

By CLINTON ROSS.

[Copyright, 1900, by Clinton Ross.]

CHAPTER I.

What she had said impressed me much, I can assure you. That he had dared to come back, as he had, after all was done and said; that he was in this very house—all this made me for a moment hot and cold, and then I began to grasp the situation as it was presented to me. I began to reason about it as glibly as I could, when indeed I had no particular reason about it at all—in fine, a man dumfounded. There was an old clock with the name of the maker across its broad, placid, ticking face, which I afterward remembered, "John Dobbs, London." I awoke that night seeing that clock's face with John Dobbs' stolid name written straight across it, though then I was no more conscious I was observing than I was of the moon which cast yellowed diamond shapes from the panes on the oaken floor nor of the village that lay beyond with the wide sweep of the circling bay and the dim gray haze of the far sea mystery beyond.

I remember she stood against the fireplace, her hands crossed, the light of the one spluttering candle on her face, which never seemed to me more comely. Had I not come from Surrey the long distances of the north country to see her? And here I heard this astonishing news. He had disembarked at the point yonder in the shadow of the Stunleigh cliff. He was here in the house of Friarstone itself.

What possible motive could have brought him? What foolhardiness had led him here? Had we not spent enough blood and station and estate for him? A slow anger gathered as I thought it. My own father and brother were dead on the scaffold on his account. This very girl who told me it—to whom I had come in the mood, the frenzy of lovemaking—had lost her own father in the Scot revolt. And it was only the protection and patronage of influential relations which kept the present lord, her brother, his estate of Friarstone.

"Where is your brother, then, Betty?" I said. "Does he know this?"

"He has not told me, at least," she said, resting her foot on the firedog where a single log smoldered. "He gave me not so much as a suspicion o' it, Will."

"Sit down, girl," said I almost roughly. "It was not an hour since, ye say?"

"Not an hour since, Will," she said. "Angus came to me and said that he must see me, and he led to the little wood back of the heath, where in the moonshine was a man heavily cloaked. 'Ah, Lady Betty,' said he, 'you scarce expected to see one you thought was in France.' And he threw back his coat, and there he was, the king—the prince."

"Charles Stuart," said I, "the prince. Yes."

"And I said to him," she continued, "'Sire, how dare you come to England?' and he said"—

She paused.

"'Tis no matter, Will, what he said. I brought him here into the house—and he is there—behind that door."

"Behind that door," I repeated, flecking the mud from my boot with my whip, for I had but just come. "Behind that door." And I added: "You are not eager, Lady Betty, to tell what he said to you, I see well. What Charles Stuart says to women is not for their men friends to hear. Yea, he lost a kingdom by his gallantries. And you, my Betty—you"—

She stopped with a quick toss of her head, a stamp of her foot.

"I'll not have you talk so, sir. You have no right over me, you must understand."

"I came here to ask those rights of you, Betty. I passed the long miles of many countries between Surrey and Friarstone to make that request."

"You can return without making it," she said. "Take it back unsaid to me, but spoken to some maid nearer London."

Her laughter rang out.

"Have you forgot, Betty, that we were boy and girl together? Have you forgot"—

"Oh, I have forgot much!" she said. "And I remember much—I"— She paused. "Hush!" she ended.

The door to the adjoining room opened and a man stood there in the doorway, debonair, smiling. If his face were rather grosser than when I had seen it two years before, he still preserved that charming gracefulness of manner and figure that had so excited the Scot devotion two years before; he was again the bonny Prince Charley for whom the Scots and some of us English had given up all, not the sorry vagabond, hopeless, defeated, who had escaped to France with his skin.

He advanced to the center of the room, looking first at Betty and then at me.

"Ralston," he said "William Ralston."

"It is good of your highness to remember me," I said. "I was not the head of my branch of the family when you left Scotland."

"Ah, I remember," he said with a fine display of feeling. "I remember your father died for me."

"He, your highness, was one of the Englishmen who joined the Scots in that enterprise."

"That unfortunate enterprise," he said slowly, "when so many gave their all for me—so many whom I never have been able to requite, whom I may never be able to."

"The Hanoverians, your highness," I said bluntly, "have crushed us. Not even your presence can stir the Stuarts."

"To the contrary, they, too, hate me."

"Yes; many," I acknowledged.

But Betty interrupted with sudden passion:

"No, no, sire; there are many who believe in you—who know you are king. William Ralston was not on your side."

"I took, your highness, as you know, the neutral side in '45," I said calmly. "I did not believe it could be accomplished."

"You left your father and brother to act for us," he said, looking me over with a certain fine critical stare. "But now, Mr. Ralston?"

"I have said I have not changed. I would not betray your highness, you may be assured. Out of the tradition of my blood I will do what I may to hide you, to help you back to France. That is all."

"That is all," Betty repeated with a contemptuous ring in her voice.

But I went on.

"I know not on what information your highness has held it expedient to come to England. I am not well aware of the plots for the restoration, but in my mind it is a most inopportune moment. Your highness courts the scaffold."

He listened gravely till I ended, and then he laughed lightly and was serious again.

"William Ralston," he said, "is it not my own land—the land my forbears held?"

"Far be it from me, sire, to say that it is not."

"Yea, my lord," the prince continued. "Last summer at Saint-Germain there came, among others, your cousin, Lord Denleigh, and his sister, Lady Betty." And he bowed to Betty. "Among others, I say, they stirred me with a longing to see England, Scotland again. Can you imagine how that desire held me, sir? A fortnight ago I left Paris—unknown to every soul, and I escaped the notice of their agents. I chose to cross into England rather than to Scotland, and I found the sailor to convey me. Whom could I trust more than Denleigh? I was landed there under the cliff," and he pointed out into Friarstone harbor. "Denleigh is not at home," he added, "but Lady Betty has received me."

"Your highness, your highness," I cried, "do you expect your name will again be a talisman? Do you suspect that they will even raise your banner?"

"I know not. I am here in my own England," he insisted stubbornly.

"Yea, here," I cried, "and you bring danger on the house you are in—on those who receive you—on"—

"Man, man," he cried, "I must take the risk."

"After that failure," I said. "After two years ago"—

"Stop," said Betty. "Some one knocks."

I stopped then, hearing the low knock that in my passion I had not noted. Then recollecting myself, I motioned him into the room whence he had come, but he only replied with a quick, imperative gesture, looking very tall and royal. Betty, too, hesitated, looking at the prince, when he made to her the same impatient gesture, which seemed to awe her, since before I could interrupt she had thrown the door wide, when Angus appeared. Since the old man knew the secret, since he had first brought word, we both—that is, Betty and I—I think, drew breaths of relief, but the relief was only for a moment. Angus' ashen face, his tremulous hands, made us see that there was something else to fear, yet he was a man with little enough fear in him ordinarily. A faithful adherent of the house, he had been out with an earl of Denleigh both in '15 and in '45.

"Cap'n Broisen," he said. "Cap'n Broisen with some men from the garrison."

We understood what that meant.

"They have smelled a rat," said the prince quite calmly. "I may have underrated their spies."

"In there, sire," said Betty, pointing to the open door. "Quick! I will see the captain."

"No, Betty. I will see the captain in Denleigh's absence."

"You?" she said quickly. "You will, Ralston?"

"Well, am I not of the family, your second cousin?" said I.

"Yes, Lady Betty," the prince put in, "let Ralston see him."

"You trust me, your highness?" I asked proudly.

"I trust you, Mr. Ralston," the prince said simply.

I bent my head and left them, hurrying through the outer room into the great hall of Friarstone beyond it.

Broisen was one of those choleric, red faced troopers whom long service had in some way by its roughness deprived of the graces birth often gives (I'll not say always). Now he turned on his heel as I entered.

"You here, Mr. Ralston?" he said. "I thought you in the south. Where is my lord?"

"He has gone to Durham, I believe. I but just arrived, captain. How may things be in the Friarstone garrison?"

"Well enough, well enough, Mr. Ralston. So his lordship is at Durham. Well-a-day! I fancy it may be so. But Lady Betty, your cousin, Mr. Ralston?"

"Oh, captain, she begs to be excused! Allow me to be her poor substitute. My cousin is not feeling her best."

"Eh, not? Well, I'll tell you. There's a rumor"—

"A rumor, captain? If you were classically bred, you would know that rumor has many heads, each with a chattering tongue."

"This is a strange improbable one," said he.

"Well," I said, "what of it, captain? Doesn't it concern your visit here? Come, tell me."

"'Tis rumored, sir, that the pretender landed in the bay—and—where should he go?"

I broke into laughter.

"Where should he go, captain? Why, to be sure, to Friarstone House. Where else?"

"So it was surmised."

"Why, captain, I even believe you are serious."

"As serious as a crow, sir—as serious as a king's officer who must investigate such a rumor."

"But what," said I, "could bring Charles Stuart to England? Surely he's not such a fool. Is there any evidence at all of a plot—an uprising?"

"There be always a plot in that quarter, sirrah."

"True, true," said I, "but the very color of this rumor is sheer absurdity. Why should he be here? Would the prince so risk his neck? Why, 'twould be folly's height of folly, Captain Broisen."

"In a desperate cause men embrace follies," said the captain. "I must search Friarstone."

"Well, well, you shall have your pleasure," said I.

CHAPTER II.

For 'twas plainly a case of humoring him. There lay no other way. If I had hesitated, if I had said he should not search the place or had threatened bluisteringly, his now covert suspicions would have burst out into a demonstration. As it was he observed me narrowly out of his little, keen eyes, their lids sunken sleepily over shallow green depths; his round, smooth, red face puckered in a query, but he apparently saw nothing in my face, though I was fearful enough that a quivering muscle might betray me.

"Well, well," he said at last. "I must trust to a gentleman, Mr. Ralston. Do you oblige me by telling Lady Betty my necessity."

This was exactly as I wished it, and, telling him I would find her, I left him, hurrying to the room where Betty and the prince had been. But as I threw back the door I stopped dumfounded. A wave of jealousy swept over me.

The prince stood there with my cousin's hand raised to his lips while he poured out the language of a wild gallant. Betty seemed to be trying to draw her hand away.

"Sire, sire, you forget yourself; you forget yourself!" she cried again.

"Pardon me if I interrupt," I at last said at the door. "They have at the garrison wind of the prince's presence. They wish to search the house."

My rage was near bubbling over. This was the reason Charles Stuart was in north England. No reason of state, but because Betty's eyes were winsome. I knew his repute; how it was said in '45 he had bartered his crown for his gallantries. And here now landed he was at the same courses regardless of his hopeless plight. And I had but to call to Broisen to have my revenge. I breathed hard for a moment, thinking of what I best should do. But Betty read it in my eyes. She walked across to me.

"He is Charles Stuart, the king," she said; "the king."

Something in her inflection seemed to shake the prince either with chagrin, remorse or mere regret. His voice faltered, and his color went, and then, suddenly throwing his shoulders back, he said:

"He is here to arrest me?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Well," said Betty quickly, "I'll engage to pacify the captain. Do you hide the prince."

"Where?" I said stupidly.

"Angus will show you."

"It shall be so," said I.

As my cousin turned out of the room I was after her, whispering:

"And he is here as he was in Scotland, and—'tis you"—

"Will!" said she, "Will Ralston."

"Pardon me, Betty," I said, abashed.

"The king can do no wrong." The words seemed to linger, and then her hand was on my shoulder. "Will, dear Will, can't you see he's not a man to me—but a prince? Can't you see that you are the one man for me? Can't you read my heart?"

"Betty," I said, trying to seize her hand, but she swept out past me, leaving me to my part of the situation. I trusted to her wit to keep the captain interested. Now I turned to the prince, who was walking to and fro like a caged lion.

"Your highness has said that the wish for English air, English scenes, brought you here. You did not add English faces."

"Yes, but I will," he said, turning on me fiercely, "English faces as well, sir. What of it?"

"She is my cousin, your highness, and"— I paused and added almost humbly, "I love her as well as man ever loved woman."

For a moment we stood silent awaiting Angus, with outside the danger of the captain whom Betty delayed. At last his voice came strange and altered.

"I am not worthy of this people."

"Your highness," I cried, "there may come again somewhere the fashion of decrying princes which prevailed in Cromwell's time. But, whatever the fashion, your family have been always royal from their beginning. And you do not lack in that." I said this since I believed it, since it seemed to me by a certain manner he always bore—the Stuart manner—but the truth.

"Yet, sire," I went on, treating him as if indeed mere majesty itself, "there is that in the Stuart blood which is dangerous to the cause—to you."

"Yes, yes, I know," he said.

"And how far that something—the interest in my cousin, my sweetheart, sire—has influenced you I do not know. But let it stand. You have wished for England, like one banished"—

"Yes, yes, I was frank in that." And then suddenly he extended his hand, as we were equals.

"It is folly for me to be here, I acknowledge, folly the most culpable, for there is here no rising in my favor, none at all. Well, I'll return. I'll not have you, my friends, jeopardized."

"And I'll help you, sire," said I, bending low. "And though prudence has kept me with the government when my kin was with you and your cause I shall hope the Stuarts may have their own again."

"Yes, yes," he said, sunk in reverie, but a voice interrupted us—Angus!

"You know where to put his highness, Angus?"

"Yes; yes, sir," said Angus.

"And when the soldiers are gone—past midnight—have the chaise at some quiet spot—past midnight."

"Yes; yes, sir," said Angus.

"I thank you, Mr. Ralston," the prince said, giving me his hand, and, turning, he followed Angus, his cloak swaying from his shoulders, his whole frame showing his race, and, alas, he had that race's frailties.

Then I turned and went into the great hall where Betty was talking with Captain Broisen. For a moment, as I looked at her, my jealousy returned. She was talking to the captain lightly; women were the inventors of the art of play acting. Broisen was apologetic, hat in hand, his red coat vivid in the light of the candles of the hall.

"Absurd, absurd, Captain Broisen!" my cousin was crying.

"Yes, I see 'twas absurd," said he. "And I, my lady, will take it on myself to state that I so found it."

He bowed deeply to her and to me and with another low inclination left us. As he went out Betty sank with a cry on to a divan.

"I couldn't have endured it another moment," she said, looking at me.

"He has gone," said I, stating the obvious situation, for we heard the clatter of their hoofs.

"Yes, gone—gone. But the prince?"

"I have ordered the chaise," said I.

"What of that?" she said, looking at me with eager eyes.

"I shall drive him to Sermouth—to Master Townley's."

"Master Townley's! You mean you'll arouse Master Townley—if he be there."

"If Master Townley's sloop, the Henrietta Maria, be there, I'll have him put tonight with the prince back to France. But Betty?"

"Yes?"

"Your eyes, yourself, partly brought him here tonight."

"Will," she said, crossing to me and putting her hands on my shoulder, "that may be so. He has told me so much. But I would not listen, believe me."

There lay that in her eyes persuading me.

"But he is different—a prince; I'm loyal"—

"But?" said I.

"Don't you know, Will?" and she added, "You have made me surrender to"—

"To?" I insisted.

"To you, Will Ralston. Would you have a maid say all?"

I saved her saying more. I said much; much that had to do with her future and mine. Then at last we went in to the prince, whom Angus brought back. He looked from Betty to me.

"The chaise, Angus?"

"In the lane back of the stables," he said.

"You will drive us," I said. "'Tis better that way."

"Yes, sir," he said, going out.

Then the prince said:

"I am to go with you, Mr. Ralston?"

"With me, your highness."

"Lady Betty," he said, "tell your brother I have been here; that I have seen my coming was a foolish whim. I return to France—if that be possible. I can't risk the peace of you all for my whim to be here."

He raised her hand to his lips. Perhaps her emotion held her lips. I saw her flush in that half light, but she said nothing.

"I am ready, Mr. Ralston," he said to me.

I took my hat and led without a word, his steps clanking behind me, out of a little side door into the open, where was a spit of rain. The chaise stood ready in the little darkened lane. The winds soughed in the tree tops like a dirge for him and his cause. Angus looked down on us from his place in the saddle. The prince stepped in, I gave the direction, and we went on our way to Sermouth, both of us silent.

As the horses drew along the silent ways fear clutched me. He was here in my charge, the last Stuart; this prince who signified so much; whose right was plain if the people, fallen or risen to tradesmen's logic, had abetted him. I knew not how many guards and spies there might be about. As it were, I had in that chaise a whole revolution which might convulse the kingdom even yet. If we passed a soul—and we did two horsemen—I looked out, grasping my pistols, but no interruption came. We wound on in the now pouring rain till we saw at last some flickering lights marking Sermouth. But once did he say aught:

"The times are not ripe."

That was all; the times were not ripe. I wondered how different he might be from Charles II. 'Twas, after all, but the difference between possession and its lack. He seemed that darkish, pouring night—the rain had gathered out of the clearest of skies, as sometimes it will in that region—he seemed to signify all the misfortunes of his race—all its weak impulsiveness, all that singular charm that left men loyal to them to the utmost and the last. I had forgot all my foolish anger and pique. I had forgot that he was else than the last Stuart, whose name had so long inspired loyalty.

At Sermouth the chaise stopped in a lane outside the rambling village street. I left him with a word wondering whether chance should favor us. I had no difficulty in finding Townley's cottage. I knew all that place as it was a book. The cottage was dark, and I stood a quarter of an hour drenched before there came a light and a stir, and then the scar, grizzled face of the master of the Henrietta Maria showed.

"What want ye?" he demanded gruffly.

"To up with the Henrietta Marie for France."

"Who be ye? Ah, Master Will Ralston."

"The same, the same, captain." And then, knowing one word would clinch the matter, I said it:

"For the prince."

"The king," said he.

"Eh, the king."

"For the king?" he asked.

"Waiting you."

"In a moment, Master Will."

I had no doubt of his loyal fidelity. Ah, there were thousands, great and poor, who could be depended on for exact fidelity to that name despite the past.

I can hear the master's tremulous voice as he bent at the chaise's door. I can hear Charles' own tone as he complimented and thanked him. I can see now that little procession—for Townley had aroused his seamen—that led to the anchorage of the ship's boat.

The gusty rain pelted and tossed our cloaks. The lights of the sloop gleamed beyond in the misty darkness. At last he stood with one foot in the bow. His hand pressed mine.

"For the second time," he said, remembering when a fugitive he had so run from the Scottish shore. "Shall there be a third?"

"The God of the Stuarts knows," I said, my head bared, my hair wet and tangled and tossing.

The boat sank into the mist. The oar beat died. I could see the flickering, wet lights of the sloop.

How futile it all had been! How characteristic of him, of his race! Now, as I write this—hiding the persons, the locality, as I must in all caution, under false names—the scene seems to me typical of the whole cause in those last years. He had come to his own unbidden, scarce received (no one will ever know of that visit unless this account be read). Would he return? Would there be in Whitehall a Stuart king again? Would he some day remember this service of mine? Would he royally try to succeed or would he continue to sink into weaknesses? Would he continue to sacrifice all to a whim? And the whim more often than not a petticoat. At last the lights of the sloop began to move out, out, into the density. I had forgot I was wetted through. The darkness clutched at and snatched the light out of my view, and only the breakers moaned and cried with dull insistence.

F. BLECH & CO.
PRINTERS
258 South Main Street
TELEPHONE MAIN 1361
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

ORANGE BLOSSOM BRAND.
HAMS Sweet and delicate. Home Grown, Home Cured.
BACON A streak of lean and a streak of fat—an ideal meat.
LARD The orange Blossom Brand lard is absolutely pure.
THE KNOWING HOUSEWIFE STANDS BY THE ORANGE BLOSSOM BRAND
Maier Packing Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Subscribe for the Post.

Beach Property at a Bargain
LOT SIX OF VAWTER'S OCEAN VIEW TRACT, ON THE HILL AT OCEAN PARK, CAL.
100x310 feet fronting on Third and Fourth streets. Electric Cars pass in front of this property. This property must be sold.
For particulars as to this great bargain apply to
ABBOT KINNEY
401 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Saturday Post Insurance Against Death by Accident.
$500 Cash
Will be paid by the POST PUBLISHING CO. to the one whom they shall decide to be the heir or next of kin of any prepaid subscriber meeting Death by Violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time a copy of the current issue of the SATURDAY POST is found.
The Cheapest Accident Insurance.
No One Can Afford To Be Without It.

WATCHES FOR EVERYBODY.
Any subscriber to THE SATURDAY POST who will send us one new prepaid subscriber will receive FREE a watch that is guaranteed to keep good time for one year. This is not a solid gold watch with a Waltham movement but the celebrated YANKEE WATCH.
Plain, Gilt or Nickel finish Case, Roman or Arabic dials, winds, sets and regulates in back without use of key. This watch has hour, minute and second hands, and runs 30 to 36 hours with one winding. It is not a toy but a splendid time-piece. These watches are on exhibition at the office of the
POST PUBLISHING CO.
401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.
Subscribers out of town who take advantage of this offer will kindly send 4 cents extra for postage on the watch. Make all checks, drafts, and money orders payable to the POST PUBLISHING CO., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone Red 756.

THE OIL INDUSTRY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE GEM OF THE NEWHALL DISTRICT.

Placerita Canyon as Seen by a Special Representative of the Saturday Post. Reports from Actual Observation in this Promising District.

The oil industry of Southern California is enjoying greater prosperity than ever before and a promise of still greater increase is assured for each succeeding year for many years to come. The development of oil in Southern California tided over the serious financial crisis which was threatened by the drought. It brought money to the State at that time and it will continue to be an avenue of prosperity for many years to come.

It is only during the last two years that petroleum development work in Southern California has been carried on on a large and systematic scale. This systematic development shows results. The output of oil in Southern California has increased from 1,245,339 bbls. in 1895 to 1,903,411 bbls. in 1897, 2,257,207 bbls in 1898, and 2,292,123 bbls. in 1899. Owing to the greatly increased development this year, the output for 1900 will he much larger.

The value of petroleum in Southern Califonia has steadily increased. This is due to the expansion of the market for oil, which in early days was limited in comparison with the consumption of today. Most of the big consumers were at first afraid to make a radical change from coal to oil until they were sure of a steady supply. In consequence of this the price of oil in Los Angeles has fluctuated from $2.50 per bbl. when the first wells were sunk, down to 25 cents a barrel, which price was touched in the summer of 1894.. Oil is now steadily going up and the use is increasing the demand. A great deal of oil is being shipped to San Francisco. The largest consumer in the State is the Santa Fe railroad, which heads the list with a total of 30,000 bbls. per month. Of this amount the road produces about one-fourth in its own wells at Fullerton and the remainder is purchased in the open market..

The average daily production at present is close to 3,700 bbls. For the past two years the average daily production has been close to 3,500 bbls. The price of oil now is close in the neighborhood of $1 per bbl. The monthly consumption of the leading oil consumers in Los Angeles is about 93,000 bbls. In spite of this large and ready consumption the amount of oil on hand has steadily increased during the past year, and there is now above ground in storage tanks waiting for consumers about 250,000 bbls. When one takes into account the vast amount of capital that has been put into circulation by these oil companies, the amount of petroleum wealth which they are constantly disclosing to the advantage of Southern California, the debt owing to these progressive men becomes apparent.

Over 1,300 wells have been drilled in this city. Taking $2,300 as the average eost per well, there has been paid out, as the first cost of sinking, the sum of $2,970,000. At the present time more than 300 men are employed directly in the business, as drillers, helpers, laborers and drivers. Their wages range from $2 to $6 per day, and the average daily wage is $3, so that the pay roll is $900 a day. Nearly as much more is expended daily for material, so that a daily expenditure of about $1,700, or a monthly expenditure of $50,000 is made in the direct work of the oil wells. But the men employed directly are not as numerous as those that are indirectly affected by the industry. The employes of the numerous iron foundries of the city, the refineries, the oil well supply houses, planing mills and other lines of business which are more or less affected by the oil business, are direct beneficiaries of this great industry.

The beneficiaries affected indirectly outside the city are much more numerous.

The total expenditure otside of Los Angeles in oil development is correspondingly great.

In the oil districts elsewhere in Los Angeles county than in the Los Angeles field proper—the Newhall, Puente, Fullerton and Whittier fields, and in the great fields of Kern, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, and Ventura counties, the oil development has progressed to a marvelous extent. It is impossible to tell exactly the expense of these developments but, by a comparison with the Los Angeles field conservative oil men place the investments in paraphernalia and expense in sinking wells, in casing, in labor and general expense, etc., in the past 18 months at 1,500,000. To appreciate this fact it must be understood that many wells have been abandoned after heavy expense has been incurred in sinking them, and that many districts have been exploited which were not in the most profitable oil regions. But the production in these districts has more than kept pace with the development and there is now extended to Southern California promise of oil fields which will rival those of Pennsylvania and exceed those of Ohio.

The production in California for the past three years has been as follows: Fresno county—1897, 70,140 bbls.; 1898, 154,00 bbls; 1899, 439,372 bbls. Kern county—1898, 10,000 bbls.; 1899, 15,000 bbls. Los Angeles county—1897, 1,327,011 bbls; 1898, 1,462,871 bbls; 1899, 1,409,356 bbls. Orange county—1897, 12,000 bbls.; 1898, 60,000 bbls.; 1899, 108,077. Santa Barbara county—1897, 130,136 bbls.; 1898, 132,217 bbls.; 1899, 208,370 bbls. Santa Clara county—1897, 4,000 bbls.; 1898, 3,000 bbls.; 1899, 1,500 bbls. Ventura county— 1897, 368,282 bbls.; 1898, 427,000 bbls.; 1899, 496,200 bbls. Total product—1897, 1,911,569 bbls.; 1898, 2,249,088 bbls.; 1899, 2,677,875 bbls. Total value—1897, $1,918,269; 1898, $2,376,420; 1899, $2,660,793.

The Newhall district is one of the oldest oil mining fields in the State. It is also one of the richest producers. The field commences about twenty-five miles northwesterly from Los Angeles, and comprises roughly estimated an oil hearing area of about fifteen by thirty miles in extent. Easterly and westerly the district is crossed by mountainous formations exhibiting at different points profuse outcroppings of oil shale, sandstone, oil rock, liberal quantities of seepage, and very heavy deposits of brea. No other oil fields in California carry more the evidence that they are oil or petroleum bearing than does the famous Newhall district. One of the most celebrated sections in this celebrated territory is the great Placerita Canyon District. The Placerita field is the

GEM OF THE

entire Newhall field. It is here that the only white oil found upon the market is produced. On Sunday last the Saturday Post's special representative went over the Placerita field. The Freeman and Nelson White Oil Company is the only company which has struck oil in this district. The Company's producing well is 560 feet deep. It took fifty-eight seconds to secure five gallons of pure white, clear oil, resembling ordinary dark petroleum, which has undergone a process of refinement. This rate of production of oil when figured out, roughly speaking, means over 170 barrels per day. It is possible that the well could not be worked continually at this rate for 24 hours. But it is safe to sav that at least 20 barrels may he positively depended upon. Our representative was at the well upon the first pumping in the morning, accordingly he saw the clearance of the oil that had been in the pipes, and the clearance of the water which had accumulated during the two days the pumps had not been working on account of improvement and repair in the machinery. The time taken to clear the water which accumulated during the two days was somewhat less than 45 minutes. During the two hours in which our special correspondent remained about the well he observed a continual flow of clear, white oil. When he left, the wells were still pumping. The oil of this company has a gravity of 47. The company has a derrick in place covering a well 1030 feet deep. Thirteen feet from the surface of the earth there is oil lying. The company has no expense in the building of roads, already having a road right up to their own tramway line, which runs clear up to both their producing wells. Expenses for water they have none, having a reservoir which yields all the water that ever they may require. There is nothing nearer to the Freeman & Nelson's producing oil wells than 300 feet on the surface. The Post's representative took samples of this oil as it was pumped. These samples are now in the offices of the Post, and can be seen by any one desiring to examine them. No expense will be incurred in taking this oil to market since by laying two miles of pipe, the force of gravity will carry it to a point where it can be turned into cash.

The capital stock of the Freeman & Nelson White Oil Company is $300,000, divided into 300,000 shares, of the par value of one dollar each. One hundred thousand shares have been placed in the company's treasury, of which a limited number will be sold at 50 cents per share, to secure additional funds for further and quick development of the property.

The company's first standard size well is down 1030 feet. They went through oil sand at 185 feet, struck a second strata of oil sand at 616 feet, and a third strata of oil sand at 690 feet. At this third strata the oil gushed up. At least fifty barrels were baled out and after quitting baling the well flowed all night, filled in the pipes, and the oil then ran over the top. The well is cased a thousand feet, and is not punctured. From fifty to a hundred feet of further drilling remains to be done. The well would now be a producer, but the management want to go deeper before putting a pump on the well, as the indications are first-class for a large oil strike.

The element of risk is passed in this company, as the organizers have proved with their own money that our lands contains oil in paying quantities, and further, it is the most valuable oil produced in the United States, being worth $4 per barrel at the wells for commercial purposes; fully four times as much as the ordinary petroleum.

The officers of the company are as follows: C. L. Mosher, president; Geo. W. Freeman, vice president; G. S. DeLine, secretary and treasurer; Los Angeles National bank, depository; J. V. Bartow, superintendent; J. C. Brown, attorney. The directors are: R. L. Craig, C. L. Mosher, G. S. DeLine, J. V. Bartow, J. C. Brown, George W. Freeman, Frank Nelson. The officers and directors of the Freeman & Nelson White Oil Company are all practical busines men of experience and unquestioned integrity, whose names are a guarantee that the funds of the company will be used only for honest and legitimate development purposes. Offices of the Company, Room 537-538 Douglas building, Los Angeles, California.

THE PIONEER WHITE OIL CO.

This company has its land situated in the heart of thePlacerita district. While upon the grounds of this company the Post's special reporter made a careful examination of the soil, and found it to be highly indicative of bearing that great product for which this great district is so famous. In fact, a depth of 13 feet below the surface of the earth oil has been discovered on the adjoining lands of the Freeman & Nelson Oil Company. The Pioneer Oil Company has one derrick up and a well bored to the extent of 150 or 160 feet. The sand indications are of the very best character. A road runs right up to the well.

Six years ago Messrs. Freeman & Nelson were seeking for gold in the Placerita Canyon, and in sinking shafts and tunneling the earth were everywhere met by natural gas constantly rising out of the earth, which frequently drove them from the shafts they were sinking.

Messrs. Freeman & Nelson decided that there must be oil as well as gas below, and after using the only means at their command, being a spring pole and small drill and working unceasingly for many months, enduring many privations, with limited resources, their hopes constantly buoyed up by signs of petroleum, one bright day they were rewarded for all their patient toil by striking oil, and instead of the dark fluid which had been previously discovered in large quantities in adjacent localities, it arose white and clear like the best refined product. Although filled with joy, and sanguine of success, they were still unwilling to place their wonderful discovery in the hands of scheming promotors. So after providing themselves with more effective machinery than they had hitherton employed, they developed a second well with equal or better results, and these are the original and *only white oil* wells in the state up to this time, and make famous the Freeman and Nelson tract. The Pioneer White Oil Company has been incorporated, and secured absolute ownership of 200 acres of this justly famous tract.

To hasten the development the company has decided to offer the public 50,000 shares of treasury stock, of one dollar each, at 50 cents per share, fully paid up and non-assessable.

The officers and directors of the Pioneer White Oil Company are as follows: George W. Freeman, president; Frank Nelson, vice president; E. W. Davis, secretary; Frank Vail, general manager; John L. Davis, practical engineer; Los Angeles National Bank, treasurer; D. M. McDonald, attorney for the company. Office, rooms 101 and 122 New Hellman block, No.223 West Second street, Los Angeles.

Owing to the generosity of Messrs. Freeman and Nelson, other oil companies have been able to obtain specimens of this valuable oil, for it is only from their wells that has come the white oil.

It may be said that, had it not been for the generosity of Messrs. Freeman and Nelson, the other companies who are in this famous white oil district would have had no specimens of this oil to exhibit to purchasers. These gentlemen have endeavored to develop for the people of Southern California the entire Placerita field and thus have not only worked their own territory faithfully but have even gone so far as to aid competing oil companies.

PLACERITA WHITE OIL COMPANY.

In all the famous Placerita district there is no company whose prospects afford a safer inducement to the purchaser of shares than the Placerita White Oil Company. Situated in the heart of one of the richest oil districts in all California, and surronded on every side almost; south, west or east or northeast, by producing wells, the property of this company is sure to prove a bonanza. The Saturday Post's special representative, while in this rich teritory, made a careful examination of the soil conditions. He found the sand and shale conditions to be the most favorable possible. A mile and a quarter to the southwest are located the wells of the Pacific Coast Oil Company. To the south is the California Oil Company. To the east is the Iola Oil Company, while on the northeast only five-eighths of a mile away are the producing white oil wells of the Freeman & Nelson Oil Company. The Pioneer operator of the Placerita district is Mr. J. G. Evans, president of the Placerita White Oil Company. Mr. Evans has operated in this country for the past sixteen years. The Placerita Oil Company is the only company in this district which has a United States patent to its lends. The representatives of the Saturday Post have seen this patent, and therefore purchasers of oil stock need have no

fear that after a lapse of time the property on which the hopes of the company are based will be found not to belong to the company.

A pipe line is within one mile of the company's property, thereby enabling the company to handle its product at the least possible expense.

It is the purpose of the company to dispose of a sufficient amount of its treasury stock to enable it to sink its first wells to a depth of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet, in the white oil formation, and with that object only in view, the first series is offered to the public at ten cents per share.

Water can be obtained from the Placerita Co-operative Association and piped right to the company's works at a mere nominal rental. The importance of this item can, in a measure, be understood, when it is known that the other oil companies in our vicinity are having their water hauled at great expense. Having the advantages of water, good roads and cheap fuel, the drilling of wells will be but little more expensive than drilling for oil in Los Angeles.

One million shares, or two-thirds of the total amount of stock is set aside as treasury stock. This gives the Placerita White Oil Company a great advantage over those with small capital and a limited amount of stock in the treasury, who, if disappointed in their first prospect wells, must either levy assessments or go out of business.

The company has 460 acres—400 leased for forty-eight years and 60 for eighteen years, all on a one-eighth royalty. It will be observed that all the acreage is between the White Oil Wells and the Pacific coast's Elsmere wells. The officers of the company are as follows: J. G. Evans, president; G. F. Cromer, vice-president; J. B. Lehigh, secretary; W. A. Morgan, treasurer; J. Van Dam, director. The offices of the company are located at 531 Byrne building.

The Sea.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west wind doth blow!
I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

—Barry Cornwall.

Rock-a-by, Baby.

Rock-a-by, baby! On the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall—
Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.

Rock-a-by, baby! The meadow's in bloom;
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room;
Echo the birds with their own baby tune
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-by, baby! As softly it swings
Over the cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding of cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-by, baby! So cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-by, baby! The blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair;
Sleep, little baby! There's no cloud in the air.

Rock-a-by, baby! The blue eyes will burn
And ache with that your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-by, baby! There's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away;
Days when its song will be changed to a moan,
Cross that baby must wear all alone.

Rock-a-by, baby! The meadow's in bloom;
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom;
Be thy world ever bright as today it is seen,
Rock-a-by, baby! Thy cradle is green.

—Old Song.

"Between Messages"

Written for The Saturday Post
By Grace Adelaide Luce
of San Diego, Cal.

"Wait a little while; I can't talk to you now, Sydney. I'll call you up in about half an hour."

Evelyn turned away from the telephone and walked to the window. The man, whom last night she had promised to marry, had just asked her when he could see her again, and she had put off answering him until she could think a little more. She had not slept much during the night. She thought she loved him, but she wondered if she loved him *enough*. In her pale green morning gown she looked very frail. There were dark circles under her eyes. "If I have really made a mistake," she thought, "I must not let him come tonight. I must tell him right away."

And while she stood there, a pretty and woeful victim of indecision, Marian Hunt, her very best friend, was shown in to see her. Marian Hunt, that energetic, warm-hearted, cheerful young person, who had shared her confidences and her pleasures since they were little, little things, and had sweethearts at dancing school.

"Evelyn, Evelyn, I am so unhappy this morning. I have come to tell you something I have been trying to for years, it seems to me. You must sit down, for I have something very important to tell you, and it is very difficult—" Marian's words seemed forced from her by some most unusual and clearly apparent excitement. Her small, plain, piquant face looked white under the shade of her big hat, "Evelyn dear, do sit down. You look so cool, and sad, and—and relentless standing over them by the window. Sit down over here, dear, where I can see your face. You are beginning to be surprised now, at me—and indeed, Evelyn, I am feeling in a way I never did before. Oh, I am so frightened of you this morning, so afraid of you. What a long time we have been friends. How often we have sat here in this dear little room of yours and told each other the things which we would never tell anyone else. "Have I not always been sympathetic, dear?"

"Yes," answered Evelyn, wondering.

"I have always loved you. Evelyn, from the very first day my childish eyes rested admiringly on your long flaxen braids—haven't I dear? Do you remember how I used to write your themes for you at school, and sharpen your pencils, and wait on you, as if I had been a boy? And when we "came out" together, do you remember how proud I was of your beauty and your triumphs, and how interested I was in your love affairs, and how I had always one thing in common with your lovers?"

"Yes, Marian."

"You are so fearfully cold this morning, and quiet, Evelyn, have you already stopped loving me?"

"I didn't sleep much last night, that is why I am so quiet," said Evelyn, plaintively.

"Well, have you forgotten that night at the masquerade, when your mother was being so hard on you about being off so long with John Lloyd, and I fibbed to her for you, and told her it was I on the stairs with him?"

"No; I remember."

The two girls were looking intently at one another, yet where Marian's face seemed full of an intense anxiety, the other's had only become more pale and passive.

"You remember, you remember John Lloyd, Evelyn?"

"Oh, Marian, if you have anything to tell me, tell it."

"But listen, dear. After all these years of friendship, could you forgive me something? Some one thing, and will you do something for me?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to write to John Lloyd and tell him—that you want him to come back."

"You mean—you want me to tell him I will marry him?"

"Don't look so hard, dear, you do love me, don't you?"

"Marian, I am beginning to think that what you have to tell me has something to do with John Lloyd. I remember very well, how all that winter he was in love with me, you were always defending him, and telling me I was cruel to him. What makes you think that *now* I repent, and want him back again? Is it in my face, in my eyes, anywhere about me?"

"My God! do you love him still!"

Marian came to her where she sat on a couch and drew her head down to her shoulder.

"I knew well enough when you began to regret sending him away, dear. Don't I know you well? I saw that other men had palled on you, and if he came back then you might change your mind. Night after night when our heads lay on the same pillow, I saw it trembling on your lips to tell me, but I never encouraged you. I made believe I didn't see. I never helped you. I loved you, but I was untrue to you. Is there anything in your cold, self-contained nature that can understand the temptations of mine?"

"No," said Evelyn. She stood up, and moved again towards the window. Her back was turned and the other girl could not make out whether or not she was weeping.

"What I want to know," she asked Marian, still standing with her back toward her, "Is what makes you want to come and tell me now?"

"Please don't ask me that. Not yet, Evelyn, not until I am sure you love me."

"Why do you want me to write to him and call him back?"

"Because I think, dear, that you love him still, and he, deep down in his proud heart, he loves you still, and he will come to you. He is not far away, and you will both be happy at last."

"You know where he is, then?"

"Oh, my friend, forgive me, if you can, I have always written to him, ever since he left."

"There was a sudden silence which Marian did not dare again to break.

She was trembling and her eyes were fixed, as if she were unable to withdraw them, on Evelyn's green-silken back, turned inscrutably towards her.

"Why did you come and tell me this—now?" asked Evelyn again, coldly.

"Because—because—" the girl's hands covered her face—"he has just written to me, asking me to marry him."

There was a long soundless pause, a pause in which an old friendship and a new love were hanging in the same balance threatening to fall and be broken.

Marian heard her friend's soft rustling draperies, as she came and stood by her her. Her hand dropped hesitatingly but with a decided grip upon her bent shoulders.

"And you wanted me, after that, to write to him to come back to me?"

"Oh, Evelyn, you are so hard. I wanted you to have one other chance—without knowing—my conscience is killing me."

"And you could so far wish to humble my pride."

"Oh, Evelyn, what is pride, when love is in question? It is nothing but a withered, dying thing to be brushed aside. It is nothing. Oh, how weak you were not to take that love—that great love when it was offered to you—how small and lacking in courage you were not to yield yourself to the mighty current of that love, whose placid after-sweep, even for whose dregs, I am thankful—on my knees."

Marion gained at last courage to look up through her tears, and so caught the smile with which Evelyn was shaking the bright drops from her own lovelier eyes."

"Stay a moment, stay a moment, before you write to him your dear answer," said Evelyn. Then she turned to the telephone.

"1618, please."

"Is this you, Sidney. Oh, I am so glad. I want to see you as soon, as soon, as I possibly can. Come up to dinner this evening, and—come early."

Our Blue Flame Oil and Process Gasoline Stoves have very latest improvements. See the "National," also our Monitor Refrigerators, and Gem and Blizzard Freezers.

JAS. W. HELLMAN, 157 and 161 N. Spring Street

H. JEVNE,

Has just issued the most complete price list of his extensive stock of .. .. ..

Fancy Groceries,
Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Copy of which will be mailed to any address.

208 and 210 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A DIP IN SALT WATER

Will bring bloom to the cheek of the maiden, health to the invalid, rest to the business man, and joy to the hearts of the children.

It's one of the many pleasures at

TERMINAL ISLAND and LONG BEACH .....

That can be indulged in every day in the year.

TERMINAL RAILWAY AGENTS

Will sell you tickets that will allow stop-over privileges at Long Beach; tell you about the hotels and camp grounds; where the best fishing is; where to get sail-boats, etc. You can ring Main 960, or call at—

City Ticket Office... 237 SOUTH SPRING STREET

The Dash of the Spray
The Crash of the Music
The Tripping of the Light Fantastic
A Whirl of Pleasure Every Day

AT

TENT CITY

CORONADO BEACH

And it's so cheap to go down and rent a tent for the summer, or less time for that matter. The railroad fare is only **$4.00**, good till September 30. Just think of the gay time you can have

CHEAPER THAN STAYING AT HOME

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY STORY PAPER

ISSUED WEEKLY BY

The Post Publishing Company

ABBOT KINNEY.

S. D. CHUBB, Business Mngr. H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

Business Office and Editorial Department,

401-402 STIMSON BUILDING

Telephone Red 756. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered at Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Price, by Mail, One Dollar per Year, Payable in Advance.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1900.

FORESTRY. LECTURERS COMING.

Twenty-one years of persevering propaganda have at last rendered Southern California an intelligent unit in favor of rational forestry. The fact is now fully appreciated that the mountain water sheds must be preserved in forest of trees or brush to secure the safety of the productive plains. What forest exists must be kept and guarded. What forest has been destroyed must be replanted and renewed. This must be done to diminish the force of torrent and flood, to maintain the flow of springs and streams, and to reduce the extent and force of drying winds. The federal government has recognized the need of forest preservation and scientific forest exploitation. Forest Reserves have arrested the further alienation of the most important mountain water sheds. And now at last the government has commenced to provide for the study and the care of the people's vast forest property. Forestry today is still without form or order. The War Department cares for a part, and the Interior Department for another part. Scientific forestry is entirely in the hands of the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture. The working forces in the public forests are now all political and under the Land Commissioner. The forest skill is all in the Division of Forestry. The power is all where there is no skill. The skill is all where there is no power. These things make a painful jumble of the management. Within a few weeks the distinguished head of the skilled foresters, Prof. Gifford Pinchot and his accomplished assistant, Prof. J. W. Toumey, will visit Los Angeles to establish scientific forest work and forest study in this section. They have inquired for and appointed on their local force some of the students of the Forestry School started last year by the University of Southern California. This is in great contrast to the action of the political forestry force of the department of the interior. The politicians not only never sought a skilled forester nor any one honestly trying to make forestry a career, but they violated promise after promise to appoint forest rangers from the students of the forest school. The two prominent and able forest officers named will deliver illustrated lectures while here. These will be free to the public and held under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences.

Prof. J. W. Toumey has arrived and is studying the San Bernardino reserve.

MOUNT AND MURDER.

Governor Mount, a professional patriot, now the Big-Four Railroad governor of Indiana, has three times gone out of his way to publish his intention to prevent a trial for murder by the refusal to extradite the party charged with crime. He makes these defiances of decency in the interest of Taylor, the Kentucky mountain moonshiner. Taylor has been indicted by a grand jury as an accessory before the fact in the cowardly assassination of Goebel. The warrant for Taylor's arrest is not upon an information, as it would probably be in this state, but by a Grand Jury indictment after testimony taken under oath. Mount's refusal to extradite he openly avows to be purely on partisan grounds. This Kentucky case is both an extraordinary and a very serious affair It shows us to what extent partisanship can go in bloodshed and disorder. It shows us that we are not so far from the savage or the pronunciamento as we have thought. It shows us that in an American state like Kentucky as bloody and cowardly crimes can occur as through the disorders of the anti-American anarchist in Chicago. Goebel's assassination was a political murder. It was the result of a desperate railroad political conspiracy. He was killed by one concealed in the office of the Secretary of State, a place then claimed and held by Taylor's tool, Powers. Taylor issued a pardon to Powers for the murder of Goebel before Powers had been indicted or tried for the crime. The publication of that pardon to Powers convinced many that the political conspiracy included Taylor. Now comes this Governor Monte-bank nullifying justice in the great State of Indiana. Is he a conspirator also? The Kentucky political fight was not a Kentucky fight alone, nor a strictly party fight. The Republican party was controlled by the great and unconscionable Kentucky railroad corporation. This concern has a tremendous political influence in the adjoining states. Indiana is one of these, and Mount is counted as a Big-Four R. R. tool and henchman. Who knows but what he may prove to have been privy to this crime of murder?

DEMOCRATS WORRY THE EXPRESS.

Like many rattling Republicans, the lively business combination of the Express is worrying over the doings of the Democrats. For a time the Express was engaged in a furios punching of its literary bag because the Democrats were for bimetallism. The other day it turned about and knocked the stuffing out of the English language because the Democrats at Sacramento were deemed indifferent to bimetallism. The Express has developed a grand partisan strategy. The Democrats are to be damned if they do ,and to be damned if they don't. The Express charges the Tiger with financial heresy one day and charges cowardice the next because it is not heretical enough. The Sacramento platform of the Democrats was plain and strong. The Republican Sacramento platform was a simple hurrah of generality, and raised no clean cut issue of principle. The partizan politicians of the Express are in the same dense political chaparral of detail as are many politicians of both parties. Measures and immediate issues shut out their view of the great controlling principles of political economy and statesmanship. Like a lost hunter in the brush, they can see the bushes, but they have lost all sense of direction. The Democratic platform at Sacramento contained one sentence, which alone draws the line of division between the two great political parties. Here it is: "We demand the repeal of all laws giving special privilege to any person, classs, locality or interest."

All measures of both parties circle around the question of equality for all under the law or for the creation and maintenance of special privilege to some. Neither party is entirely clear-headed and consistent in referring measures to these principles. Nevertheless that is the fight.

Equality in the law for all on one side. Privilege by law to a few on the other. Some Americans believe in equal justice to all and special privilege to none. Other Americans think that special privilege to some created by law as in the Protection to Trusts is of advantage to the country, or that the rebate privilege of transportation companies can be beneficially retained by law created corporations. It is a matter of opinion which we from time to time imperfectly decide in our clumsy political way. The Express excellencies are with a very large number of politicians in the chaparral hunting. We should be glad to see this bright and influential journal get out into the open and find its real party bearings. It ought to realize where privilege is leading the country, and instruct its patrons with intelligence.

MERCANTILE MISFORTUNES.

The month of May just passed has secured the unhappy distinction of having had both the greatest number of failures, and for the largest aggregate amount of any month in the history of the United States.

The condition of affairs is said by Republican politicians to be due solely to the large volume of business, and not to economic conditions unfavorable to the body of producers, manufacturers and merchants. The claim of these politicians is that the special privileges created directly or indirectly by law or by law created corporations, and necessarily in the hands of a few, are so distributed by the beneficiaries in a patriotic spirit that the volume of business is increased. The combinations of capital under special privileges thus create prosperity, and the increased failures are merely the result of increased business. The Democratic politicians say that the present economic conditions are at most only superficially favorable. These men claim that the unequalled losses by business failures in May show that what benefits may exist in the way of increased trade are confined to the few, and are not widely or fairly diffused. On the Democratic side the position is taken that the laws creating privilege have created an artificial and fatal inequality. These artificial conditions destroy sound business morals. Success in business under privilege is upon intrigue, bribery, lobbying, secret rebate, etc. Business is in an abnormal and unnatural condition when protected or rebated into monopoly. The true and only sound and durable success of any nation in production or commerce is by the intelligent application of labor under the direction of high moral and vital force.

These are the two opposing views that are put out to account for May's broken record of failures. You pay your money and take your choice.

NICARAGUA ANNEXATION.

The Post notified its readers to look out for Central American annexation as an inevitable consequence of the Nicaragua Canal. A Resolution was introduced into Congress by Shafroth offering Nicaragua the place and standing of a State and inviting her to join the Union. This is the first official feeler on this subject. It is to be presumed that the construction of the canal across the Isthmus will be followed by some trade changes that have been foreseen and by some that have not been much talked of. One of these latter is the diversion of most, if not all, trade of districts south of 20 degrees north latitude, from Pacific Coast ports to Gulf and Atlantic Coast ports, or to Europe direct.

Whatever importance such diversions of foreign trade may have, they are nothing in comparison to the importance of the interstate or domestic trade of our own country. The completion of the Nicaragua Canal would have only benefit and all benefit for Southern California.

TWO BEAUTIFUL TREES.

Two of our exotics are now in full bloom. These are the Magnolia and Jacquerandia. The Magnolias look very handsome this year, with their large white flowers and glossy green leaves. The Jacquerandias, however, with their great, solid masses of blue blooms, easily dominate everything about them.

QUO VADIS.

He who cares to learn where Hanna politics are leading can go and see Quo Vadis at the Burbank.

OUR CAPACITY IN PATERNALISM.

Eight thousand Pima Indians destitute and on the verge of starvation; a large number of Papagoes dying of want. This is the condition of wards of the nation in Arizona who are peaceful and who have been self sustaining by means of agriculture in Arizona. In Arizona all agriculture depends on irrigation. To deprive the farmer of water is to deprive him of his farm. The government holds these agricultural Indians in tutelage. It is supposed to be a benevolent parternalism. Under the government and with its connivance or consent the Indian Irrigation water has been gradually diverted by others until none is now left for their crops.

This taking of water away from the Arizona agricultural Indians has been going on for some time. Over and over again the government's attention has been officially and unofficially called to the deadly consequences that would necessarily follow the loss of irrigation water. The fact has been repeatedly shown that there are but two humane and fair things to do about these Indian farms, and one inhumane course. Of the first two one was to protect the Indians in the possession of the irrigation water used by them from time immemorial; the other was to insure them water by a storage reservoir and special system. The government has done neither, and takes the third method, which is to let them starve. Possibly it may send them the rations Congress has ordered or such parts as are not stolen, and turn them into paupers. In contrast to this paternal neglect of agricultural Indians, we find the assassin Apaches given a living in a nice country with nothing to do. The Post has already said on this matter that Arizona has a grand future under a white man's development. This can be promptly realized by government irrigation works which can easily pay for themselves and more besides by rendering the vast area of government desert lands fertile and salable. But this does not require rank injustice to industrious Indians who have been making their living and want to continue thus indendent and self-sustaining. The cynical inhumanity of this paternalism is a demonstration of the fact that a Democracy cannot be paternal. It is organized on totally different lines. It takes a Czar to be able to be paternal. The individuals in a Democracy are organized to take care of themselves. What is more, they are organized to take care of their government, and not for their government to protect or to support them industrially. It is the people who support the government in a Democracy by individual initiative and work, not the government that supports the people.

ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The reports of the recent Democratic Convention at Sacramento again demonstrate the fact that where any political news is sought, a full and fair report can only be had from independent agencies. The Examiner is the only daily in this State that gives impartial and full news reports on political matters of all parties.

SAN DIEGO FOR COALING.

We are glad to learn that San Diego has been designated as a naval coaling station. The importance of a coaling station at our most southern Pacific Coast port is apparent. This tardy recognition of a point of naval strategy is better late than never.

THE ELEPHANT THE TOTEM OF THE REPUBLICANS.

The word Cæsar was derived from a Mauritanian word meaning elephant. Caligula, one of the wicked and mad Cæsar's, used the elephant on his shield as as an emblem. The use of the elephant as the emblem of the Republican party may be appropriate for an Imperial policy like that of the Cæsars.

CHARTER PROVISION.

There is one idea of the municipal method in Scotland, and in most places with successful city government, which deserves careful consideration. This is the provision which recognizes as political citizens those doing business in a city, and whose activities and interests are in, of, and for the city, but who reside or sleep outside the city limits. In some cases such persons are allowed votes, and in others they have no vote, but are eligible to hold city office. In England the rule is to consider persons who have interests in a city and who reside within thirty miles of the city as eligible for elective city offices. The appointive officers are not required to be actual citizens of a city.

RAILWAY MEN'S OIL COMPANY AFFAIRS.

The Times has attached the Railway Men's Co. for an advertising bill, the amount of which is reported to be $253. The company disputes the validity of the claim, hence the fight. The Times was willing to advertise the enterprise to the public for money, but on a dispute over the bill attacks the solvency of the company. This alleged failure of the Railway Men's Oil Company was made the occasion by the Times to cast vigorous aspersions concerning the honesty of the management of that corporation, and to disparage in general the oil industry by suggesting that the oil promoter is prone to be dishonest. As the Post has before stated, all that a reasonable investor should expect is that his money shall be honestly expended in development. It is unfortunate that in this case the Railway Men's Oil Company has apparently been in the hands of men incapable of judicious business management. There is no reason to suppose that these gentlemen have been dishonest Any business whatsoever, if improperly managed, will meet with disaster. The fact that the Railway Men's Oil Company is said to have failed should not discourage others intending to invest in oil stocks. It should simply make them cautious in their selection of companies. The oil development of Southern California has been and will be of great financial benefit to the State. After citrus fruits and mining it ranks as the third great natural product.

Los Angeles In 1920.

What the Future Will Bring to Los Angeles, to Our Sister Cities, and to the Great State of Southern California.

In 1920 the great city of Los Angeles will have a population of 500,000 persons. That seems pretty large at first thought, but, when one considers the marvelous growth of the city in the past few years and the fact that the very increase in the growth of the city is a lodestone which will attract thither thousands of persons in ever-increasing ratio, this estimate appears a conservative one. Then, too, there rises upon or horizon those great commercial factors which are destined to make Los Angeles the center of the commerce of the Pacifie Coast.

In 1920 the State of Southern California will have a population of three millions of people, and prosperity and progression will continue to be the watchwords. The united commerce of the entire Orient will be landed in the glorious deep water harbors of the Southern California coast and then shipped across the transcontinental railways to eastern markets, affording the people of Southern California high prices and a strong demand for their products. In 1920 Los Angeles, the capitol of Southern California, will be connected with her sister cities (Santa Barbara, San Diego, Pomona, Redlands, Riverside, San Bernardino and the other communities which go to make up the peerles golden chain), by a complete system of electric railways, which by their frequent service and excellent time, will serve to bind together more than ever before the interests of the cities of Southern California. In 1920, Los Angeles, the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, will own its own street railways, its own water works, and will be in command of a political system that will by its own workings and the powerful trend of popular opinion, admit of the holding of a public office as a public trust. In addition to the limits of the present prosperous city of Los Angeles, miles and miles of paved streets and elegant tree-shaded roadways will beautify the extension of the city's commercial limits. In 1920 the commercial center of the city will be near the junction of Main, Spring and Broadway and Ninth streets. Elevated railways will connect with the suburban sections of the great city and by taking the elevated flying express one will be able to reach any portion of the inhabited seacoast from Santa Monica and Ocean Park to San Pedro and Long Beach in fifteen minutes. In 1920 a perfected system of irrigation will have rendered Southern California the market garden of the world. Huge steam pumps fed by the power of an inexhaustible fuel oil supply will make every acre of Southern California's fertile soil a factor in supplying the people of the United States with their winter fruits and vegetables. Deserts will be reclaimed and barren wastes will blosom forth in all the beauty of tropical luxuriousness. The opening of the Nicaragua canal will have developed a wonderful maritime commerce with Atlantie seaports and the old world. A fleet of stately warships will lie beneath the gigantic fortresses of San Pedro and San Diego harbors. Thousands of long freight trains on transcontinental railroads which are not hostile to the people's interests will bear their precious cargoes from the inland States to the ships of the world waiting to receive them in our harbors. The completion of the great Salt Lake road will have opened up the inexhaustible mineral supply of the great Rocky mountain region. The stock and agricultural wealth of the central plains will be borne forth to the commerce of the seas.

In 1920 the great State of Southern California will be covered by prosperous and productive homes. Our already flourishing cities will have become remarkably enlarged under the influence of the wonderful increase of speed in transportation, six hours to San Francisco and three days to New York, Southern California will be favored by the same character of the better class of European immigration as is now enjoyed by the middle States. Thousands of persons will be flocking to the great golden State of Southern California and Asiatie immigration will have become a thing of the past.

In 1920 a more perfect school system will have prevailed in Southern California. Shorter hours and increased efficiency will add to the physical force and mental vigor of the children of the State of Southern California—the land that is kindliest to children. The exceeding beauty of the women of California will have become recognized the wide world over. They will be sought after from every land. The wonderful climatic conditions so favorable to the fair sex will have developed a race beautiful as angels of light.

Improved economic and social conditions wll have rewarded every industrious man with a princely competence. Modern invention will have harnessed nature for his convenience. A kindly climate and unequalled natural advantages will minister unto his physical welfare. The growth of new forests will fill and keep full the streams with water. In 1920 the wonderful State of Southern California will have forged to the front among the States of the United States to a degree that is, perhaps, not now conceivable.

CIGARETTES MADE TO ORDER.

Ivan Strogoff, the Russian cigarette maker, late of San Francisco, has opened up a eigarette faetory at 212½ North Spring street, Los Angeles, where he is prepared to make cigarettes to suit the individual tastes of cigarette smokers. The best of Turkish, Russian and Egyptian tobaceo only is used in the manufacture of these eigarettes. Trial orders are solicited. Ivan Strogoff, 212½ North Spring street.

BOSTON DYE WORKS.

The Boston Dye and dry eleaning works have been in business five years and have scored such success that every patron speaks only in terms of the greatest commendation. The store has been greatly enlarged and improved.

Mr. W. H. Seaton is the manager. The following is the price list: Gents' suits cleaned and pressed, $1.50; Gents' trousers dry cleaned and pressed, 50c; Ladies' tailor-made suits dry cleaned and pressed, $1.25; ladies' skirts dry cleaned and pressed, 75c; ladies' waists dry cleaned and pressed, 50 and 75c; felt hats dry cleaned, 25c; kid gloves dry cleaned, 10c. Ostrich feathers cleaned, dyed, curled and remade; fancy articles of every description cleaned and dyed; tailoring establishment in connection for repairing and altering.

The Boston dye and cleaning works are located at 221 N. Spring street, and 256 and 258 New High street. Telephone James 92.

TWO CENTS PER SHARE.

The cost of sinking an oil well is so great that in most cases it requires a combination of capital to pay for the work. Those who put up their money, and go into the combination, are entitled to their fair share of the net profits of the well. The law provides how this may be done by eorporations. Every possible safeguard is thrown around the shareholders in corporations, and the misdeeds of eorporation officials are visited with heavy pains and penalties. The Juanita Oil Company is selling stock at two cents per share in order to give those of moderate means a chance to make a start in life. It will soon have producing wells, the net profits of which will go into dividends. Dividend-paying stock always commands a good price. Send $1 for 50 shares and circular. JUANITA OIL COMPANY, 175 North Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.

City News in Brief.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Trance Medium; sittings daily, $1; evening by appointment. Circle Tuesday evening, 25c. Grand Pacific Hotel, 423½ S. Spring.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream has become a great favorite with fashionable women here. Our dry climate makes it necessary for those who would preserve the smoothness of the skin, to give it more than passing care.

WOLCOTT'S Mining Manual; Wolcott's Mining Blanks and specially designed lithographed Stock Certificates suitable for Mining as well as other Corporation Stocks, are kept in stock for immediate orders. Our blanks of all kinds at all book stores. N. A. Wolcott & Co., 128 South Broadway, Los Angelec, Cal.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. Telephone Main 516

OUR MOTTO: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

10 lbs. Rolled Hominy	25c	New Potatoes (any quantity) per lb.	01c
10 lbs. Rolled Wheat	20c	New Onions (any quantity) per lb.	01c
9 lbs. Rolled Oats	25c	80 lb. Sack Rolled Barley	80c
2 lbs. California Cheese	25c	80 lb. Sack Heavy Bran	80c

ALASKA Refrigerators, FREEZERS, Etc.

Cass & Smurr Stove Co.

314 and 316 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES.

Largest and Best Agency on Pacific Coast.

Carefully Selected Help of all Kinds Promptly Furnished.

TELEPHONE MAIN 509

HUMMEL BROS. & CO., Employment Agents

Basement California Bank Building, Corner Broadway,

300-302 WEST SECOND STREET, - - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Hay and Storage Company ::Wholesale Hay

Office, Third and Central Ave. Telephone Main 1596

The Trouble in China.

China is today in the forefront of the world's attention. It is the least known country of importance in the world. We know nothing of its internal commerce, guess at its population and resources and have only skimmed about its edge. China is opposed to foreigners. It never wanted them or their trade. She had a prohibitive protectionist policy against the world which she relinquished only at the cannon's mouth. Amongst the articles she was forced to see offered on her markets was opium. The Chinese protection was the same as the absolute American prohibition to Americans to import ships. The Chinese were not the only impractical economie fools. The Chinese distrust and generally hate foreigners. They hate us in their country even more than we hate them in ours. The tolerant class in both instances, and in both countries, is of those venally interested in the presence of coolies on the one hand and money-loaded merchants on the other. The Present Chinese troubles are due to a combination of things. First is, a spiritualistic revival that has been going on in China for some time. This is under the lead of a secret society called the "Yi-Ho-Chuan," or the "Righteous Harmonious Fists." These are known here as the Boxers. This is one thing and the other, in combination with the ever present hostility to foreigners and especially to persons attacking their religion, is the recent injustice and cruelty of the foreign railroad builders in China. These people in every case have overriden every law and equity in opening their rights of way. They have seized the microscopic Chinese farms or such portions they required, destroyed domiciles and desecrated the ancestral tombs. In all cases without recompense. The ancestral tomb is the most sacred thing possible to a Chinese in China. Its proper treatment is required for his escape from the horrors of the Chinese hell. The Chinaman's little farm is his sole resource for his and his families' life. These are the immediate causes combining to bring on outbreaks and disorders. The situation in Cina suggests the commencement and cause of the Taiping Rebellion. That also was led and managed by a secret society. It lasted for years. Millions and millions of property were destroyed and millions on millions of lives were swept away. The history of that terrible civil war demonstrated that Chinamen once armed, organized and well led, can fight like furies. The military genius of the American, Ward, first stemmed the torrent. Chinese Gorden ended the chapter. It was said then that no such settlement as Gordon made could endure. China was and is in every part and branch loaded down with trusts or unions in the form of secret societies. The union or trust edicts are enforced by private secret police unions which we know under the name of Highbinders. The basis of settlement of quarrels is the old Jewish blood atonement. Terrorism and secret influence strangle Chinese initiatives on every side. Progress can never take place until the secret union terror is broken in China. It can only be broken by a bloody and long revolution. That was said and seen years ago. We know in California how strong and impervious their trust organization of secret societies for all business is amongst the Chinese here. We have made no impression on it at all. Their proclamations of rewards for the murder of hostile or recreant union men are placarded on our dead walls. Contracts for the sale of female slaves are enforced by their Highbinder Tongs. In fact, the Chinese run their own government and social system here much as they do in China. Men are tried and judged in our Chinese quarters by Chinese judges, and executed by Chinese assassins. These secret trade, labor, producers, boatmen and everything else, societies perpetuate and stagnate the Chinese nation. Its own religions are an aiding force. The peoples's religion is based on the belief that Hell holds out hospitable horrors for every Chinaman. From these there is but one certain escape. This is through services that can only be performed at his tomb by a son, grandson, or direct male descendant. It is due to this belief that the dominant ambition of every coolie is to return to China, marry and to have a son. The marriage laws of China conform to this view. A man can marry but one wife, but he can have concubines to secure a safe family of males and thus keep out of Hell. All of the children of a Chinaman are in law the children of his wife, no matter by whom born. All the foreign religions and all the foreign influences are hostile to the Chinese sacred ancestral religious shrines and to his secret society control of everything. The Chinese here resist us and our civilization by a sort of impenetrable inertia. That has been true of China also. When the unknown and unnumbered millions of China break into a fanatical revolution their entire fossilized system is likely to break to pieces and then what of the world? Fifty or one hundred million fighters indifferent to death and under a spiritual exaltation such as is now spreading in China are likely to make things hum. A Mahomet, a Tamerlane or a Gengis Kahn are as like as not to come out of this Chinese situation. An organized China once on a military basis, will be a menace to civization. The rest of the world will not only keep hands off and have to do so but will be lucky to have Chinese hands not laid on them. In the meantime, America should mind her own business and keep out and away from China. We have lost no Chinese fights to lead us into the Chinese wars or partition. We can also again consider that the cry of blind capitalists for Chinese immigration and Chinese colonies in California and on this coast has dangers other than the moral and industrial injury of our manual laborers. Such colonies of Chinese will be a sure threat to our physical and social safety as soon as the Chinese revolution succeeds in the inevitable reorganization of that vast Empire of vast resources and of vast population.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS

The Events of the Week that go to make up the World's History.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The end of the Boer war is now declared by those intimate with the situation to be near at hand. The comparatively small territory of the Transvaal and the great numbers of British troops there quartered will not long permit the continuance of any guerilla warfare. The absence of any vigorous, offensive warfare on the part of the Boer forces is an acknowledgement of the situation. President Steyn's declaration that the end was near, and reports of the five days' armistice between Botha and Roberts the latter part of this week have strengthened this position. On Saturday came news that President Steyn of the Orange Free State was a stumbling block in the way of peace negotiations, and that Kruger was ready to surrender. Steyn is said to be bearing in mind that his former advice was scouted. The Boer general, Dewet, has been destroying British communications very vigorously by blowing up railroads and bridges with dynamite. Dewet captured the Derbyshire battalion and four companies of soldiers. On Sunday came additional rumors regarding the truce between Steyn and Kruger whereby according to the treaty between the two Republics neither can conclude peace without the other. Monday's news reports stated that the Boer leaders were issuing false bulletins in order to encourage their men. Steyn is said to have between 7000 and 8000 followers, and Kruger to have three times as many. Sir Redvers Buller dismissed the natal volunteers to their homes. This is considered as significant in denoting the near termination of the war. Tuesday's news: The Boer troops who have penetrated to Johannesburg and Pretoria are in a miserable condition, lacking food and being utterly exhausted. Chamberlain in a speech in London says that South Africa must now be so controlled as not to leave the seeds of future mischief. On Wednesday it was reported that 2000 stands of arms had been delivered up since the occupation of Pretoria; these will be used in equipping released British prisoners. Hunter's advance takes Krugersdorp without opposition, and General Methuen easily disperses the forces of Christian Dewet, who endeavored to prevent him from entering the town. General Kitchener has a narrow escape from capture. Thursday's news: The advancing British force the Boers from Machadodorp. A rumor is circulated that Kruger has left Cape Town for Holland. Friday: General Buller has reached Sandspruit, the Boers surrender arms and horses to him.

ORIENT.

The "Boxer" troubles in China have become far more serious during the past week than was anticipated, and yet graver results are threatened. For an explanation and definition of "Boxer," see page nine of this issue of the Saturday Post. The reported "amnesty" proclamation by President McKinley to the Filipinos would indicate that warfare in the islands has greatly subsided, and that there are many "insurgents" who will be induced to come to the American standard. On Saturday it was reported from China that the situation was steadily growing more warlike; the foreign legations at Peking were virtually prisoners, and howling mobs were clamoring for their destruction; the relief column made an enforced stop half way from Tien Tsin. On Sunday the news was that the legations at Peking and the English and American churches had been burned and the German minister killed. The relief party was not heard from, and a state of general anarchy prevailed in the Chinese empire. Monday's news reports say the Chinese censor spread the story of the attack on the legations having a purpose in so doing. The "Boxers" are said to be killing hundreds of the native Christians. Reports of two important fights in the Philippines; 60 Filipinos killed and 200 captured; civil commissioners will assume legislative powers September 1st. Tuesday's news from China: The Chinese fired on the warships, and the Taku forts are bombarded and finally captured. The relief expedition is forced to return to Tien Tsin. The Ninth Regiment is ordered on a transport from Manila to China. On Wednesday there came news that the English relief force under Vice Admiral Seymour had arrived at Peking after an arduous march and frequent fighting, the Chinese losses being 500. The foreign nations are hurrying forward troops to China; the foreign legations have been saved, but an internal disruption of the severest character is liable to overwhelm all China. Thursday's news: The foreign force is absolutely inadequate. Admiral Kempff cables that the forts at Taku were captured by the other foreign forces. Friday: The allied powers proclaim that they will use force only against the Boxers and their allies.

EUROPE.

The Chinese anti-foreign uprising has been the chief topic of Europe during the week past. England has decided to remove a portion of her troops now in South Africa to China. It was announced on Saturday that M. Del Casse, the French minister, had ordered a swift French cruiser to proceed to Taku to reinforce the French naval division at that place. Sunday: The Kumassie relief column said to be delayed by rains. The Ashanti war is progressing. Severe skirmishes between French and Moors. Monday: The French minister of marines has ordered a division of cruisers ready for sea to reinforce the French squadron in Chinese waters. Tuesday: Remarkable spot discovered on the sun by Abbe Mareux, the French astronomer, indicative of great heat during months of July, August and Septemher. Paris Exposition buildings are not yet all completed. Wednesday: Reports from St. Petersburg show that in the capture of the Taku forts the Russian losses were two lieutenants killed, two wounded and 16 men killed and 67 wounded. The Chinese know how to fight. Thursday: The foreign office in Paris says developments in China draw together France and the United States, whose interests there are identical. Friday: Advices from Berlin state that reports from the German minister in Peking attribute the desertion of 10,000 of the imperial troops to the Boxers to direct orders.

NATIONAL.

Politics has been the keynote of National interest during the past week. Despite Roosevelt's protestations, it was generally known for 48 hours before his nomination to the vice presidency that he would be forced by the strong pressure brought to bear upon him to accept the nomination. Saturday's news indicated that as yet no Republican candidate had been definitely settled upon. Admiral Dewey stated that it was impossible for him to be nominated for the presidency, and he would not accept a nomination for the vice presidency. Orders come from Washington that Asiatics are not to go east unless they have health certificates. Sunday's news: St. Louis World's Fair work interrupted by a strike. Webster Davis' intention to carry Boer resolutions into the Philadelphia convention. Klondike season's output estimated at $40,000,000. On Monday it was first announced that Roosevelt's nomination was to be forced. Eight thousand Pima Indians are destitute on the Gila reservation, 30 miles from Phoenix, Arizona. 'Frisco quarantine declared off. Tuesday's news showed that Bloomington, Ill., had suffered $1,000,000 loss through a disastrous fire. Republican nomination at Philadelphia crystalizes about McKinley and Roosevelt. Rumors of an extra session of Congress to deal with the Chinese situation. Wednesday: The destitute Pima Indians of Arizona will be given relief. President McKinley offers peace to the Philippine insurgents by an amnesty proclamation issued at Manila by General MacArthur. Carter Harrison is confident of Bryan's election. Thursday: The St. Louis posse comitatus will not be dismissed until after the Fourth; strike still smouldering. Montana Democrats split, with factions favoring Clark or Daly, and will send two delegations to Kansas City. Friday: Further news of Convention. Chinese trouble affects shipment of goods to China.

LOCAL.

The absurd California quarantine fiasco; the gilded hopes of local politicians and political gossip, the Pima Indian famine, and the usual police difficulties have absorbed local attention this week. On Saturday Harvey Fowler, the footpad, confesses highway robbery, and is sentenced to twenty years in San Quentin. Senator R. F. Del Valle said to be a candidate for the chairmanship of the big Kansas City Convention. Watson and Murray, footpads, are held for murder without bail on the charge of shooting W. J. Breckenridge. Sunday: W. J. Spalding tells a large and enthusiastic audience why he believes in Bryan. Quo Vadis given at the Burbank. Terminal engines collide. Monday: Pico Heights water consumers want lower and more reasonable rates. Niles Pease favors Saturday half holidays for employees. Tuesday: To bore for oil in the Pacific ocean oil promoters must receive a permit from Washington. The Los Angeles Oil Exchange makes its first sale of "non-productives." Wednesday: The discharge of Special Officer Foster by the Police Board threatens to become lively as his friends start to the rescue. Sailor Coleman on trial for murder. Dr. J. F. Roth is accused of drugging a patient. Thursday: Attachment suit against Railway Men's Oil Company by the Times-Minor Company is the occasion of discreditable statements in the Times. Senator Bard and Congressman Waters to be banqueted by Chamber of Commerce. Friday: Half holiday movement is being much advocated.

Following is the programme of the concert by the Fitzgerald Music Company band at Westlake Park at 2 p. m. Sunday. H. P. Moore, Conductor.

March, "Escort" .....Brooks
Overture, "The Viking".....Luscomb
Waltz, "Awfully Jolly," .....Coote
Moreeau Elegante, "Souvenir de Lugurro" ..... Hoffman
Grand Medley, "The Black Brigade" (introducing "Sing, Darkies, Sing," "A Virginia Rosebud;" "My Old Kentucky Home, etc.) .....Beyer
"Colored Aristocracy" .....Barnard
Medley Overture, "Butterflies," .....
.....arr. Beyer
Mazurka "Narcissus"..... Evans
Fanfare, "March de Concert"..F. Behr
March ..... Selected

TURKISH BATHS.

Now is the time for a Turkish bath. Drs. Carpenter and Wilson, who have fitted up the old Thom mansion at 118 E. Third street, with sybarite luxuriousness, give the finest Turkish, Russian, and electric baths in the country. The plunge is large and magnificent. It is without doubt the finest plunge in Southern California. Richard Adamson, the accomplished and popular masseur, who for many years was with the Athletic Association of this city, and Mr. A. E. Close, who is as skilled a masseur as can anywhere be found, are in attendance. There is also a manicure and chiropodist at hand. The Turkish Bath house of Drs. Carpenter and Wilson is thoroughly equipped with every convenience. It is cosmopolitan in every particular. The guests are accorded the utmost courtesy. Rooms and meals can be had when desired. Every kind of bath han be had at Drs. Carpenter and Wilson's new establishment, Turkish, Russian, Swedish, electric, salt glow, massage, tub and plunge, Mineral and sulphur baths as also a good rub-down in alcohol. Tuesday is ladies' day, when accomplished la'y attendants are at hand. When you feel bad, come and see Drs. Carpenter and Wilson, 118 East Third street. Open day and night.

Be Independent.

Non-Trust Wall Paper, 3c; Ingrain, 8⅓c; Ingrain Borders, 2½c; Lead, 6½; Mixed Paint, $1.50 gal.; Opaque Shades, 35c; Moulding, 2c ft. WALTER BROS., 627 South Spring St. Tel. Main 1055.

Red Cloud Mining Co.

One of the richest oil fields in this State is that in the heavy petroleum bearing district near Salton. The great Red Cloud Mining Company, which possesses thousands of dollars' worth of property in all parts of California, has located a large number of oil claims in this region. The intention of the Red Cloud Mining Company is to sink wells and put in a 500 horse power dynamo and connect the mill with an electric current, when the machinery will be run entirely by electricity. The surplus oil will be placed on the market for sale. The elevation of the oil location is such that the oil can be conveyed by gravity to the railroad, thereby saving the expense of hauling it.

The Red Cloud Mining Company's property comprises sixteen claims, that are rich in gold, silver, lead and copper, upon which considerable work has been prosecuted in shafts and tunnels, running from 75 to 150 feet, and the work is still going on. The company has purchased the largest set of Cornish rolls in the State of California, and have a capacity of 175 tons of ore per day. Experts have estimated that the output of the mines will easily run $50,000 and upward per month after the machinery is put in operation. The mines were bought, organized and promoted by S. P. Creasinger, the well known financier, who has associated with him as directors men of well known business acumen and standing, and in the practical development of these valuable mines he has at command a corps of trained and experienced engineers and miners engaged in prosecuting the extension of the work in hand.

Mr. Creasinger is a man of such an enviable and honorable reputation, and has been so remarkably successful in all his business ventures that his name stands as the watchword of success, and is a guarantee of good faith in all the business of the Company.

The Red Cloud Mining Company is incorporated under the laws of the State of California, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, consisting of 1,000,000 shares, the par value of which is $1 per share, and the main office is at 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Great Western, one of their largest gold mines, being now so far developed, they have already commenced to erect their large milling and cyanide plant, upon the most advantageous site to be found for convenience of access to all of the company's sixteen claims; thus enabling the ores to be conducted to the plant by gravity—also water piped in the same way—thereby saving very greatly in labor and expense. The shaft of the Great Western, upon which work has been progressing for some time past, is now at a depth of 130 feet, and at this point or level, the ore will also be taken from drifts or side tunnels; and every 50 feet till a depth of 500 feet or more is reached, these levels and side drifts will be constructed. The main tunnel, which is now in over 200 feet, will be continued about 900 feet through the mountain, following the ledge of gold-bearing quartz the entire distance; also making a passageway for conveying ore in buckets to the mouth of the tunnel, connecting there with the wire-rope tramway, leading, by gravity, to the plant. It is asserted by experts that this mine alone will produce 100 tons of ore per day for at least one hundred years.

The following are the officers of the Company: S. P. Creasinger, president; Capt. D. J. Strout, vice president; W. L. Elder, secretary; I. N. Wood, treasurer.

THE SUMMER TIME CARD.

of the Los Angeles Terminal Railway will take effect June 20th, and trains will run to the ocean beaches, so that the business man can spend his nights at the seashore and attend to city affairs during the day. The schedule is as follows:

Leave 8 a. m. Sunday only; 8:50 a. m., 10:25 a. m., 1:35 p. m. daily; 5 p. m. daily except Sunday; 6:10 p. m. daily; 11:30 p. m. Saturday only. The 5 p. m. train will be the Sea Side Flyer, and will make no stops until it reaches Long Beach.

Returning trains leave the beaches at 6:30 a. m. daily except Sunday; 7:40 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4 p. m. and 6:35 p. m. The 7:40 a. m. train will be known as the "BANKERS' SPECIAL," and will run through without stops arriving in Los Angeles at 8:30. New time cards are now ready for distribution.

SAN DIEGO.

A Few Facts About "The Italy of America."

Its Destiny as a Great Seaport; Its Wonderful Commercial Advantages; and Its Progressive Citizens.

The beautiful and prosperous city of San Diego is known throughout the civilized world.

San Diego has a permanent population of about 23,000 persons. It is situated on one of the most perfect harbors of the world. From the commanding heights of Point Loma may be seen the picture of surpassing loveliness which caused Charles Dudley Warner to call San Diego "The Italy of America." To the west and south one sees the blue of the Pacific, merged into the purple hills and mountains of Mexico, stand out grandly in the clear air. Below and to the south stretch the fairy gardens of Coronado peninsula, with its beautiful homes, and on Coronado Beach is the Hotel Coronado, the largest resort hotel in the world, which has a valuation of $12,217,618. At one's feet is San Diego bay, shimmering like polished glass. To the north and east the city of San Diego, beautifully located on the rising ground, shows its well ordered streets and magnificent buildings. The actual amount invested in new buildings last year in San Diego was $243,835. Beyond, looking across the shipping, one sees National City and Chula Vista, surrounded by lemon and orange groves. To the north and east is noted the romantic coast of La Jolla, and the entrance to Mission valley, where Father Junipera Serra planted California's first mission, and where, later, California's first city was established. Surrounding the city and bay stretch broad fertile valleys and mesas. Rolling hills rise one above another until the eyes are led upward to the crowning peaks of the Cuyamacas, some fifty miles inland.

San Diego is a thriving, progressive municipality, and is destined to become a great commercial city Among the many public improvements in San Diego is a water system which cost $1,500,000; a complete and perfect sewerage system, costing $425,000; free public schools representing an expenditure of $150,000; state normal school building, which, when completed, will cost $100,000; a splendidly equipped street railway system; electric light and gas plants; county court house costing $150,000, and miles of well-paved streets and cement sidewalks.

The Santa Fe and the San Diego, Cuyamaca and Eastern railroads run into San Diego. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company's liners leave and arrive every fourth day for San Francisco and important Pacific coast ports. The California and Oriental Steamship Company, incorporated in January, 1899, was the first trans-Pacific line having a terminus at this port. In December, 1899, the Kosmos steamer, Tanis, made its first call at San Diego, thus commencing a permanent service between Hamburg, Germany, and the port of San Diego. Within the first year of its existence the C. and O. steamers handled over $2,000,000 of freight to and from this port, and the fleet increased from three to six steamers. The Cosmos line enters the field as a competitor for freight from South and Central America and Mexico. Under its contract with the Santa Fe railroad all freight consigned to the east will be landed at this port, while the Pacific mail steamers have to travel 500 miles further north to reach San Francisco. Freight landed at San Diego is 180 miles nearer the east than San Francisco, thus San Diego has an advantage of 680 miles over San Francisco in the race for the eastern markets. With its unparalleled conditions for commerce in a magnificent land-locked harbor and its railroad system to the east; with the wonderful fertility of the soil of San Diego county capable of sustaining a population equal to that of any of the most prosperous Eastern states (for San Diego county is larger than the state of Massachusetts, having 8,460 square miles,) The progressive city of San Diego is destined to a brilliant commercial future.

San Diego county contains the largest area of fertile, frostless land in the United States. This is the natural home of the lemon, the most delicate of citrus fruits, and now contains over 28 per cent of the lemon orchards of Southern California. The largest orchard contains 1000 acres. Surrounding the city of San Diego there are 200,000 acres of frostless land under water development and capable of producing citrus fruits. One of the largest irrigating system in the world is now being constructed at a cost of over $3,000,000. This will irrigate 100,000 acres of the best citrus lands and furnish an additional supply to the city. Mixed farming and stock raising are carried on in the mountain sections near San Diego, and the city is the home of many large ranchers.

San Diego is also the home of a large brewery, the Stead Soap Company, the Standard Iron works, and large dried and salt fish shipping interests, as well as lumber and brick yards and other industries.

The San Diego Chamber of Commerce has always taken a strong, aggressive stand for the city's welfare. President Ballou at present is at the head of the chamber. Some of the prominent men of San Diego who have occupied the presidential chair of the chamber of commerce in the past are: E. W. Morse, Charles S. Hamilton, Capt. J. H. Simpson, M. A. Luce, Philip Morse and George W. Marston.

The principal newspapers are the Tribune, the Union and the Sun.

That San Diego is destined to become one of the principal cities of the Pacific coast is assured by its exceptional climatic conditions, its magnificent geographical location, the wonderful fertility of its soil, the great number of tourists who take advantage of its unsurpassed advantages as a seaside and society resort, and last, but by no means least, the progressive spirit of its citizens and its excellent municipal organization.

Of the efficient officers of the municipality of San Diego too much cannot be said. The city enjoys much of its present welfare to the aggressive stand taken by these gentlemen for San Diego's advancement. Mayor E. M. Copps has always endeavored to improve the moral character of the city and his efforts towards closing up side doors and gambling of every character have been highly successful. Mr. A. B. Cairnes chief of the fire department, is a model chief. Chief E. W. Bushyhead of the police force is one of the most efficient and best known officers in the State. No one is more popular than the genial F. H. Dixon, secretary to the board of trade. President W. J. Davis of the board of public works is known as one of San Diego's most public spirited and progressive citizens. Geo. D. Goldman is San Diego's efficient and popular city clerk.

One of the most attractive features of San Diego is Albatross Terrace, where Mr. H. H. Bancroft has a dozen houses or more, all of whose inmates may be served, if necessary, at the Albatross Inn, the whole being a summer and winter resort of the very first class, and to the highest degree pleasurable. No one man has done more for San Diego than Mr. Bancroft, who for the past twenty years has been no less energetic in developing the country than in building up the city. At his Spring Valley plantation, at Helix, ten miles inland, he has, among other things, 10,000 olive trees, and 100 acres in oranges and lemons. In company with Col. Bryan, of Lemon Grove, and Mr. B. C. Lockwood, he has purchased well-boring machinery, which is now in operation and capable of going down 2,000 feet, and with which tests are being made for artesian water and oil. A year ago Mr. Bancroft's two sons, Paul and Griffing, were graduated at Harvard university, Paul Banning immediately assuming the management of the family property in San Francisco, while Griffing Bancroft has charge of his father's interests in San Diego, at the same time studying law. Says the San Diego Union, in its Summer Climate Edition, in regard to Albatross Terrace:—"In this large outlay of time and money Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the owner of the property and the designer of the improvements, displays great public spirit in this evidence of his abiding confidence in the present importance and future growth of this southwesternmost of United States seaports. Not only has Mr. Bancroft made Albatross Terrace a pleasing feature of San Diego, and of Southern California, but in showing what may be done in this marvelous climate and charming surroundings, will undoubtedly stimulate others to improve their opportunities."

The Singers.

Each has his place amid the throngs,
Some to toil in the busy life,
Some to be driven and some to drive
And some to sing their songs.

Each one is useful in his sphere,
He who delves in the fruitful earth,
He who adds to the world's mirth
And its wealth of hope and cheer.

Some at the forge and some in the mine,
Some to toil in the counting room,
And some to lighten the hours of gloom
By words of love divine.

Some to minister to disease,
Some to instruct and some to preach,
Some to charm with the gifts of speech
And some with melodies.

Some to shine and some to plod,
Some to walk with the rich and great,
Some to rule in affairs of state
And some to tell of God.

None more worthy than are the rest
Who honestly strive, with the gifts they hold,
The talents within them to unfold
And give the world their best.

Some to create in the realm of art,
Some to relieve the suffering,
Some to labor and some to sing
The songs that reach the heart.

—Denver News

REEDONA INN.

When at Coronado Beach go to the Redona Inn. Redona Inn is charmingly situated and while there one can live most economically, nearly as cheap as at home, and enjoy the finest climate on the earth The best bathing in the world can be enjoyed at Coronado Beach. Redona Inn is within easy walking distance to the beach. A round trip may be had on the electric cars for five cents. Write for cut of house and prices to A. L. REED, MANAGER, CORONADO BEACH, CAL.

The Best CUP OF COFFEE IN LOS ANGELES

When you want good coffee—good lunch—quick service and moderate prices

Take Lunch at

The CALIFORNIA COFFEE HOUSE

128 West Third Street.

Keep this Copy of the SATURDAY POST. It is Your Accident Insurance For the Next Week.

Beach Property at a Bargain

LOT SIX OF VAWTER'S OCEAN VIEW TRACT, ON THE HILL AT OCEAN PARK, CAL.

100x310 feet fronting on Third and Fourth streets. Electric Cars pass in front of this property. This property must be sold.

For particulars as to this great bargain apply to

ABBOT KINNEY

401 Stimson Building, Los Angeles. Cal,

A Genuine Turquoise Ring Free.

Subscribers to the Saturday Post can secure a one caret genuine turquoise set in a 14 caret solid gold ring by sending ten subscriptions to the Saturday Post (the best weekly on the Pacific Coast) at $1.00 each per year.

These turquoise rings are made and guaranteed by the Pacific Gem Co., cutters of precious stones, South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., and are worth at least $10 each.

Subscribe to the Saturday Post yourself, get ten of your friends to subscribe through you and get this beautiful ring. On exhibition at office of the Post Publishing Co. For samples apply to the

Post Publishing Co., *401-402 Stimson Block.*

Premiums for Subscribers

To the Saturday Post

The Saturday Post presents its readers the following list of premiums which will be given away absolutely free for new prepaid subscribers to The Saturday Post. NONE BUT SUBSCRIBERS CAN SECURE THESE PREMIUMS.

FOR ONE NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTION.

A Yankee Watch, guaranteed to keep good time for one year.

FOR FOUR NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Yankee Camera, size 4x5. This camera is in all respects first class.

FOR TEN NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A genuine 1 caret Turquoise Set in a Solid Gold Ring (rings made and guaranteed by the Pacific Gem Co., South Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.)

FOR TWENTY NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Camping Outfit complete, consisting of a tent 10x12 feet, two canvas cots, two mattresses, two pillows, two comfortables, two camp stools and one camp table.

FOR 100 NEW PREPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Deed to a lot at Ocean Park, Santa Monica. This lot is near the electric Railroad, the Santa Fe Station and Postoffice.

For further particulars in regard to these premiums apply at the offices of the Post Publishing Co., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone Red 756.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL

BY

GUY BOOTHBY

AUTHOR OF

A BID FOR FORTUNE, DR. NIKOLA

THE MARRIAGE OF ESTHER, ETC.

Copyright, 1898, by D. Appleton and Company.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER I.—Dr. De Normanville, an English physician at Hongkong, hears of a woman called the Beautiful White Devil, making her home on an island in the Pacific, of which she is the sovereign and leading a piratical life in a white yacht on the ocean. Dr. De Normanville receives a call from a stranger who engages his professional services to go to an unknown place to treat an epidemic of smallpox. They leave Hongkong that night on a Chinese junk. The Chinese crew prove treacherous and attack Dr. De Normanville and his companion and are cowed only after four of their number are killed. Dr. De Normanville is wounded and loses consciousness just as they come in sight of the mysterious schooner to which they are to be transferred. When Dr. De Normanville regains consciousness he finds himself on board the Lone Star, the yacht of The Beautiful White Devil. He is treated with great courtesy by that mysterious lady who relates to him much of interest concerning herself and her adventures. De Normanville is conducted to the island home of Alie, the Beautiful White Devil, where he fights an epidemic of small pox. When the plague is conquered De Normanville is so completely worn out with his duties that Alie plans a little excursion into the mountains. They have an enchanting trip and Dr. De Normanville falls in love with the Beautiful White Devil and urges her to marry him and give up her life of adventure. She is firm in her refusal to marry him but promised to give him his answer in one year if he still desires to marry her. Their excursion is broken up by the arrival of a messenger who brings tidings of treachery of an agent who wishes to betray the Beautiful White Devil into the hands of the British navy. It is decided that the only safe method of ridding herself of this menace is to abduct this agent and make him a prisoner on the island. Dr. De Normanville decides to accompany her and aid her in this adventure. Leaving the island the party meet at Batavia, where Alie personates an American girl. They go to Singapore and Alie, as Miss Sanderson, meets Ebbington, the man who would betray her to the authorities, and accepts his attentions. Ebbington is induced to invite her for a trip about the harbor. During the trip Alie makes herself known, orders the launch out to sea and transfers Ebbington to the Lone Star. The Lone Star then overhauled a mailboat for the purpose of taking off and flogging Mr. Barkmansworth, a man who had, while in authority on an island, had flogged to death two native women. After punishing Mr. Barkmansworth he was returned to the steamer and the Lone Star sets off for the Island. On this voyage Ebbington commits suicide by taking poison. De Normanville entreats Alie to marry him, and she agrees to meet him in England in one year, when, if his mind is unchanged, she will become his wife. The year having elapsed, Alie appears in England. Barkmansworth recognizes her at a theatre and causes her arrest.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMANDED.

Never shall I forget the misery of that walk back from Cavendish square to South Kensington. I rang the bell, and the peal had not died away before poor, heavy eyed Janet had opened the door to me. Without a word she led me into her morning room, the room where I had first told her of my love for Alie, and having made me sit down would not let me speak until I had partaken of some refreshment. I filled my glass, but pushed my plate away from me. I could drink, but I was far too miserable to eat.

"Janet," I cried, "for heaven's sake tell me, as quickly as you can, all that has happened!"

"My poor George," she said, "as I told you in my note, Alie has been arrested. You had not left the house more than a quarter of an hour before two men called and asked to be allowed to see me on most important business. They were shown in here and when we were alone requested permission to see Alie. I went to fetch her and brought her down with me. Then one of the men advanced toward her with a paper in his hand and said, 'Alie Dunbar, in the queen's name I arrest you on a charge of piracy upon the high seas.' Oh, it was horrible, and I can see it all now!"

"And what did my poor girl say?"

"Nothing. She was just as calm and collected as she always is. She simply took the paper from the man's hand and looked at it, after which she said: 'There must be some mistake. However, you are only doing your duty, I suppose. Where do you wish to take me?' 'To Scotland Yard first, madam,' the man said, 'then on to Bow street.' Hearing that, Alie turned to me and, putting her arms round my neck, said, 'You will soften this blow as much as you can for George, won't you, Janet?' and then announced that as soon as she had changed her dress and procured her hat and cloak she would be ready to accompany them. These changes in her costume she was permitted to make, and when they were accomplished we set off, but not before I had written that note to you. We expected you would follow us at once and be able to arrange the matter of bail."

"I did not get your letter until after 3 o'clock. I was in such a strange state of mind last night that I went for a long walk after leaving you. Janet, it is all my fault. Did you notice those men in the box opposite us at Drury Lane? If so, you may have observed that they continually stared at Alie through their glasses."

"I did notice them, and very ill bred fellows I thought them. I think Alie must have thought so too. But what have they to do with this matter?"

"Why, the man at the back of the box was none other than the person mentioned in that last newspaper paragraph about the Beautiful White Devil. He was the man Barkmansworth, in fact, whom the Beautiful White Devil took from the mailboat and flogged in midocean."

"But what has this to do with Alie?"

"Why, simply that—no, there can be no shirking it now, it must come out, and I know it is perfectly safe for me to tell you—simply, Janet, because Alie is the Beautiful White Devil."

"Oh, George, my dear old brother, is this terrible thing true?"

"Perfectly true, Janet."

"And you of all men were going to marry the Beautiful White Devil?"

"Don't say 'were,' say 'are.' Janet, it is only half past 5 now. An hour and a half must elapse before I can do any good at the police station. If you will listen, I will tell you the story of Alie's singular life and how I became mixed up with her. Then, remembering what you have seen of her yourself, you will be able to judge what sort of woman the Beautiful White Devil really is."

Thereupon I set to work and told her all my adventures. Then I looked at Janet and found big tears standing in her eyes.

"What do you think of the Beautiful White Devil now?" I asked.

"I think that, come what may, George, we must save her."

"Of course we must, and now I'm going off to see her. May I give her any message from you?"

"Give her my fondest love and tell her that, come what may, she shall be saved."

"It will cheer her to know that in spite of what has happened you believe in her. Goodby."

"Goodby, my poor George."

I left the house, and hurrying down to Gloucester road took the underground train for the Temple, walking thence to Bow street. On entering the police station I asked to see the officer in charge. To this grim official I stated the nature of my business and begged to be permitted an interview with his prisoner. This he granted with a very civil grace. The jailer was accordingly called, and I was led down a long corridor.

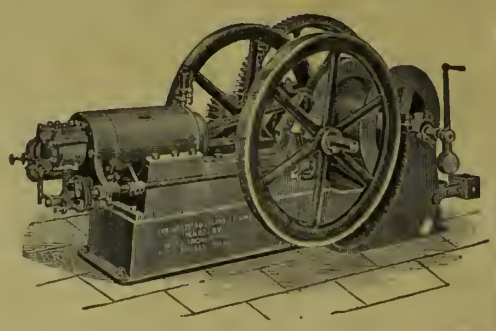
"Seeing that she is a lady," that official said as he unlocked the door on the right, "we have given her a somewhat better room than we usually allow our prisoners. I have orders to permit you a quarter of an hour together."

He opened the door, and I went in. With a little cry of joy, Alie, who had been sitting on a sofa at the farther end, sprang to her feet and ran toward me.

MACHINERY.

BOOTHE MANUFACTURING and SUPPLY CO.

126 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.



Boilers & Engines

COMPLETE

IRRIGATING PLANTS

Air Compressors, Power and Steam Pumps, Refrigeration Plants.

WITTE Gasoline Engines

ARE

Simple

Reliable

Durable

FULLY GUARANTEED.

Model GAS Ranges

And Instantaneous Water Heaters Have

REDUCED

Many of the Unpleasant Features of Housekeeping TO a Minimum.

The Cheapest and Best Light and Fuel Is

GAS AT $1.50 Per 1000 Cu. Ft.

The rate which takes effect July 1st. These modern necessities as well as other GAS APPLIANCES on sale AT ABSOLUTE COST.—Cash or Installments.

LOS ANGELES LIGHTING CO.

TEL. BROWN 706. ESTABLISHED 1891

—SEND FOR DESIGNS AND PRICES.—

Beautiful.. WOOD CARPET ..Economical

A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets

Polished oak floors $1.25 per Sq. Yard. Will last a life-time. Grilles and Cabinet Work of All Kinds.

JOHN A. SMITH 707 S. Broadway.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

There are several grades of wines—all are good but the purest are better than the others. The best grades cost but a trifle more than the impure wines—which are injurious. You can't afford to run the risk—you run no risk when you buy your wines from

JOS. MELCZER & CO., 141-3-5-147 So. Main Street Telephone Main 538

PIONEER STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS

Wilton, Velvet, Axminster, Moquette Carpets and Fine Rugs Cleaned and Laid---Sewing and Fitting Done.

ROBT. JORDAN Telephone Main 217 641 South Broadway

Ocean Park.

THE ONLY BEACH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON A STRICTLY ORDERLY BASIS. LOCATED ON THE SANDS SOUTH OF SANTA MONICA. CLEAN SAND FOR CHILDREN, FINEST BATHING BEACH ABSOLUTELY SAFE. NO SALOON, PURE SOFT WATER, FINE FISHING WHARF AND READING ROOM. ACCESS BY ELECTRIC RAILWAY AND SANTA FE TO BEACH DIRECT AND S. P. R. R. CLOSE BY.

T. H. DUDLEY, Agent, Ocean Park P. O.

crying as she did so:

"Oh, George, dear, I knew you would come to me as soon as you could."

I took her in my arms and kissed her again and again; her dear eyes were flooded with tears when I released her, but she brushed them away and tried to look brave for my sake. Then I led her back to the sofa and sat down beside her.

"Alie," I said softly, "this is all my fault. I saw Barkmansworth at Drury Lane last night and ought to have warned you. I intended to have done so this morning, but it was too late."

"Hush!" she answered. "You must not blame yourself. I, too, recognized him last night and should have spoken to you about it today. It is too late now, as you say."

"Can nothing be done, Alie?"

"I cannot say yet. I have been too much upset since my arrival here to think. But you must find me a lawyer at once, George, who will defend me at the preliminary examination, and if it looks as if the case will go against me you must find some means by which I can escape."

"Escape? Alie, you do not realize how impossible that is."

"Nothing is impossible when one has brains enough to devise a plot and sufficient money to work it out."

"If I could only feel as you do about it. But have you any scheme to suggest?"

"Not yet, but I shall devote my whole attention to it, and it will go hard with me if I cannot hit on something. Would you have the courage to dare very much for my sake, George?"

"I would dare anything under the sun for you, Alie, and though you asked me such a question I do not think you feel any doubt as to what answer I would give."

"I had no doubt. Do not think that. And now, George, tell me what your sister says, now that she knows who I am?"

"Janet is more your friend than ever. I told her your story this morning, and she bade me give you her love and tell you we would save you yet."

Again the tears rose in Alie's eyes.

"What will the east say when it hears that the Beautiful White Devil is caught at last?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. One thing I'm certain of, however, and that is that I should like to have five minutes with Mr. Barkmansworth alone. I think then he'd know that"—

But what I was going to say was interrupted by the entrance of the officer who had brought me to the room.

"Time's up, I'm sorry to say, sir."

I rose immediately and turned to say goodby. Being a good hearted fellow, the man left us alone together for another moment, and during that time I was able to whisper an assurance to my sweetheart that no stone should be left unturned to secure her release. Then bidding her be of good cheer, I passed out, feeling as if the bolts clanging behind me were closing on my heart.

It was well after 8 o'clock before I left Bow street and turned homeward. The shops in most cases had their shutters down, but though I looked for a newspaper board it was some time before I sighted one. Then for the first time I saw the headline I had been dreading:

"Sensational Arrest of the Notorious Beautiful White Devil."

I stopped and bought a paper and then continued my journey, pausing at a telegraph office to send a wire to my old chum, Brandwon, in which I asked him, as he valued our friendship, to come to me without a moment's delay. When I got home, I changed my clothes, had a cold bath, which restored me somewhat, and then ordered breakfast, which I felt I could not touch, and while it was preparing sat down to read the account of the arrest. It was but a short report and published the barest details.

Nine o'clock had just struck when a cab drew up at the door, and Brandwon jumped out. I opened the front door to him myself, and as I did so felt as if we were one step at least on the road to Alie's release.

"Look here, my friend," he said, as I led him across the hall to my dining room. "This is all very well, you know, but what in the name of fortune makes you send for me at this unearthly hour! Have you poisoned a patient and find yourself in need of me to square matters, or have you been jilted and hope to bring an action for the damage done to your broken heart? Out with it. But forgive my chaff if it's anything more serious."

He must have seen by my face that something was every wrong, for his jocular manner suddenly left him and he sat down all seriousness.

"There is something very much the matter, Brandwon," I said. "Read that."

I handed him the morning paper and pointed to the paragraph detailing the arrest. He read it through, and then, seating himself at the breakfast table, poured himself out a cup of coffee and buttered a piece of toast before he spoke. When he did so, he said solemnly: "I think I understand. You are interested in this lady and want me to undertake her defense. Is that so?"

"That is exactly what I want. I was at my wits' end to know what to do, when suddenly it flashed through my brain, 'Send for Edward Brandwon.' I sent that wire accordingly, and here you are. If there is any man living who can save the woman I love, you are he."

"I'll do my best, you may be sure, for your sake, old boy. Now where is she?"

"At Bow street. She is to be brought before the court this morning at 12 o'clock."

He took out his watch and looked at it.

"Well, I've none too much time. I'll go down and have an interview with her at once. Keep up your heart, old chap. We'll do our best, and nobody can do more."

I wrung his hand, and then, hailing a cab, he jumped into it and set off for the police station.

Long before 12 o'clock I was in the court, waiting for the examination to come on. The news of the case must have gone abroad, for the hall was densely packed with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous Beautiful White Devil, whose exploits were almost as well known in England as in the east. Every rank of life seemed to be represented, and when the magistrate took his seat on the bench I noticed that the chairs on either side of him were occupied by two illustrious personages whose dignity should have prevented them from giving such an exhibition of idle curiosity. Seeing the rush there was to stare at my poor, unfortunate sweetheart, I could have found it in my heart to hit out like a madman at those round me.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the door on the right hand side of the court opened and Alie stepped into the hall and ascended the iron dock. She walked with her usual queenly step, held her head high, and when she reached her place looked proudly round the dingy hall. Such was the effect of her wonderful beauty upon those present that, despite the efforts of the officers of the court to prevent it, a loud buzz of admiration came from the spectators. She was dressed entirely in black, a color which, as I have said before, displayed her white skin and beautiful hair to the very best advantage. Having taken her place, she bowed politely to the presiding magistrate, who returned her salute, and then the examination commenced. The first proceeding was for the police to make a statement of their case to the court. It was then shown that, although a warrant had long been out for her arrest, the Beautiful White Devil had evaded justice for many years. Indeed it was only for the reason that information had been supplied to the London police within the last few days that they had become aware that the Beautiful White Devil had left the east and arrived in England. Inquiries were instantly made, and on the strength of them the prisoner now in the dock had been arrested. They, the police, did not propose to call witnesses at this preliminary hearing, but would merely ask that the information should be read over, the evidence of arrest given, and then a remand granted in order that the arrival of an officer from Singapore might be awaited and further inquiries made.

At this point Brandwon rose to his feet, and, adopting a quiet, sober attitude of respectful remonstrance, begged

The Sonora Yard
Frank Giambastiani, Prop.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Wood, Coal, Hay and Grain.
The only burner of steady, pure, Live Oak Charcoal in Southern California. Yard and office cor. San Fernando and Alpine Sts., facing head of New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Telephone Black 2911.

SCHROEDER BROS.
SIGNS
121 East Second St.
S Bros. Mark. *Telephone Main 561.*

CUT THIS OUT. Good for 10c.
Discount, in Trade, May 26th to June 26th, 1900, at the
CITY DYE WORKS
Cleaners and Dyers
345 South Broadway LOS ANGELES

BUY YOUR **SHOES** AT THE
Queen Shoe Store
162-164 North Main Street

PALACE MARKET
EVERHARDY & WREDEN, Proprietors
Dealers in Fresh Meats, Poultry, Game, Oysters
Cor. 3d and Spring Sts. *Tel. Main 415*

Buy Your Roll Paper and Twine FROM.....
Blake, Moffitt & Towne,
146 North Los Angeles St.

Western Fish Co.,
BARACUDA, MACKEREL AND SALMON
FRESH DAILY.
CHOICE SUPPLY OF POULTRY.
212 W. 4th St.,
Tel. Red 3231. Bet. Spring & Broadway

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
223 West Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.
Furnish advance reports on all contract work, such as sewers, reservoirs, irrigation and pumping plants and public buildings. Personal clippings from all papers in the United States.

'PHONE MAIN 303
Christopher & Sparks
THE LEADING
Caterers and Confectioners
214 S. Spring St., Los Angeles

TURKISH BATH HOUSE
Formerly the Thom Residence
...108 East Third Street
Dr. Carpenter and Wilson, Props.
Rooms and Meals When Desired
Ladies' Day EVERY TUESDAY

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS,
General Agents
John Wieland and Jos. Schlitz
- LAGER BEER -
Family Trade Solicited
'Phone Main 468. 112-118 Central Av. Los Angeles, Cal.

The Very Best DENTISTRY in the World can be obtained at 306 Oregon Ave., (Bank Bldg.) SANTA MONICA

WANTED.

WANTED—Good canvassers who can furnish bond of $25.00 to represent The Saturday Post in every town in California. Liberal commission paid for new subscribers. Address S. D. CHUBB, 401-402 Stimson building, Los Angeles, Cal

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Arcade Depot—Fifth St. and Central Ave.

CORRECTED TO MAY 1, 1900.

Leave		Arrive
12:40 pm	Sacramento	7:00 am
7:00 pm	and	7:45 am
10:20 pm	....East via Ogden....	1:30 pm
12:40 pm	.... San Francisco	7:00 am
7:00 pm	.... San Francisco	7:45 pm
10:20 pm	.... San Francisco	1:80 pm
2:00 pm	..East via El Paso..	12:00 m
		*8:48 am
8:05 am	Riverside	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	San Bernardino	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Ontario	12:00 m
5:25 pm		4:50 pm
8:05 am	..... Redlands	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Redlands	**10:20 am
*4:25 pm	..... Redlands	12:00 m
**5:25 pm	..... Redlands	4:50 pm
	..... Pomona	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Pomona	*10:10 am
2:00 pm	..... Pomona	**10:20 am
*4:25 am	..... Pomona	12:00 m
5:25 pm	..... Pomona	4:50 pm
	..... Chino	*8:48 am
8:05 am	..... Chino	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Chino	4:50 pm
	Covina,	*8:48 am
8:05 am	San Dimas and	**10:20 am
5:25 pm	..... Lordsburg	4:50 pm
2:00 pm	..... Puente	*10:10 am
*4:25 pm	..... Puente	12:00 m
9:20 am	Arcadia	8:30 am
*1:45 pm	Monrovia and	*1:35 pm
5:25 pm	..... Duarte	4:58 pm
8:50 am	Santa Barbara	12:40 pm
3:00 pm	..... and Ventura	8:45 pm
8:55 am	..... Santa Ana	8:45 am
5:10 pm	..... Santa Ana	5:20 pm
*8:55 am	.....Los Alamitos.....	*8:45 am
*5:10 pm	.....Los Alamitos.....	*5:20 pm
*8:55 am	..... Tustin	*5:20 pm
**8:55 am		*7:51 am
*9:45 am	Whittier	**8:45 am
*2:00 pm	and	*12:20 pm
5:10 pm	.... Fulton Wells	5:20 pm
9:05 am	.....Long Beach.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....Long Beach.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....Long Beach.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....Long Beach.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....Long Beach.....	**7:20 pm
9:05 am	.....San Pedro.....	7:57 am
1:40 pm	.....San Pedro.....	11:05 am
5:03 pm	.....San Pedro.....	5:15 pm
**8:05 pm	.....San Pedro.....	‖7:20 pm
‖11:45 pm	.....San Pedro.....	**7:20 pm
	Santa	*5:15 pm
9:05 am	..... Catalina	**7:20 pm
9:00 am	.....Santa Monica.....	8:02 am
1:35 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	11:10 am
5:15 pm	.....Santa Monica.....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	....Soldiers' Home....	5:08 pm
9:00 am	...Port Los Angeles...	
1:35 pm	...Port Los Angeles...	5:08 pm
8:20 am	.....Mount Lowe.....	4:58 pm
8:20 am	..... Pasadena	7:51 am
*10:20 am	..... Pasadena	*8:30 am
11:45 am	..... Pasadena	8:55 am
*1:45 pm	..... Pasadena	9:32 am
*4:25 pm	..... Pasadena	*11:32 am
5:20 pm	..... Pasadena	1:35 pm
6:15 pm	..... Pasadena	4:58 pm

*Daily except Sunday. **Sunday only. ‖Saturday only.

SANTA FE ROUTE.

Southern California Railway Company.

La Grande Station, Foot of Second Street.

Time Table in Effect June 3, 1900.

City Ticket Office, corner Second and Spring Streets.

Leave Los Angel's		Arrive Los Angel's
10:10 a.m.	Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago	8:25 a.m.
Daily	.....and East.....	Daily
8:50 p.m.	.....San Diego.....	12:10 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	.....San Diego.....	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	San Bernardino	8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	.... Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	San Bernardino	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	..... Orange	5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Redlands	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	via	5:60 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	.... Pasadena	
S 8:50 a.m.	Redlands	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 a.m.
	..... Orange	5:47 p.m.
	Riverside	
*8:30 a.m.	via	9:50 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	.... Pasadena	5:30 p.m.
S 8:50 a.m.	Riverside	*10:55 a.m.
*10:00 a.m.	via	S12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	..... Orange	5:17 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	Pasadena,	8:25 a.m.
10:10 a.m.	Monrovia	9:50 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	.....and Azusa.....	5:30 p.m.
8:50 a.m.	.....Santa Ana.....	8:45 a.m.
2:00 p.m.	.....Santa Ana.....	12:10 p.m.
5:05 p.m.	.....Santa Ana.....	5:47 p.m.
P*10:10 a.m.	San Jacinto	O*10:55 a.m.
O*10:10 a.m.	...and Elsinore...	
*2:00 p.m.	.... Escondido	*12:10 p.m.
*8:50 a.m.	.... Fallbrook	*5:47 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	..Redondo Beach..	8:25 a.m.
9:55 a.m.	..Redondo Beach..	11:40 a.m.
1:30 p.m.	..Redondo Beach..	4:25 p.m.
5:34 p.m.	..Redondo Beach..	7:15 p.m.
S 7:00 p.m.	..Redondo Beach..	S 8:10 p.m.
9:55 a.m.	S'ta Monica and	7:50 a.m.
5:47 p.m.	....Ocean Park....	4:25 p.m.

*Daily except Sunday. O via Orange. P via Pasadena. S Sundays only. All other trains daily.

C. R. HANSEN & CO. *Phone 383*
Employment Agents
123½, 125½, 127½ West Second St., near Spring

to be allowed to place before the court what he considered and would unhesitatingly call a deliberate and cruel injustice. He pointed out the small likelihood there was of the charge being true, he dilated upon the facts of Alie's arrival from Australia, of her quiet, ladylike demeanor, spoke of her impending marriage with a gentleman, a personal friend of his own, well known and universally respected in London, and brought his remarks to a close by declaring it a monstrous thing that, in this nineteenth century and in this land of which we pretend to be so proud, it should be within the power of a public body like the police, without a tittle of evidence at their back to bear their case out, to bring so shameful a charge against an innocent girl, who might possibly have to suffer from the effects of it all her life. He would not ask the court to consent to a remand; on the contrary, he would ask his worship to dismiss the case altogether, and at the same time to issue a stinging and well merited rebuke to the police for their officiousness and quite uncalled for action in the matter.

Clever and impressive as his harangue was, it, however, failed utterly in its purpose. The magistrate had evidently carefully considered the case beforehand and determined upon his course of action. The decision given, therefore, was: "Remanded for a week. Bail refused."

I saw Alie bow gravely to the court, the policeman open the door of the dock, and a moment later, feeling quite sick and giddy, I was in the throng leaving the court. By the time I reached the street my darling was on her way to Holloway.

That afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Janet and I drove out to the prison, and having shown our authorities were instantly conducted to the room in which prisoners are permitted to interview their friends.

What the two women I loved best in the world said to each other during that interview I cannot remember. I only know that Janet kissed Alie and cried over her, and that Alie received it all with that gentle graciousness which was so wonderfully becoming to her. When we had discussed the events which had led up to the arrest, I asked Alie if she were quite comfortable.

"Perfectly," she answered. "My cell is by no means an unpleasant one. I have some books and writing materials, and I have arranged to have my meals brought in to me from a restaurant outside."

"What did you think of Brandwon's speech this morning?" I then asked her.

"I thought it very clever and impressive," she answered, "but I was not surprised when it proved of no avail. No, there is very little chance as far as I can see. In a month the officer from Singapore will be in London, and unless something happens to prevent it I shall be sent out east to stand my trial."

"Something must prevent it," whispered Janet.

"But what? You cannot escape so easily in England, I find," she answered. "These stone walls are very strong, and the discipline is so perfect."

"Be sure we will find a way to get you off. Trust us." Then dropping my voice, "And if we can't do it legally we'll do it illegally."

"You must run no risk for my sake, George. I could not allow that."

"If only Walworth were here! His wit would hit on something."

"Walworth unfortunately is 10,000 miles away. So it is no use thinking of him. But, see, here is the warder. Your time is up. Goodby, dear Janet. I pray that you may find it in your heart to forgive me for having brought this trouble upon you."

But Janet, who by this time had learned to love this fascinating girl with all her heart, would listen to no such talk. When the door opened, like the kind sister she was, she went out first, thus permitting us an opportunity of saying farewell alone. When I joined her again, I had a little note in my waistcoat pocket that seemed somehow to make me a happier man than I had been for hours past.

From the prison I drove Janet to her own house and then went back to Cavendish square.

When I had dismissed the cabman, I let myself in and proceeded to my consulting room. Opening the door, I walked in, only to come to a sudden halt before a man sitting in my own armchair. He was small and queerly built, wore a long coat that reached nearly to his heels, had gray hair, a ferociously curled mustache and a short, closely cropped white beard. The effect when he looked at me over the edge of the paper he was perusing was most comical. For a moment I stood bewildered, but I was destined to be even more so when he rose and came toward me, holding out his hand and saying:

"Bon jour, monsieur!" Then in broken English, "Pray, do you not remember your very old friend?"

I thought and thought, but for the life of me could not recollect ever having seen his face before. I was about to speak when he stopped me and, changing his voice, said in excellent English:

"No! I can see you don't." Then pulling off his wig: "Well! Do you now?"

It was Walworth!

CHAPTER XIV.

PLOTTING AND PLANNING.

Directly I realized who my guest was, I rushed forward and seized his hand with a show of delight greater than, I believe, I have ever felt at meeting a man before or since. If I had been given the pick of all men in the world at that particular juncture in my life's history, I believe I should have declared for him.

"We had no idea that you were in England," I said when the first excitement had somewhat subsided. "Both Alie and I thought you were 10,000 miles away. You have heard the awful news, I suppose."

"How could I help it when every board in the streets sets it forth and all the paper boys are bellowing the latest news of the capture of the Beautiful White Devil? But I want to know the real facts."

"You shall know everything directly. But first tell me what has brought you home in this providential manner?"

"I came because I heard that Barkmansworth was coming. I received a warning from Hongkong that he had applied for leave, and I knew that if he found out her ladyship was in England he would lose no opportunity of revenging himself for that affair outside Singapore. But he got away before me, and my welcome to London yesterday was the news of her ladyship's arrest. You did not see me at the preliminary examination this morning, I suppose?"

"No, I certainly did not, and I thought I scanned every face."

"And yet I was standing beside you all the time."

"Good gracious! How do you mean?"

"Pray tell me who stood next to you? Wasn't it a medium sized, military looking man in a much worn frock coat with a velvet collar?"

"Now I come to think of it, it was."

"Well, I was that man. I'm beginning to think my disguises are artistic after all."

"But why all this disguise? What are you afraid of in London?"

"I am afraid of our friend Barkmansworth, if you want to know. I was the man who took him off the mailboat, remember, and my face must be unpleasantly familiar to him. If he saw me, I should be arrested within an hour, and whatever happens, seeing the work that lies before us, that must not."

"Do you think you can be of use to her ladyship in her defense then?"

"It must never come to a defense. It would be fatal to allow her to be sent to Hongkong. They would convict her at once. No, there is nothing for it but for us to plan some means of escape for her, and yet when one thinks how perfect English police arrangements are that seems well nigh impossible. However, done it must be by hook or crook, and we must set about it at once."

"But how? Have you any idea in your head?"

"Not at present, but it will be strange if I don't hit upon one before very long. If only her ladyship could help us!"

"Wait one moment. Perhaps she can. When I left her this afternoon, she gave me a note, which I was not to open until I got home. Let us see what it says."

I took it out of my waistcoat pocket, opened it and read it aloud. It certainly contained the germs of an idea and ran as follows:

I have been thinking over what we spoke of this morning, and it seems to me that, if I am to escape at all, the attempt must be made during the time I am being conveyed from Bow street to Holloway in the prison van. The question is whether sufficient temptation could be put before the driver and the guard to induce them to assist me. Will you think this out?

When I had finished reading, I asked Walworth for his opinion. But for nearly five minutes he allowed no sign to escape him to show that he had heard my question, only laid himself back in his chair, looked up at the ceiling, and meanwhile slowly tore my newspaper into rags. When he had finished his work of destruction, he sat up straight and slapped his hand on his knee.

"Her ladyship is always right. I believe I do see a way now."

"What is it?" I asked in almost breathless excitement.

"You must not ask me just yet. I'll go away and make a few inquiries first. Tonight at 9 o'clock I'll come back here, and we'll go into the matter thoroughly. For the present, then, goodby and keep up your heart. Have no fear, we'll rescue her yet."

There was something so strong and confident about the man that his assurance roused and braced me like a tonic. I stopped him, however, before he could reach the door.

"One word first, Walworth. Do you know the position in which I stand toward Alie?"

"I know that you were to have been married within the next three weeks, if that's what you mean," he answered. "And so you shall be yet if I can bring it about. Dr. De Normanville, you have got a woman for whom we all would die. This is your chance to show yourself worthy of her, and if you will allow me to say so I think you will. I am your faithful servant as well as hers, remember that. Now I must go."

"Good luck go with you."

It may be guessed how anxiously I watched the hands of the clock upon my mantelpiece. At last, however, they drew round to the appointed hour and I prepared myself for Walworth's arrival. But, though I saw no sign of him, I had not very long to wait for a visitor. The last stroke of 9 had hardly died away before my ear caught a ring

THE SATURDAY POST.
A FAMILY STORY PAPER

WE take pleasure in announcing the following copyrighted Short Stories by celebrated authors which will appear in THE SATURDAY POST.

THE PROMOTION AT ROCKY LEDGE
By Elmore E. Peake

THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG
By Clinton Ross

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET GRASS
By W. A. Fraser

IN JACKSON'S PURCHASE
By Martha McCulloch Williams

THE PEACEMAKER
By W. W. Jacobs

AN ICE WRAITH
By John Boyd Clarke

THE NIGHT BEFORE EL CANEY
By Francis Kimball

Stories by Local Authors

BETWEEN MESSAGES.
By Grace Adelaide Luce.

A MARKETABLE QUALITY.
By Grace Adelaide Luce.

A CLINIC AND A MEMORY.
By Arthur Johnston.

LEGEND OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. By Minnie Bell.

The Saturday Post will be sent by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico for *$1 00 Per Year.*

Address all communications and make all checks, drafts and money orders payable to

The Post Publishing Company,
401-402 Stimson Building,
Telephone Red 756. *Los Angeles, Cal.*

A Yankee Camera Free!

Any subscriber to the Saturday Post who will send us four new prepaid subscribers for one year at $1 each will receive FREE a 4x5 Yankee Camera. These cameras are covered with seal grain keratol leather and are fitted with the best rapid achromatic lenses known; time and instantaneous shutter.

Send us $4 with the names of four new subscribers and get this camera. Make all checks and money orders payable to the

POST PUBLISHING CO.,
401-402 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles

Cards and Card Case Free

All new subscribers to THE SATURDAY POST sending their subscription direct to this office, 401-402 Stimson Building, before July 1st, 1900, will receive 100 Calling Cards and an Aluminum Card Case with their name engraved on it FREE OF CHARGE.

Send your name and address and $1.00 to The Post Publishing Co., 401-402 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal., and receive The Saturday Post every week for one year and 100 calling cards and an engraved card case.

Agents Wanted!

THE SATURDAY POST wants a good live agent in every town in Southern California to secure subscriptions.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS.
For particulars Address

POST PUBLISHING COMPANY,
401-2 STIMSON BLDG,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

at the bell and a moment later a "Mr. Samuel Baker" was nshered into the room. As he entered, I took stock of him, half fearing he might be some sort of police officer in disguise. He was a stout, rather pompous man of middle height, with fluffy whiskers, clean shaven chin and upper lip, and from his dress might have been a linen draper or small tradesman from some cathedral town. Having warmly shaken hands with me he put his top hat down on a chair, seated himself on another, mopped his forehead with a red bandanna handkerchief, took off and carefully wiped his spectacles, returned them to his nose, and then said quietly, "What do you think of this for a make np, Dr. De Normanville?"

"Walworth," I cried, in ntter amazement. "Yon don't really mean to say it's yon! I was just beginnlng to wonder how I should manage to rid myself of Mr. Samuel Baker before you should arrive. You are certainly a genius at concealing your identity, if ever there was one."

"I have had to do it so often," he replied, "that I have reduced it to a science."

"Have you anything to report?"

"A good deal," he answered. "But before I begin, may I light a cheroot? I see from the ash trays you smoke in here!"

"Smoke as much as you please," I replied. "May I also offer you some refreshment? Perhaps you haven't dined? If so, I can tell them to bring you up something!"

"No, thank you," he answered. "I have dined, and excellently. Now let us get to business without any further waste of time."

"With all the good will in the world," I said, seating myself again. "Go on. Tell me all."

"In the first place I have ascertained that the van leaves the prlson at a definite hour every day. It drives down, takes the prisoners up and drives back again. This being so, it is certain that it must be stopped on its way from the prison to the conrt and in snch a way that it cannot go on again for at least half an hour. In the meantime another van mnst drive down equipped in every way like the real one. This one will take up the prisoner and drive off. Once out of sight of the station, it will drive into the yard of an empty house, a conveyance will then be in waiting in the other street, her ladyship passes through the house, gets into that and drives off to a railway station. There a Pullman must be in readiness to take her to the seaside, whence a yacht will convey her to some place where we can have the Lone Star to meet her. I shall cable to Patterson to set off and be in readiness to pick us np directly we have decided where that place shall be."

"But how will you cable to him without exciting suspicion?"

"You need have no fear on that score. We have a means of commnnicating of our own which I would explain now only it would be waste of time. What do you think of my scheme?"

"It sonnds all right, bnt is it workable?"

"I really think so. However, we will discnss it item by item and try and arrive at a conclnsion that way. To begin with, money must be considered no object. If even £10,000 is necessary to its snccess, £10,000 will be spent. In the first place, we mnst find a competent coach builder at once. If he has a van on hand, which is hardly likely, we'll purchase it. If not, well, then he must put on all his hands and make one, even if he has to work day and night to do it."

"But how will you explain the purpose for which we want it?"

"I have thought of that, and when I left you I sent the following telegram." Here he produced a duplicate form from his pocket and read it alond:

To the Lessee Olympic Theater, Manchester: What dates this month? Reply terms, Stragaus, West Strand telegraph office.
MAXIMILLIEN STRAGAUS.

"But who on earth is Maximillien Stragaus, and what has the Royal Olympic theater, Manchester, to do with our scheme?"

"Everything. In the first place you mnst realize the fact that I am Maximilllen Stragaus, the world renowned theatrical entrepreneur, and that you are his secretary, Fairlight Longsman. Having received a reply from Manchester, I decide to open there with my wonderful and intensely exciting prison drama, 'Saved by a Woman's Pluck,' on the third Saturday in June. Here is the preliminary announcement. I had it strnck off this afternoon."

He took from the small bag he had bronght into the room with him a large theatrical poster, covered with printing of all colors of the rainbow. It read as follows:

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATER,
MANCHESTER.
Lessee.....Mr. William Carrickford
FOR TEN NIGHTS ONLY,
Commencing Saturday, June 20th.
Mr. Maximillien Stragaus' World Renowned Standard Company in the Intensely Exciting Prison Drama,
"SAVED BY A WOMAN'S PLUCK."
Detectives—Police—Bloodhounds—Real Horses and Real Prison Vans.
Sole Manager and Proprietor....
Mr. Maximillien Stragaus
Secretary.....Mr. Fairlight Longsman

"There! What do you think of that for a poster?"

"Very startling," I answered. "But I must reiterate my former remark, that I do not understand in the very least degree what it has to do with us."

"Why, look here, it means that tomorrow morning we go to that coach builder I was speaking of and give him an order for a prison van. Incidentally we will show him this poster and state that owing to change of dates we must have the van delivered this day week. Don't you see? If we hadn't something to show, he might suspect. This poster, however, will set his mind completely at rest and at the same time be an excuse for haste. Now, yon understand?"

"I do, and I must say I admire your wonderfnl resource. What next?"

"Well, the next thing will be to obtain two police uniforms and two trnstworthy men, one to drive the van, the other to act as guard. That, however, will be easily managed. The next item will be rather more difficnlt!"

"What is that?"

"Why, to find a sure and certain means of stopping the real van on its way down to the court."

"We couldn't waylay the driver and keep him talking, I suppose?"

"We could try it, of course, but it wouldn't be sure enough. He might be a conscientious man, you see, and not like to stop, or he might stop and afterward whip up to make up lost time. No, we must hit on something that will absolutely prevent him from going on for at least half an hour and yet something that will not excite suspicion. I think I see a way to do it, but it will require the most minute and careful working out to insure its success. By the way, will it be convenient for you if I call here at half past 5 tomorrow morning? We mnst be at the coach builder's by 7 o'clock."

"Come at 3 if you like, you will find me quite ready."

"Then good night."

He went away and I to bed. At 5 o'clock I woke, had a bath, dressed and went down stairs. Punctually, almost to the minute, a slightly Jewish, black ringleted man, wearing a profusion of diamonds, put in an appearance, bag in hand. Though I shonld never have recognized him as Walworth, I felt certain it was he, so I let him in and we went into my study together.

"Now," said my friend, for it was Walworth, as I suspected, "I don't know what yon'll say to it, but it's absolutely necessary for the success of our scheme that you shonld assume some disguise. As yon are known to be the affianced husband of her ladyship, the police will be certain to have their eyes on yon."

"Do with me as you like," I replied. "I am in yonr hands entirely."

"Then with your permission we will set to work at once. I have taken the liberty of bringing a few things with me. Yon have an old fashioned frock coat, I presume."

"A very old fashioned one," I answered, with a laugh.

"Then put it on, also a pair of light check trousers if you have them."

I went to my room and did as he desired. When I retnrned to the stndy, he had arranged a number of articles npon the table—crape hair, spectacles, a curiously low cut collar and a soft felt hat with a dented crown. He gazed at me with approval and then said:

"The effect will be excellent, I feel sure. Sit down here."

I did as commanded, and he immediately set to work. As he was occupied behind me I could not of course see what he was doing, but after awhile he took off my own collar, put on the low one he had brought with him, cut up some crape hair and gummed it to my face with what I believe is technically termed "spirit gnm," trimmed its exuberances with a pair of scissors and finally combed my mnstache over it. This accomplished, he placed the spectacles upon my nose and the soft felt hat rather rakishly upon my head, patted me on the shonlder and said:

"Look at yonrself in the glass."

I rose and went over to the fireplace. Bnt, thongh I looked in the mirror above the chimneypiece, I did not recognize myself. My mustache was waxed to a point and stood out above a close cropped chestnut beard, while over my coat collar hnng a profusion of curls of a corresponding color. Indeed my whole appearance suggested a man whose aim in life it was to copy as nearly as possible the accepted portrait of the bard of Avon.

"It is wonderfnl," I said. "Nobody wonld ever recognize me. I feel a theatrical agent all over."

"Remember yon are Fairlight Longsman, the author of several farces, and my secretary. Whatever yon do, don't forget that. Now we mnst be going. Come along."

We left the honse nnnoticed, and, having hailed a hansom, were driven to the carriage builder's yard at Vanxhall. Walworth had evidently written preparing him for onr visit, for early as it was we found him waiting to receive us.

"Zir," began Mr. Maximillien Stragans in broken English, as soon as he had descended from the cab, "is it yon dot are Mr. Ebridge?"

"That is my name, sir," said the coach bnilder. "And you are Mr. Stragans, I presnme."

"Dot is my name. Dis shentleman is my segratary, Mr. Fairlide Longsman. Now you know, and so we can our business begin to dalk."

"Perhaps yon will be good enongh, gentlemen, to step into my office first. We shall be more private there."

We followed him into the room he mentioned and took possession of the chairs he offered us.

"Now, Mr. Stragaus, in what way can I be of service to you?" he asked, seating himself as he spoke at his desk.

"Zir! My segratary sprechens de Anglaish better nor me. He vill dell you."

I felt that it behoved me to do my best, so leaning forward in a confidential manner I said:

"My employer, as donbtless you are very well aware, Mr. Ebridge, is one of the largest theatrical entreprenenrs in England. His dealings are gigantic. And it is the business connected with one of these enormons productions that brings us here. In the first place, yon must know that on the third Saturday in this present month he has arranged to prodnce the entirely new and original drama, 'Saved by a Woman's Pluck,' at the Royal Olympic theater, Manchester. By the way, have you the preliminary poster with you, Mr. Stragaus?"

In answer Mr. Stragaus prodnced from his bag the placard before described and spread it upon the table, at the same time looking at the coach builder as if to demand his opinion on snch a fine display of color.

"You will observe, Mr. Ebridge," I continned when the other had read it, "that the whole prodnction will be on a scale of nnparalleled splendor—police, bloodhonnds, live horses and one large prison van, all on the stage. It will be one of the greatest successes of the centnry. But we want your assistance."

"Yon mean, of course, that yon want me to make you a van."

"Exactly."

"Jnst a makeshift affair for the stage, I presnme?"

"Oh, dear, no! That is not Mr. Stragans' way of doing business at all. If he has a fire engine on the stage, as he had in his last production, it must be a real engine, with every detail complete and in proper working order. In the same way then, when he orders a police van, he wants it made in every particular jnst as you would make it for her majesty's government. There must be

Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums with the Artist brush effects of nature's soft lines.
Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Pictures and Portraits by Oliver Lippincott.

Lippincott Art Photo Company
Studio and Art Rooms
351 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

NEW MACHINERY

We have just put in a lot of new modern improved machinery and are better equipped than ever to turn out first class work.
A trial will satisfy you that our work is all right.

Acme Steam Laundry
'Phone M. 531. 327 E. 2d St.
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

A Machinery Bargain
A 20-Horse Power
Westinghouse AUTOMATIC ENGINE
In excellent working order. A wonderful Bargain for Cash.
A 200-Light Edison Dynamo
110 Volt—Good as New,
CHEAP FOR CASH
For Particulars See
Tufts-Palmer Electric Works
701 SOUTH MAIN ST.,
LOS ANGELES, - CAL.

Vernondale Rabbitry

Breeders and dealers in high grade stock only. Orders carefully boxed and shipped to all parts north and east. We have a large stock of the finest strains, viz.,
Lord Britains, Dexters, Sir Styles, English Sovereign, Yukon, Gold Bug, Etc.
We have some bucks of the above especially fine in color, form and ticking. Correspondence invited.
S. B. DURYEA,
Central Avenue and 42nd Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Circulating Library
Room 201, 223 W. 2nd St.,
Los Angeles.
Tel. Main 1415 Membership Fee 50c
Books Rented at 5 Cents the Week--5c for Delivery
Seventy-five cents worth of magazines rented for 25c. Five 10c magazines rented for 20c--one you keep. For $2.50 we rent you five 10c magazines the month and give you a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY POST.
This is equivalent to getting $7.00 worth of reading matter for the year for only $2.50.
Subscriptions taken for all Publications.
All leading Coast and Eastern Papers on File.
Illustrations furnished to the press and public.

no difference at all in any one respect, neither the painting, lettering, nor the internal fittings."

"It will cost you a lot of money, Mr. Stragans," said the builder.

"Dot is no madder at all to me," replied Mr. Stragaus pompously. "I vill 'ave de ding berfect or nod at all. Vot is more, I must 'ave it at once."

"Mr. Stragaus, I may point out to you, Mr. Ebridge," I continued, "is in a very great hurry. There has been a slight pushing forward of dates, and in order to insure a success he is willing to pay you handsomely if you will complete the work in a short space of time."

"How long can you give me, sir?"

"A week exactly. Not a day longer!"

"Impossible. It cannot be done!"

"Den ve must go elsewhere, mine vriend," said Mr. Stragaus. "Dot is all. If you will underdake to do de vork and to 'and me over de van gomplete on next Duesday evening at 12 o'glock, I vill pay you dwice de sum yon ask me now."

The man looked up in surprise at this extraordinary offer and asked to be excused for a moment while he consulted with his foreman. While he was absent, Walworth whispered:

"I think he'll do it. And if we can arrange it that way we shall be able to get it safely up to the yard of the honse unobserved."

Here the coach builder returned.

"My foreman tells me he thinks it can be done, sir. But you must see that it will mean night and day work for ns all. And the charge will have to be on a corresponding scale."

"Dot is nodings to me. You do de work, and I vill pay de money. You agree? Den it is arranged I shall send my men for de van 'ere on Duesday night at 12 o'glock, and you vill 'ave it gomplete. Den ve can zend it on by rail vorst ding in de morning. But, mind you dis, if it is not done den, I vill not pay you von farding. You agree?"

"I agree. I have given yon my promise, Mr. Stragaus, and whatever happens it shall be completed by that time."

"Dot is goot. You might, too,' ave a tarbaulin to cover it mit, so dat de publick shall not see it ven ve dake it away. Now, zir, I vish yon goot morning. You vill be paid for de van ven my men dake delivery."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning, gentlemen."

When we were once more in the cab and on our way back to town, Walworth discarded his German accent and resumed his natural tongue.

"So far so good. That bit of business is satisfactorily accomplished."

"You did not say anything to him about observing secrecy."

"It wasn't necessary. That poster, which you will notice I have left upon his table, will account for everything."

"But supposing the police get to hear of it and it rouses their suspicions?"

"Well, let them get to hear of it. If they suspect, they will call on Ebridgo and make inquiries. He will then describe us and show the poster. They may then possibly telegraph to the Olympic, Manchester, and learn that Mr. Stragaus has booked a season there for his new play. That will pnt them off the scent completely."

"And what are we to do now?"

"Well, now, yon had better come to breakfast with me, I think, at my lodgings. You can there resume your own everyday appearance. During the morning I am going to meet two men I have in my mind for the policemen. After that I shall visit a tailor's shop and order the uniforms as arranged. In the afternoon I'm going to hunt for a house."

"Can I do anything else to help you?"

"Not just at present unless you can find me a trustworthy lady who will consent to masquerade for a little while as a hospital nurse."

"There I think I can help you. My sister Janet, I'm sure, would gladly do so. I'll call npon her this afternoon and see."

I did so, and of conrse secnred Janet's immediate promise of co-operation.

To be concluded next week.

Watch for the Thrilling Story "THE PLUNDERERS" By Cutcliffe Hyne.

A Martyr of Realism.

A lady of Berlin, the authoress of several novels and romances, got herself into trouble by the intensity and thoroughness of her "realist" studies. She was seized by a police detective in the Wertheim bazaar and carried before the schaffengericht on the charge of stealing a valuable boa. The charge was proved, and the magistrate asked her if she had any defense to offer.

She gravely informed the court that she was engaged upon a new romance in which the chief character was a female shop thief. In order to possess her own mind with the real "subjectivity" of the unhappy heroine, so as to describe the woman's mental experiences with exact fidelity to nature, she resolved to undergo the humiliation of stealing and the terrors of an attempt to escape detection after the theft. She, of course, intended to restore the stolen article to the bazaar as soon as the boa had served its purpose as an instrument for the perfection of literary art.

The testimony of the lady's friends to her good character and sincerity induced the court to inflict a very gentle penalty. The martyr of realism got off with a few hours' detention and a small fine.

Cromwell's Mother.

The sympathy existing between this mother and son is one of the most beautiful traits in Oliver's personal history. They loved each other with a passionate affection that no time or change lessened, and when he arrived at the summit of his power, though she was then upward of 90 years of age, he appointed her royal apartments in Whitehall and visited her every day.

Noble quaintly says, "She occasionally yet offered the Protector advice, which he always heard with great attention, but acted as he judged proper." It is pleasant to think that this fine old lady died happily before her son's power began to wane. It is pleasant to think of the great Protector kneeling to receive her dying blessing and of her last smiling words to him and his children, "A good night, dears!"

There is yet a portrait of her at Hinchinbrooke, which shows us a handsome woman, with a face full of character and a rather melancholy expression. Her dress is that of a gentlewoman of the time—a white satin hood, a pearl necklace and a neckerchief edged with rich lace. The mantle is of green satin edged with gold lace and fastened with a jeweled clasp.—Amelia Barr in Harper's Magazine For April.

Old Irish Warcries.

Like the modern cowboy yell of the western troops in the Cuban campaign, the warcries and slogans of the ancient Irish clans often had much effect in inspiring fear in the enemy and courage and enthusiasm in the command. The simplest and most frequent of old Erin's warcries was "Faire, faire!" signifying "watch" or "look out." It was a precautionary signal and was commonly written "Farrah." From it the modern "hurrah" is supposed to have been derived. Another cry was "A buaidh!" which meant "to the victory." It was pronounced "aboo" and followed the name of the clan or leader, according to circumstances, like "O'Neill aboo," or "Clann Conail aboo." Freqnently "a buaidh" is construed incorrectly in modern English to mean "forever." That translation applies to "go brath," but not "a buaidh." The famous Irish cry of "Fag an bealach!" meaning "clear the way," scared the spunk ont of the French soldiery in the peninsular war.

Musical Egotism.

A musician died, and his sleeping soul waited at the gate.

Then said the angel, "Has this man sinned?"

"Yes," answered the voices of the neighbors. "He has played his own works all day."

"What shall be his punishment?" asked the angel.

"Let him hear those works forever!" cried the voices.

So the soul was awakened in hell by the chanting of its own music.

"This must be heaven!" it said.—London Academy.

Extraordinary Offer

To All Readers of the Post

It is the determined purpose of the Post to give to all of its readers more good reading for the money if possible than can be had from any other source. It is on this principle alone that our rapidly growing circulation is based. We now offer to each reader the benefits of the

Post Encyclopedic Dictionary Club

By which Webster's Mammoth Encyclopedic Dictionary Indexed will be given with one full year's subscription to The Saturday Post at about **ONE-HALF** the price of the dictionary alone. No one can obtain possession of this elegant work at this price except through membership to the Post Dictionary Club. By becoming members the Post now makes it possible for every man, woman and child, by an investment of only two or three cents per day for a short time to secure a fine Encyclopedia Dictionary, the Post for one year, together with all the benefits offered our regular readers.

Do not delay but return the following coupon, and learn particulars of this offer:

COUPON

THE POST PUBLISHING COMPANY:—

Please send me full particulars about privileges of membership to the Post Encyclopedic Dictionary Club and instructions for becoming members.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

SAFE AS A BANK!

.. California ..
Consolidated Petroleum Company

50 OIL COMPANIES IN ONE

STOCK REDEEMABLE ON DEMAND IN GOLD AT PURCHASE PRICE

Don't keep the stock if you don't want it, but send certificate to Company's office and get every cent of your money back.

All stock paid for in cash is redeemable on demand, at 50 cents per share, the present price, at any time within thirty days from date of certificate.

All money paid in installments refunded on demand at any time within thirty days from the date of first payment.

Money may be deposited in Los Angeles National Bank subject to withdrawal within thirty days.

This proposal is made in good faith and with capital to back it.

It will be faithfully carried out, not for a few days, but for years, as the California Consolidated Petroleum Company is in the field to stay, and will **continue** this protective policy.

The stock of the California Consolidated Petroleum Company, now 50 cents per share, will soon be advanced to one dollar per share, its par value. This advance will be stable, because the revenues will justify it and because the Company is strong enough to maintain it.

It can never be worth less than fifty cents per share under the Company's permanent policy of gold redemption.

Any corporation that has faith in itself and in its future, and that intends to advance the price of its stock, can well afford to thus protect its shareholders, for in protecting them it protects itself, for they are the company.

The California Consolidated Petroleum Company owns **10,000** acres of the cream of the oil fields between Oakland and San Diego.

It owns royalties on **5,000** acres leased to capitalists.

It owns **2,500,000** shares of stock in fifty selected companies.

The first to introduce hydraulic rotary drills in California. This machine has a record of 1200 feet in 30 hours.

...We Divide Your Risks, and Multiply Your Profits...

The rich man buys stock in many oil companies to protect himself from loss in any one that may fail.

The poor man buys the stock of one company and takes his chances of success or failure.

California Consolidated Petroleum Company

makes it possible for the poor man to protect himself as does the rich man, for a single share in the California Consolidated Petroleum Company represents an interest in **fifty** companies and an interest in **10,000** acres of oil land, and royalties on **5,000** acres.

By giving you an interest in **fifty** companies, and in these lands and royalties we divide your risks and thus we **multiply** your profits.

California is richer in oil than it ever was in gold. Its annual oil output will soon exceed in value its annual gold product. Millions of dollars are being made in California oil. People owning a small block of oil stock have suddenly found themselves rich. As an instance of this the stock of the Home Oil Company which sold originally at a nominal figure made its owners over $5000 per share. An investment in this Company is at least safe, and it may mean ease and comfort for life.

The small stockholder is **absolutely protected.** He cannot be assessed or frozen out. The Company's stock is **non-assessable** and there is no stockholder's liability.

Stock is certain to go to $1 in 90 days and may go to $5 by January. He is lucky who gets the stock at fifty cents per share.

Why buy the stock of an oil company having limited resources when you can in one company invest in the entire oil field of California? Why do it?

The California Consolidated Petroleum Company has men behind it of capital and high reputation. Their names are not only a guarantee of the honest handling of the money, but of the success of the Company.

This Company is not a trust. It is not connected directly or indirectly with the Standard Oil Company, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The stock of this Company can be bought for a short time at fifty cents per share, which is one-half of the par value. This offer will positively be withdrawn and stock **advanced** to $1 per share as soon as the block of Treasury Stock offered for sale has been sold.

Should the limited amount of stock offered at 50 cents per share be sold before receiving your application your money will be promptly returned. "First come, first served," is the Company's policy in selling this stock.

Purchasers may engage stock at once by paying one-fourth of purchase price, 12½ cents per share, and balance within sixty days from date of application. Not less than 10 shares sold. Prospectus and by-laws mailed on application.

: : OFFICERS and DIRECTORS : :

R. E. Blackburn, the President and General Manager of the California Consolidated Petroleum Company, has achieved success in the inauguration and management of large enterprises. He is known as California's "Orchard King."

Hon. Will A. Harris, the Company's Vice-President and attorney, is a lawyer and orator of national reputation, and is acknowledged authority on mining laws.

Fred L. Johnson, Secretary, though largely interested in gold mining properties, will devote his time and executive abilities solely to the Company's interests.

Senator S. N. Androus, Treasurer, is one of Southern California's solid citizens who, deservedly, holds the confidence of the public. His good impress has been left upon the laws of this commonwealth.

G. W. Luce is the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which responsible position he has held for many years to the satisfaction of that corporation and the public.

P. J. Beveridge, son of ex-Governor Beveridge of Illinois, is one of the most active of Los Angeles capitalists. The electric railway from this city, via Hollywood, to Santa Monica, is the latest monument to his enterprise.

J. M. Hale, one of the leading drygoods merchants of Los Angeles, is one of the four Hale brothers who own drygoods establishments in San Francisco, Sacramento, San Jose, Salinas, Petaluma, Los Angeles and New York.

Los Angeles National Bank, Depository.

The directorate's reference: Bradstreets, or any bank in California.

For Prospectus and Further Information, call on Local Agent, or address:

Rooms 212-217 LAUGHLIN BUILDING **LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

Red Cloud Mining Co.

Will sell a few more Shares of Stock at

... 25 CENTS PER SHARE ...

Until balance of machinery is paid for, thus giving all an equal chance for a safe investment. This stock is well worth One Dollar per share, but as this Company requires but little more money to complete its mills, and we have plenty of treasury stock, and as we have done our work at a very conservative cost, we concluded to treat all alike. Our large

Cornish Rolls are on the Ground

And being placed; also, the **100-Ton Smelter,** these are paid for — we have yet part of the money to raise for the payment of

2 65-Horse Power Boilers and 1 100-Horse Power Corliss Engine

One of our mills will be running in five weeks, the other in three months, when we shall run 300 tons of ore a day, making this one of the best properties in this State. If you want an investment as long as you live invest in the

RED CLOUD

As we have so much ore it cannot be taken out in a lifetime. Anyone wishing to inspect the mines, if you will call at this office, we will give you passes over the stage line from Salton and return, and board free while in camp. Call on or address:

W. L. ELDER, SECRETARY — S. P. CREASINGER, PRESIDENT

218 South Broadway -- ROOMS 207 to 212 -- **Los Angeles, Cal.**

ANGEVINE WOOLEN CO.

High-Grade Tailors

238 South Spring St.,

LOS ANGELES

...COUPON...

THIS COUPON
If presented within 30 days is good for
ONE RESERVED SEAT AT THE ORPHEUM
With every order of $25.00 or over.

Angevine Woolen Co.
238 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

SUNSET CZAR OIL CO.

The Par Value of Sunset Czar Stock is $1.00 per share. The present selling price is 15 cents. If you will look at our map, or ask any expert, you will be convinced that every share you buy at 15 cents is better than a dollar put in the bank.

Write today.

Sunset Czar Oil Co. 523-524 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Makers
Stockton, Cal.